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SHAKESPEARE

A REPRINT

of his

COLLECTED WORKS

As put forth in 1623

PART I CONTAINING

THE COMEDIES



LONDON

Printed for Lionel Booth 307 Regent Street 1862

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Strangeways* and *H. E. Walden*, 28 Cattle Street,
Leicester Square.



SHAKESPEARE;

A REPRINT OF THE "FAMOUS FOLIO OF 1623."

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this reproduction of the first edition of the collected Works of Shakespeare, the prime object has been to secure its entire identity with the Original. It is well known that there exists in the Original a great variety of errors; but not one of these has here been corrected. Whatever the defects of the Volume, it was felt that if reproduced at all it must be reproduced intact as it was first put forth in 1623, and that if the least "license of ink" were assumed, all reliance upon its identity would be destroyed. Notwithstanding its defects, it should not be forgotten that the Folio of 1623 is the most important edition extant; for, as Mr. Howard Staunton has well observed, it is "the only authority we possess for above one-half of Shakespeare's plays, and a very important one for those which had been published before its appearance." Yet while, for the reasons given, the blemishes must be allowed to remain, they have not been unheeded. On the hint of Horne Tooke (*Diversions of Purley*, part ii. p. 52, edit. 1805), they have all been noted with a view to a comprehensive list of corrigenda.

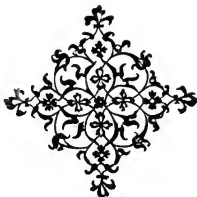
After accuracy, the next object is to place within easy attainment of the many a book the possession of which has hitherto been restricted to the very fortunate few. Henceforth for less than two pounds may be secured, in a perfect state, the coveted of all English book-collectors,—a Volume which in the Original, and in a condition more or less of defacement and repair, would be considered cheap at a hundred; and this in form and condition more pleasing to the eye—a "cheerful semblance" of its prototype—and much

more convenient for use. The Folio of 1623, although so important for the authority of its Text, from its rarity may almost be regarded as a sealed book ; and it is hoped that the opportunity now afforded of a more extended knowledge of its contents, will lead to a corresponding elucidation of the many perplexities which yet remain, but which possibly are not "perplex'd beyond self-explication." A recent writer, doing good battle for the Text of the First Edition, with reference to a passage in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, observes, "I am inclined to think the original reading the right one, and the emendation impossible;" possibly, this remark may be found to have a just application in numerous other instances.

The chances of error in the passing of an elaborate work through the press are multifarious—occasionally their origin is most mysterious and unaccountable ; experience, not less than inclination, precludes the least pretension to infallibility, and though not fearing the complaints made against the last reprint of this book, they are not out of memory ; therefore, the communication of any—the most trifling—departure from the Original which may be discovered will be most thankfully acknowledged, and the required correction effected by a cancel.

307 REGENT STREET,

December 18th, 1861.



To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face ; the Print would then surpasse
All, that vvas euer vvrit in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

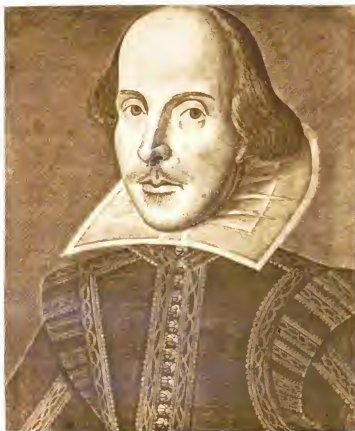
MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed
for Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street, 1862.

The general Title-page, an accurate Fac-simile of the Original, will be given with Part III., which will contain the whole of the Tragedies; Part II., comprising the Historical Plays, is in preparation, and will be produced "with all good speed."

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Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N

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Leicester Square.



TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND
PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

Wilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for
the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L.
we are false vpon the ill fortune, to mingle
two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare,
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and
feare of the succeffe. For, when we vallow the places your H.H.
sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue
depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. haue bene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heereto-
fore; and haue prosecuted both them, and their Authour liuing,
with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and be not
hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne wri-
tings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.



To the great Variety of Readers.



From the most able, to him that can but spell : There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities : and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well ! it is now publique, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know : to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes daile, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appales ; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings ; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collect'd & publish'd them ; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them : euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes ; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thẽ. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresse of it. His mind and hand went together : And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you : for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore ; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides : if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.



To the memory of my beloved, The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE :

AND

what he hath left vs.

O draw no euwy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame :
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise :
For feeblest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it soundes at best, but echoes right ;
Or blinde Affection, which doth we're aduance
The trust, but gropes, and yergeth all by chance ;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more ?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
About th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our Stage !
My Shakespeare, rise ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome :
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braiue excuses ;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses :
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst out our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names ; but call forth thundring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To liue againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage : Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the comparison

of

*Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shewe,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warne
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
 And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly span, and wouen so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Natures family.
 Yet must I not gine Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enioy a part.
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth giue the fashien. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Vpon the Muses anile: tnrne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinke to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Liues in his issue, euen so, the race
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned, and true-fild lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those sights vpon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
 Which, since thy sight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaire's day, but for thy Volumes light.*

BEN: IONSON.



Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous
Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE.



Hose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phæbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went ſoone about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.



TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Authour Maister

VV. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Monument,
Here we aliuie shall victo thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall leaue what's new, thinks all is prolegie
That is not Shake-speares; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.
Nor shall I e're beleuee, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine i' out-do
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I beare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy halfe-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Laurell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare.

VVE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applaus. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
Thou, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

The Workes of William Shakespeare,

containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies : Truely set forth, according to their first
ORIGYNALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.



William Shakespeare.

Richard Burbadge.

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips.

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

William Slye.

Richard Cowly.

John Lowine.

Samuell Crosse.

Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.

Robert Armin.

William Ostler.

Nathan Field.

John Underwood.

Nicholas Tooley.

William Ecclestone.

Joseph Taylor.

Robert Benfield.

Robert Gougbe.

Richard Robinson.

Iohn Shancke.

Iohn Rice.



A C A T A L O G V E

of the feuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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T H E T E M P E S T.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maister, and a Boatswaine.

Maister.

Ote-swaine.

Boatsf. Heere Maister! What cheere?

Maist. Good! Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestricke, bestricke. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Heigh my hearts, cheereley, cheereley my harts: yare, yare! Take in the toppe-saile! Tend to th'Masters whistle! Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roomes e-nough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswaine haue care: where's the Maister? Play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now keepe below.

Antb. Where is the Maister, Boson?

Boatsf. Do you not heere him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do skait the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boatsf. When the Sea is hence, what cares these roarsers for the name of King? to Cabines silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vie your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe reside in your Cabine for the mischance of the house, if it so hap. Cheerly good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallows: I stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne dole little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boatswaine.

Boatsf. Downe with the top-Mast! yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Mainee-course. A plague— A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lowerd then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drown, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebasf. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Boatsf. Worke you then.

Antb. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noysemaker, we are lesse afraid to be drown'd, then thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnflanch'd wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Boatsf. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebasf. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,

Though euery drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widt to glut him. A confused noise within. Mercy vs.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Antb. Let's all sinke with King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him.

Exit.

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firs, any thing, the wills about be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereft father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them: The skye it scemes would powre down flinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheekes, Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell

A

(Who

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dafh'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart : poore foules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship fo her swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules haue her.

Prof. Be collected,
No more amazement : Tell your pittieus heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme :

I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one ; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art : naught knowing
Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
Then *Profpero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther : Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me : So,
Lye there my Arts wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke, which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee :
I haue with such provision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou hearest cry, which thou saw'st sinke : Sit
For thou must now know farther. [downe,

Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stoppt
And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay : not yet.

Prof. The how's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis fixe off :
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Fowre, or five women once, that tended me ?

Prof. Thou hadst ; and more *Miranda* : But how is it
That this liues in thy minde ? What feelt thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time ?
Yf thou rememberst ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelve yere since (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milaine* and
A Prince of power :

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father ?

Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princeesse ; no worle liued.

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence ?

Or blessed wast we did ?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.

By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth' tene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther ;

Prof. My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Antonie* :

I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time

Through all the figories it was the first,
And *Profpero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity ; and for the liberrall Artes,
Without a paralell ; those being all my studie,
The Government I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncke
(Do'st thou attend me ?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt sulces,
how to deny them : who t'aduaunce, and who
To trash for ouer-topping ; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em ; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Truncke,
And fackt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'st not ?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me :
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-pris'd all popular rate in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fims bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuence yielded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Royaltie
With all prerogative : hence his Ambition growing ;
Do'st thou heare ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Prof. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Absolute *Milaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough : of temporall realties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Milaine*)
To most ignoble Rooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens !

Prof. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should finne

To thinke but Nobles of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes haue borne bad fonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premices,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire Millaine
With all the Honors, on my brother; Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and it's dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pity:

I not remembering how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not

That howe destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench!

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiue to haue quit it: There they hoyt vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' winde, whose pith fighting backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou wast that did preferre me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my borthen groan'd, which rail'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should enfee.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By providence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan* Gomall
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this deligne) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since haue freed much, so of his gentleness
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnish'd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might

But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,

Sit still, and heare the last of oor sea-forrow:
Heere in this land we arriv'd, and heere
Hau'e I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Than other Princeesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For rayting this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,

By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prefience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: I heare scale more questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleepe: 'tis a good duinesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
Come a way, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All haile, great Master, grace Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to die into the fire: to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Wasse, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spirit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioue's* Lightning, the precurser
O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracke
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a foole

But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming byrne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-flaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit!

But was not this nye shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

Ari. Not a haire perild:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and so thou badst me,
In troops I haue disperd them 'bout the Ile:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Ile, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the Kings shipp, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou call'dst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the bill-veet *Bermoothes*, there the's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme loy'd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

A 2

Which

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met agaloe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranean* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Neples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great perion perih.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th' day?
Ar. Paft the mid feason.

Pro. At least two Glaffes: the time 'twixt fix & now
Muft by vs both be spent moft preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since I doft giue me paines,
Let me remember thee what thou haft promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,

Remember I haue done thee worthy feruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, feru'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Doft thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou doft: & thinkest it much to tread I'-Ooze
Of the salt deepe;

To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me busied in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froth.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: haft thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? haft thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou haft: where was she born? speake: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I muft

Once in a moneth recount what thou haft bin,
Which thou forgett. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefs maifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*

Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is oot this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my flauie, (child,
As then report thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate

To set her earthy, and abhorde commands,
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confound thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,

And in her moft vnmittigable rage,

Into a clonen Pyne, within which rift

Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine

A dozen yeeres: within which space she d'd,

And left thee there: where thou didst veot thy groanes

As fall as Mill-wheeles strike: Theo was this Island

(Saw for the Son, that he did littour heere,

A frekelld whelp, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe to feruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make volues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beeres; it was a torment

To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vnder: it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will reed an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command

And doe my spryting, geotly.

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies

I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? I say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiect to no fight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball elfe: goe take this shape
And hither come io'to: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mr. The strangenes of your story, put
Hesitance in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my flauie, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answers.

Mr. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe oot loue to looke on.

Pro. Bet as 'tis

We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ferues io Offices
That profit vs: What ho: flauie: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortois, when? *Enter Ariel like a sweete*
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph*,
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poysonous flauie, got by I diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother broth'd
With Raenaes feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwe't blow oo yee,
And blister yoo all ore.

Pro. For this be fure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that wast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I muft eat my dinner:

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stunk'st me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me

Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse

That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee

And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Ile,

The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,

Corn'd be I that did so: All the Charms

Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:

For I am all the Subiects that you haue,

Which first was mine owne King: and here you fly-me

In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me

The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not klodores: I have v'd thee
(Fifth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst present me, I had peopl'd elfe
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purpoises
With words that made them knowne: But thy wild race
(Thou thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deferredly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deserv'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Prof. Hag-feed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou't best
To answer other businesse: thrug't thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'st, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That death shall tremble at thy dyne.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams good Setebes,
And make a vassalle of him.

Pro. So slave, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,
And then take hands!

*Corried vnto you here, and kiss
The wilde waves wot'st:*

*Fute it featly here, and there, and sweete Sprights here
the burthen.* *Barthen disperfedly.*

Hark, hark, bowgh wrough: the watch-Dogges bark,
bowgh-wrough.

*As. Hark, hark, I heare, the straines of strutting Cuckieler
cry cuckandoo-doo.*

Pro. Where thold this Musick be? I'ch aire, or th'earth?
It founds no more: and fure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth'land, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Father wracke.
This Musick crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: theence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariel Song. Full fadom fwe thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corral made:
Those are pearles that were his eyes,
Neibing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his annell.

Barthen: ding dong.

Hark now I heare thee, ding-dong bell.

Pro. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no found

That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Belerue me fir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stin'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) I might' call him
A goodly perlon: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile thee thee
Within two dayes for this.

Pro. Most fure the Goddesse
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Pro. My Language? Heavens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Pro. A single thing, as I am now, that wouden
To heare thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weep: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Pro. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of Millaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile let thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.
Mir. Why speakes my father so vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pity moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.

Pro. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of Naples.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'r: But this swift busines
I must vnease make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Pro. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirt haue so sayre a house,
Good things will sturue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come, lie manacle thy necke and feete together: Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be The fresh-brooke Mofells, wither'd roots, and huskes Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He dravels, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearful.

Prof. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so posset with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarme thee with this stickes,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Befeech you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir haue pity,
He be his fury.

Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st it there is no more such shap'es as he,
(Hauing scene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th'Earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison.

Prof. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Arzell*: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Arzell. To th'syllable.

Prof. Come follow: speake not for him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzales, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Saylor wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theme of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preservation) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore lo.

Seb. Lookes, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gon. When euerie greefe is entertain'd,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wifelier then I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you'r paid.

Adr. Vnhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtile, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtile, as he most learnedly deliuer'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lunges, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfume'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is euerie thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, false meanes to liue.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks?

How Greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of Greene in't.

Ant. He misles not much.

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the variety of it, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht varieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salt
water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gon.

Gen. Me thinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gen. Not since widow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that! how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *o'Emas* too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that! She was of *Carthage*, not of Tunis.

Gen. This Tunis Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? Gen. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rain'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gen. I. Ant. Why in good time.

Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*! I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gen. Is not Sir my doubt as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fill'd for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomach of my sense: I would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,

Who is so farre from Italy removed,

I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of Naples and of *Milaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,

I saw him beate the furies vnder him,

And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water

Whose enmity he flung aside: and breasted

The furies most frowne that met him: his oiled head

'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared

Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke

To th' shore; that ore his waue-worne banis bowed

As stooping to releue him: I not doubt

He came aliu to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,

That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an African,

Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise

By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe

Waigh'd betwene loathnesse, and obedience, at

Which end o'th' beame should bow: we haue lost you

I feare for euer: *Milaine* and *Naples* haue

Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,

Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'sk oth' losse.

Gen. My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentleness,

And time to speake it in: you rub the fore,

When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

Gen. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very foule.

Gen. Had I plantation of this life my Lord,

Ant. Hee'd fow't vwith Nettle-feed,

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gen. And were the King on't, what wvould I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gen. I'th' Commonwealt I wvould (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Traffike

Would I admit: No name of Magistrat:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,

And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none:

No vse of Metall, Coroe, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Souerainty.

Seb. Yet he wvould be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endecour: Treason, felony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine

Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all foynon, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gen. I wvould vwith such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Svise his Maiesty.

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gen. And do you marke me, Sir?

(me.)

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

Gen. I do vvell beleuee your Highnesse, and did it

to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of

such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse

to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vse laugh'd at.

Gen. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing

to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not false flattery.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of braue metall: you would

lift the Moone out of her sphere, if she would continue

in it five weekes vwithout changing.

Enter *Arail* playing *Islema Musicke*.

Seb. We wvould so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I wvill not adventure my

discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I

am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I with mine eyes

Would (with themselves) shut vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It sildome visit soir-w, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th'Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: th'occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepe Language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:

And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you

Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,

Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it

You more inuelt it: ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,

'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,

As he that sleeps heere, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, is

Another way so high a hope, that euen

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunisi*: she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:

The Man i'th Moone's too slow, did new-borne chinnes

Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom

We all were feshallow'd, though some cast againe,

(And by that destiny) to performe an act

Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What fuffe is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunisi*,

So is the heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*

Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunisi*,

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death

That now hath feild them, why they were no worfe

Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*

As well as he that sleeps: Lords, that can prate

As amply, and vnneccessarily

As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make

A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this

For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinks I do.

Ant. And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me,

Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants

Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences

That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollett: Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lies vpon,

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)

Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morfell: this Sir Prudence, who

Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest

They'l take ingegession, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,

I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,

And I the King shall loose thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on *Gonzallo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter *Ariel* with *Musick* and *Song*.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth

(For else his proiect dies) to keepeth them liuing,

Sings in *Gonzallo*'s eare.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-y'd Conspiracie

His time doth take:

*If of Life you keepe a care,
Steale off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gen. Now, good Angels preferre the King.

Ala. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gen. What's the matter?

Sol. Whiles we flood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burll of bellowing
like Bala, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Ala. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Ala. Heard you this *Gowale*?

Gen. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and eride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily 'tis best we flood vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Ala. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne.

Gen. Heuens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.

Ala. Lead away.

Antell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By yuch-meale a disease: his Spirits beare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyns-thewes, pinch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vntill he bid 'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their prick at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Doe hiss me into madness: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mindle me.

Tri. Here's oether buln, nor shrub to beare off any
weight at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing i'th' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bombard that would shed his
liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choofe but fall by pale-fole. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England*
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted: not
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my o-
pinion; I hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an *Island*-
der, that hath lately suffered by a *Thonderbolt*: *Alas*,
the Storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vn-
der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea-
bout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-
lows: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the Storme
be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks.

Songs. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-jaune & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate

Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,

But none of vs car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor goe bang!

She ha'd not the fauour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

Then to Sea Boys, and let her goe bang.

This is a scurvy tune too:

But here's my comfort. drinks.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Ste. What's here?

*Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saloagnes, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be asfeard
now of your foore legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as euer went on foore legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said to againe, while *Ste-
phano* breathes at' nostrils.*

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Ile, with foore legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell
should hearne our language? I will giue him some re-
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tyme, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperour that euer trod on *Neates-lea-
ther*.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my
wood home faster.

Sr. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wifet; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer
drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tyme, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hort; thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes
vpon thee.

Sr. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here
is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your
mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and
that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open
your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be,

But

But hee is drown'd; and these are duels; O defend me.

Sr. Four legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster; his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to utter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Sr. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I have no long Spoon.

Tri. *Stephano:* if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Sr. If thou beest *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how canst thou to be the finge of this *Moone-calf*? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not drown'd *Stephano*; I hope now thou art not drown'd: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead *Moone-Calfe's* Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Naspolitans* escap'd?

Sr. Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Sr. How didst thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the burke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

Sr. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke: I'll be sworn.

Sr. Here, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goufe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha't any more of this?

Sr. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now *Moone-Calfe*, how do'st thine Ague?

Cal. Ha't thou not dropt from heauen?

Sr. Out o'th *Moone* I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' *Moone*, when time was.

Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My *Mistress* shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Sr. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I am afraid of him? a very weak Monster: The Man ith' *Moone*?

A most poore credulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. He shew thee every fertill ynh' oth Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. In this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. He kisse thy foot. He sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

Sr. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this poppi-headed Monster: a most incurable Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Sr. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke:

An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;

I'll beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Lays nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirds, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocks: Wilt thou goe with me?

Sr. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being drown'd, wee will inherit here: Here; beate my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firings, at requiring,

Nor serape trenchering, nor wajj dish,

'Ban' ban' Cacaliban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, high-day, high-day freedom, freedom high-day, freedom.

Sr. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fir. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of baseness

Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

Point to rich ends: this my meane Task

Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but

The *Mistress* which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a fore iniunction; my sweet *Mistress*

Weepes when the sees me worke, & saies, such baseness

Had neuer like *Excutor*: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,

Most busie left, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda

Mir. Alas, now pray you

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioy'd to pile:

Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this borney

'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mithris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe
Hee beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Hee carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my finewet, breake my backe,
Then you should thidder vndergoe,
While I sit lary by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Mithris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Chiefely, that I might fet it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeepe the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereft to the world: full many a Lady
I haue cy'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
Hae I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any
VVith so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peetele, are created
Of euenie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Sae from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleffe of; but by my modestie
(The lewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besidee your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wooden slauerie, then to suffer
The flesh-sie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your seruice, there resides
To make me slauie to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?
Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this found,
And crowne what I proffesse with kinde euent
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert
VVhat best is bodied me, to mischief: I,
Beyond all limit of what else it's worth
Do loue, praise, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections: heauen raine grace
On that which breeds betwene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
VVhat I desire to giue; and much lesse take
VVhat I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence battall cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your seruant
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mithris (deereft)

And I thus humble coer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedom: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in'; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are surpris'd with all; but my reioicing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

St. Tell not me, when the But is oot we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord
em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but sue vpon this Ile; we are three of them,
if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

St. Drinke Seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eles are almost set in thy head.

Trin. VVhere should they bee set else? hee were a
brave Monster indeede if they were set in his talles.

St. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam
ere I could recouer the shore, sue and thirte Leagues
off and on, by this light thou shalt see my Lieutenant
Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

St. VVeel not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither.

St. Moore-calfs, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good Moore-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thee thoue:
Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case
to iustle a Constable: why, thou deboth'd Fish thou,
was there coer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my
Lord?

Cal.

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Lo, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer Indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tyrant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou yest.

Cal. Thou yest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant fomme of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this life From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeild him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naille into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thoo searuy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lye: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take you fencers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand forth off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or pawch him with a flake, Or cut his wezard with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rooted as I. Borne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to confider, is The beutie of his daughter: he himselfe Calls her a non-parcell: I neuer saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As greast do's leaf.

Ste. Is it so braue a Laffe?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, face our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu't keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be iocund. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cut 'em; and shoot 'em, and flout 'em, Thought is free.

Cal. That's wot the tune.

Ariell plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.
Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe io thy likenes: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affraid?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affraid, the life is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds moughtout would open, and shew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I er'd to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdom to me, Where I shall haue my Musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the Rorie.

Trin. The found is going away, Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster, Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer, He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

*Exit,
Sera*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes most rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolve to' effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Selme and strange Musicks: and Prosper on the top (inaudible) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and insulting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, haerke.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musike.

Al. Give vs kind keepers, heards: what were these?

Seb. A living Drederic: now I will beleue
That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. He beleue both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they beleue me?
If I should say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
Are worse then diuells.

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gestures, and such sound expresting
(Although they want the vse of tooque) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in despairing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since (maeks.)
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stoln
Wilt please you taste of this is here?

Al. Not I. (Boyes)

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were
Who would beleue that these were Mountaynes,
Dew-lapt, like Buh, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde
Each putter out of flue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last, no matter, soe I feele
The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quient deuise the Banquet vanishes.

Al. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer surfeitd Sea,
Hath caus'd to beleue vp you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper felues: you fooles, I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still cloving waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume: My fellow ministers
Are like-inuulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too masie for your strengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From *Adriane* did possant good *Prosper*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They haue bereft: and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Ile, else fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but heurt-forrow,
And a euerie life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (as first Musicks) Enter the shapes againe, and dance (with mikes and moues) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this Harpy, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,
And obseruation strange, my meane ministers
Their feuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these first, I leaue them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they topp'd in drown'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange sort?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounce'd
The name of *Prosper*: It did bafe my Trespasser,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet founded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
He fight their Legions ore.

Exit.

Ant.

Ant. He be thy Second.

Gos. All three of them are desperate : their great guilt
(Like payfon given to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits : I doe befeech you
(That are of supplier ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this estate
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auerely punish'd you,
Yoor compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live : who, once againe
I tender to thy hand : All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely flood the test : here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich gift : O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde the will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diffidence, and discord shall bestrew
The voion of your bed, with weeds fo loathly
That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are foundred,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly speake ;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne ;
What *Ariell* ; my indurious servant *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*

Ad. What would my potent maist' her I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meane fellows, your last service
Did worthily performe : and I must vse you
In such another tricke : goe bring the rabbie
(Ore whom I give thee power) hither, to this place :
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ad. Presently ?

Pro. I : with a twinke.

Ad. Before you can fly come, and goe,
And breathe twice ; and cry, so, so :
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you love me Maister ? no ?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariell* : doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well : I conceiue.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true : doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne : the strongest oaths, are straw
To th' fire it h' blood : be more abstinent,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Lioer.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolari,
Rather then want a Spirit ; appear, & perty. *Soft music.*
No tongue : all eyes be silent. *Enter Iris.*

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fitches, Oates and Pease ;
Thy Turpie-Mountaines, where lue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetch'd with Stouer, them to keepe :
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie *April*, at thy heft betrimms ;
To make cold Nymphes chaff crownes ; & thy broome-
Whose shadow the diffidit Batchelor loues, (groues)
Being lasse-lorne : thy pole-elipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge flurrie, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy lelfe do'st syre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this grassie-plot, in this very place
To come, and sport : here Peacocks flye amaine :
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cor. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Lupiter* :
Who, with thy sallow wings, vpon my floweres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing shewes,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnderbrud downe,
Rich scarp to my proud earth : why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this thort gras'd Greene ?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bleas'd Lovers.

Cor. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene ? since they did plot
The meanes, that dunn'd *Dia*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie

Be not afraid : I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos* : and her Son
Dooe-drawn with her : here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose voves are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted : but in vaine,
Mars hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

Cor. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Iu. How do's my bounteous sister ? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their lioe. *They Sing.*

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourly ioyes, be fill'd vpon you,

*Iuno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, fountains plente,
Barren, and Corners, never empty.
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bearing;
Spring come to you as the farthest,
In the very end of Harshuf.
Scarcity and want shall join you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most marvellous vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think these Spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondrous Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.
Iris. You Nymphs call *Nayades* of y' winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and euer-harmefulle lookes,
Leave your crispe channells, and on this greene-Land
Answer your summons, *Iuno* doe's command.
Come temperate *Nymphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Love: it be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.
You Sun-burn'd Sickle-men of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nymphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

*Enter certain Raspers (properly habited: they imyte with
the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
of, Prospero starts suddenly and speaks, after which to a
strange hollow and confused noise, they busily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, avoid: no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strangely.

Mr. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mout'd fort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Revels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselisse fabrick of this vision
The Cloud-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a racke behind: we are such stufte
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Bear with my weaknesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmities,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. *Mr.* We with your peace.

Exit.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleane to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirits: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the syre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prick't their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, list'd vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firres, prickling gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile skins: at last I left them
Ith' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-flunk't their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape insubible retain'd thou still:
The trumpety in my house, goss bring it hither
For sale to catch these theues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer stick: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ougier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

*Enter Ariell, loaded with glittering apparel, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all weat.*

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, w' you say is a harmlesse Fairy,
Has done little better then plaie the lacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

St. So in mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Look you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour fill,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hwdwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's hush at midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to looke our bottles in the Poole.

St. Is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:

Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

St. I will fetch off my bottle,

Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere

This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island

Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*

For aye thy foot-licker.

St. Giue me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foolie, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ba

Str. Put

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand lie haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it. (meane)

Cal. The dropie drowne this foole, what doe you To doote thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches, Make vs strange fluffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my lerkin? now is the lerkin vnder the line: now lerkins you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald lerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lynce and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that iell; heer's a garment soe't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. *Monster*, come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the reth.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. *Monster*, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or lie turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

A noise of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shapes of Dogs and Hounds, basting them about: Prayers and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountains, hey.

Ari. *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Conuulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly t At this house Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedom: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now doe's my Prouinc gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vpriht with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the fixt hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: Lay my Spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir In the *Lime-grass* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From eares of deede: your charme so strongly worke 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Halt thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe, One of their kinde, that relish all as sharpe, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*, My Charms lie breake, their fences lie restore, And they shall be themselves lues.

Ari. Ie fetch them, Sir.

Exit.

Pro. Ye Elues of hills, brooks, fadding lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the greene fowre Kinglets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whole pastime Is to make midnight-Muldrums, that reioyce In to weake the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde (Weake Maisters though ye be) I haue bedym'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous winde, And twist the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread rattling Thunder Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Luna* slow Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promontorie Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Seeces, that This Ayrie-charme is for, I'll breake my Staffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummert sound Ie drowne my booke.

Solemne musicke.

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To a vnsted fastie, Cure thy braines (Now vfelesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-bound.

Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n fociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night (Melting the darkness) so their rising fences Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzallo* My true preferer, and a loyal Sir, To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Diffd

Did thou *Alseff*, vie me, and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the AQ,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Fleth, and blood,
Yoo, brother mine, that entertaio ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
(Whole inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King : I do forgie thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art : Their vnderstanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly's foule, and muddy : not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me : *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discafe me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime *Milaine*: quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslip bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe cry,
On the Batts backs I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I lue now,
Vnder the blyssom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell* : I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedom : so, so, so.
To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Mariners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches : the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torments, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here : some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Milaine*, *Prospero* :
For more assurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alse. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know : thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood : and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me : this must erace
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs : But how shold *Prospero*
Be liuing, and be heere ?

Pro. First, noble Friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be meaxur'd, or confid.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th'life, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine : Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And iustifie you Traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diocell speaks in him :

Pro. No :

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgieue
Thy rankest fault ; all of them : and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alse. If thou bee'st *Prospero*
Giue vs particulars of thy prefeeration,
How thou halt met vs heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore ? where I haue lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alse. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not fought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alse. You the like losse ?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you ; for I
Haue lost my daughter.

Alse. A daughter ?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Neples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I with
My selfe were mudded in that oo-sie bed
Where my sonne lies : when did you lose your daughter ?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe officers of Truth : Their words
Are naturall breath : but howe'se'er you haue
Beene iustled from your senses, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milaine*, who most strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't : No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Besitting this first meeting : Welcome, Sir ;
This Cell's my Court : heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad : pray you looke in :
My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Pro. No my dearest loue,
I would not for the world. (*wrangle*)
Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
And I would call it faire play.

Alse. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle.
Pro. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue cor'd them without caufe.

Alse. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compass the about :
Ariell, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there heere ?
How beauteous mankind is ? O braue new world

B 3

That

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alc. What is this Maid, with whom thou wa'st at (play)
Your old acquaintance hath been three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath fever'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Pro. Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not save my Father
For his adulter: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Received a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alc. I am hers.

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must make my child forgiveness?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let vs not burden our remembrances, with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gsa. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that have chaik'd forth the way
Which brought vs hitherto.

Alc. I say Amen, *Gomallo.*

Gsa. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
With good and husband Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribel* her loving finde at Tunis,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: *Prosper*, his Dukedome
In a poore life: and all of vs, our felues,
When no man was his owne.

Alc. Give me your hands:

Let griefe and sorrow fill embrace his heart,
That doth not with you joy.

Gsa. Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
separately following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesied, if a Gallies were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That sweare Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

But. The best newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sit, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My trickier Spirit.

Alc. These are not naturall cooets, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

But. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange, and severall noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, ginsling chaines,
And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty
Where we, in all out trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Caping to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.
Alc. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this business, more then nature
Was ever conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Do not infect your minde, with beating on
The strangeness of this business, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odder Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their faine Apparrell.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragin Bully-Monster Coragin.*

Tri. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O *Screech*, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Masters! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord *Antonius*?
Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This misshapen knave;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controule the Moone; make flowers, and ebe,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three have robb me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellows, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkeness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death.

Alc. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

Alc. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you laft,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should have bin a fore one then.

Alc. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on,

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter,

And seeke for grace : what a thrice double Affe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.

Al. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
Sh. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, he waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away : The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this life : And in the morne
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-below'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought shall be my graue.

Al. I long

To heare the story of your life ; which must
Take the eare strangely.

Pro. I'll deliuer all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall flecte farre off : My *Ariel* ; chicke
That is thy charge : Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well : please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,

spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is most faint : now 't is true
I must be better confide by you,
Or sent to *Naples*, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the decciuer, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands :
Gentle breath of yours, my Saites
Must fill, or else my proiect failles,
Which was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce : Art to incbant,
And my ending is despaire,
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by prair
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of *Naples* :
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of *Millaine*.
Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of *Millaine*.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of *Naples*.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.
Adrian, & *Francisco*, Lords.
Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a Iester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to *Prospero*.
Ariel, an ayrie spirit.
Iris }
Ceres } *Spirits.*
Iuno }
Nymphes }
Reapers }

FINIS.

THE



T H E Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine : Proteus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Ease to periwade, my loving *Proteus*;
Home-keeping-youth, haue ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully fuggardis'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,
Thinke on thy *Proteus*, when thou (hap'ly) feelt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy trauaile.
With me partake in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer,
For I will be thy head-of-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow *Storie* of deepe loue,
How yong *Laender* crost the *Hillespant*.

Pro. That's a deepe *Storie*, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shoes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer frowne the *Hillespant*.

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fere fighes: one fading moments
Witn twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauilt at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;

And he that is so yoked by a foole,

Me thinks should not be chronicked for wife.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest *Boo*,

The eating Canker dwells; so eating Loue

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward *Boo*

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasing in the *Boo*,
Looking his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the *Road*
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Proteus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musings, weak; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Proteus*: 'Ioue you: Iaw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarke for *Millaine*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I haue plaid the *Sheepe* in looking him.

Pro. Indeepe a *Sheepe* doth very often fray,
And if the *Shepherd* be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a *Shepherd* then,
and I *Sheepe*?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe.

Pro. A filly answer, and fitting well a *Sheepe*.

Sp. This proues me still a *Sheepe*.

Pro. True: and thy Master a *Shepherd*.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The *Shepherd* feedes the *Sheepe*, and not the
Sheepe the *Shepherd*; but I seeke my Master, and my
Master seekes not me: therefore I am no *Sheepe*.

Pro. The *Sheepe* for fodder follow the *Shepherd*,
the *Shepherd* for foode follows not the *Sheepe*: thou
for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a *Sheepe*.

Sp. Such another proufe will make me cry ha!

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter
to *Julia*?

Sp. I

Sp. I Sir: I (a loff-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a loff-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best flieke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, leffe then a pound shall serue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your loue.

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;

And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that let together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,

Hauiug nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Bestrow me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truly Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;

No, not so much as a duckett for deliuering your letter;

And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;

I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.

Giue her no token but floures, for she's as hard as Steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains: (me); To tell thee your bounty, I thank you, you haue ceftern'd

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to lue your Ship from wrack,

Which cannot perish hauiug thee aboard,

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:

I must goe send some better Messenger,

I feare my Iulia would not daigne my lines,

Receiuing them from such a worthless poof.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)

Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not vnheerdfully.

Iul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,

That euery day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, Ile shew my minde, According to my shallow simple skill.

Iul. What thinkst thou of the faire *de Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;

But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

Iul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercurio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Iul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Prothem*?

Luc. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raigues in vs.

Iul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,

That I (vnworthy body as I am)

Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Iul. Why not on *Prothem*, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Iul. Your reason?

Luc. I haue no other but a womans reason:

I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Iul. And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

Luc. I: if you thought your loue not cast away.

Iul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.

Iul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.

Luc. Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.

Iul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Peruse this paper Madam.

Iul. To Iulia: say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Iul. Say, say: who gaue it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine* page: & sent I think from *Prothem*;

He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,

Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Iul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker;

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper, and conspire against my youth?

Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place:

There: take the paper: see it be return'd,

Or else returne no more into my fight.

Luc. To plead for loue, deserves more fees, then hate.

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Luc. That you may ruminare.

Exit.

Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What foole is she, that knows I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maldes, in modesty, say no, to that,

Which they would haue the profferer construe, I.

Fie, fie: how way ward is this foolish loue;

That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,

And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?

How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly, I would haue had her here?

How angrily I taught my brow to frowne,

When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?

My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe

And aske remission, for my folly past.

What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Luc. What would your Ladship?

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And

And not vpon your Maid.

Is. What is't that you

Tooke vp so gingerly?

Is. Nothing.

Is. Why didst thou snoop then?

Is. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

Is. And is that paper nothing?

Is. Nothing concerning me.

Is. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.

Is. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,

Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.

Is. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

Is. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:

Giue me a Note, your Lordship can set

Is. As little by such toys, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Love*.

Is. It is too heauy for to light a tune.

Is. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

Is. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

Is. And why not you?

Is. I cannot reach so high.

Is. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Is. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:

And yet me thinks I do not like this tune.

Is. You doe not?

Is. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

Is. You (Minion) are too faucie.

Is. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a defcant:

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

Is. The meane is dround with you vnruely base.

Is. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Is. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:

You would be fingring them, to anger me.

Is. She makes it strige, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so angred with another Letter.

Is. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

Inurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,

And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;

Ile kisse each feuerall paper, for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: vnkinde *Julia*,

As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy diidaine.

And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus*.

Poorre wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a *soveraigne kisse*.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:

Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare

Vnto a ragged, fearfull, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poorer forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:

To the sweet *Julia*: that ile teare away:

And yet I will not, fith so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;

Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Is. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

Is. Well, let vs goe.

Is. What, shall these papers lye, like *Tel-tales* here?

Is. If you respect them; best to take them vp.

Is. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Is. I see you haue a months minde to them.

Is. I (Madam) you may say what fights you see;

I see things too, although you iudge I winke.

Is. Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antiochus and Panthius. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthius*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship

Should suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of slender reputation

Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.

Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discouer Islands farre away:

Some, to the studious Vniuersities;

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In hauing knowne no trasaile in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that

Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.

I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tryed, and tutored in the world:

Experience is by industry atchieu'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,

Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.

Ant. I know it well.

(thither,

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him

There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;

Hear sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,

And be in eye of euerie Exercise

Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduiz'd:

And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Euen with the speediest expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,

With other Gentlemen of good esteeme

Are iourning, to salute the Emperour,

And to commend their seruice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:

And in good time: now will we breake with him.

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for loue, her honors pause;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loves
To scale our happiness with their contents.

Pro. Oh heavenly Julia.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;

Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lues, how well-below'd,

And daily graced by the Emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something fortified with his wish:

Muse not that I thus disdain proceed;

For what I will, I will, and there an end:

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time

With *Valentine*, in the Emperor's Court:

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,

To-morrow be in readiness, to go;

Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soon provided,

Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay: to-morrow thou must go;

Come on *Proteus*; you shall be employ'd,

To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shund the fire, for fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to shew my Father *Julius* Letter,

Least he should take exceptions to my love,

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day,

Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pro. Sir *Proteus*, your Fathers call's for you,

He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answers no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:

Sweet Ornament, that decks a thing divine,

Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why fir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship fir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, fir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry by these spicall marks: first, you have
learn'd (like Sir *Proteus*) to wreath your Armes like a
Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a *Robin*-red-
breast: to walke alone like one that had the peltence:
to figh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to
weep like a yong wench that had buried her *Gradam*:
to fift, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
fears robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-
low-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are *Metamorphis'd* with a Mistris, that when I
looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for with-
out you were so simple, none else would: but you are
so without these follies, that these follies are within you,
and shine through you like the water in an Vrinal: that
not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment
on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on fu, as she sits at supper?

Val. Haft thou observ'd that? even she I meane.

Speed. Why fir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and
yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, fir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What do'st thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fa-
vour'd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the o-
ther out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry fir, so painted to make her faire, that no
man counts of her beauty.

Val. How deem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine
eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont
to have, when you chidded at Sir *Proteus*, for going vn-
garter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing de-
formitie: for hee being in love, could not see to garter
his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on
your hose. (ning)

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in love, for last mor-
You could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True fir: I was in love with my bed, I thanke
you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes mee the
bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were fet, for your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoyn'd me,
To write some lines to one the lous.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:

Peace, here the comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:

Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-er'n: heer's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should giue her interst: & she giues it him.

Val. As you enjoyn'd me; I haue writ your Letter

Vnto the secret, names friend of yours:

Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.)

Sil. I thank you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly-

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:

For being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it freed you, I will write

(Please you command) a thousand times as much:

And yet ———.

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the fequell;

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againe: and yet I thank you:

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?

Does you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,

But I will none of them: they are for you:

I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so: if not: why so?

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*

Speed. Oh left vnscene: inscutable: inuisible,

As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a Steeple:

My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,

He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.

Oh excellent deuil, was there euer heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokef-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,
When she hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the left?

Val. No, belecue me.

Speed. No beleueing you indeed for:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And y letter hath the deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messager, y might her mind discouer
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.)
Why mufe you fir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken fir: though the Camelon Loue
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
vntush; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like
your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scena secunda.

Enter Proteus, Julia, Pantibus.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Julia*:

Jul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Jul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Jul. And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howe er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howe, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loves forgetfulness:

My father staies my comming: answere not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

Julia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Pant. Sir *Proteus*: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore *Louers* dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Pantibus.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howe ere I haue done
weeping: all the kinde of the *Louances*, haue this very
fault: I haue recei'd my proportion, like the prodigious
sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Prothem* to the Imperial Court : I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the fowest natured dogge that liues : My Mother weeping : my Father wailing : my Sister crying : our Maid howling : our Cate wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curie shedde one teare : he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pity in him then a dogge : a few would haue wept to haue seene our parting : why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting : nay, she shew you the manner of it. This shoe is my father : no, this left shoe is my father ; no, no, this left shoe is my mother : nay, that cannot bee so neyther : yes ; it is fo, it is fo : it hath the worser sole : this shoe with the hole in it, is my mother : and this my father : a veng'ance on't, there 'tis : Now fir, this staffe is my sister : for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand : this hat is *Nan* our maid : I am the dogge : no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge : ah, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe : I ; fo, fo : now come I to my Father : Father, your blessing : now should not the shoe speake a word for weeping : now should I kisse my Father ; well, hee weepes on : Now come I to my Mother : Oh that she could speake now, like a woud-woman : well, I kisse her : why there 'tis ; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe : Now come I to my sister ; marke the moane she makes : now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare : nor speakes a word : but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away : a Boord : thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to poft after with oares ; what's the matter ? why weepest thou man ? away afte, you'll loofe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launc. It is no matter if the tide were loof, for it is the vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

Pant. What's the vnkindest tide ?

Launc. Why, be that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man : I meane thou'lt loofe the flood, and in loofing the flood, loofe thy voyage, and in loofing thy voyage, loofe thy Master, and in loofing thy Master, loofe thy seruice, and in loofing thy seruice : — why doft thou stop my mouth ?

Launc. For feare thou shouldst loofe thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I loofe my tongue ?

Launc. In thy Tale.

Pant. In thy Taile.

Launc. Loofe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Seruice, and the tide : why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares : if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my fighes.

Pant. Come : come away man, I was sent to call thee.

Launc. Sir : call me what thou dar'ft.

Pant. Wilt thou goe ?

Launc. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Valentine*, *Silvia*, *Thurio*, *Speed*, *Duke*, *Prothem*.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Mistress.

Spee. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spee. Not if you.

Val. Of my Mistress then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are fid.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme fo.

Thur. Seeme you that you are not ?

Val. Haply I doe.

Thur. So doe Countereytfs.

Val. So doe you.

Thur. What seeme I that I am not ?

Val. Wife.

Thur. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thur. And how quoot you my folly ?

Val. I quoot it in your lerkin.

Thur. My lerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, lie double your folly.

Thur. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour ?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Comellon*.

Thur. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue hid Sir.

Thur. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well fir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, & quickly shut off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant ?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladships lookes, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thur. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well fir : you haue an Eschequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers :

For it appeares by their bare Liueries

That they liue by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more :

Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.

Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,

What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newes ?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye, *Don Antonio*, your Countinman ?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert fo well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne ?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues

The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him as my selfe : for from our Infancie

We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together,

And though my selfe haue bene an idle Trewant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection :

Yet hath Sir *Prothem* (for that's his name)

Made vse, and faire aduantage of his daies :

His yeares but yong, but his experience old :

His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe ;

And in a word (for far behinde his worth

Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

C

He

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me fir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Emperre loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Counsellor ;
Well, Sir : this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

Val. Should I haue with'd a thing, it had bene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth ;
Silila. I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio* ;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chriſtall lookes.

Sil. Be-like that now the hath enfranchi'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you ?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such Loouers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.
Sil. Haue done, haue done : here comes your gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear *Protens* : Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue with'd to heare from.

Val. Mistris, it is : sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability :
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

Pro. My dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.
Pro. He die on him that saies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome ?

Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you.)
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father would speak with

Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure : Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me : once more, new Seruant welcome ;

Ile leaue you to confer of home affairs,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.
Val. Now tell me : how do al from whence you came ?

Pro. Your friends are wel, & haue thẽ much comended.
Val. And how doe yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady ? & how thrives your loue ?

Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you loy not in a Loue-discourse.

Val. I *Protens*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done penance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and dailly hart-fore sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chus'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne heart's sorrow.
O gentle *Protens*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse

There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth ;
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue ;
Now can I breake my fast, dine, fup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :
Was this the Idoll, that you worship fo ?

Val. Euen She ; and is she not a heavenly Saint ?

Pro. No ; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her diuine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me : for Loue delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her ; if not diuine,

Yet let her be a principallitie,

Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet : except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to :

Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,

To beare my Ladies traine, left the base earth

Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,

And of so great a fauor growing proud,

Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swalling flowre,

And make rough winter eurling-fine.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadille is this ?

Val. Pardon me (*Protens*) all I can is nothing,

To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing ;

Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why man, she is mine owne,

And I as rich in hauiug such a lewll

As twenty Seas, if all their faine were pearle,

The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.

Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,

Because thou see'st me doate vpon my loue :

My foolish Riual that her Father likes

(Onely for his possessions are so huge)

Is gone with her along, and I must after,

For Loue (thou know'st is full of icalousie.)

Pro. But the looues you ?

Val. I, and we are betrothd : nay more, our marriage

With all the cunning manner of our flight

Determin'd of : how I must climbe her window,

The Ladder made of Cordes, and all the means

Plotted, & greed on for my happinesse.

Good *Protens* goe with me to my chamber,

In these affaires to aide me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before : I shall enquire you forth :

I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque

Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,

And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,

Or as one naile, by strength drives out another.

So the remembrance of my former Loue

Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,

It is mine, or *Valentines* praise ?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression ?

That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus ?

Shee is faire : and so is *Iulia* that I loue,

Exit.

(That

(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinks my seal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont;
O, but I love his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dar'd my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring love, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile vie my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vnder till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till some certaine shote be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shote of five pence, thou shalt haue fine thousand welcomes: But firsa, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in iest.

Spee. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Spee. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Spee. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Spee. What an affe art thou, I vnderstand thee not.

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My Master vnderstands me?

Spee. What thou saist?

Laun. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my Master vnderstands me.

Spee. It stands vnder thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wilt be a match?

Laun. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it will.

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist thou that that my Master is become a notable Lover?

Laun. I neuer knew him otherwise.

Spee. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorson Ass, thou mistak'st me,
Laun. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrerw, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Spee. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Proteus solus.

Pro. To leaue my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?
To leaue faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold perurie.

Love bad mee sweare, and Love bids me for-sweare;
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast fin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,

But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:

Vn-heedfull vowe may heedfully be broke,

And he wants wit, that wants refoled will,

To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;

Fie, fie, vorreuerend tongue, to call her bad,

Whose souerainity so oft thou hast preferd,

With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.

I cannot leaue to love; and yet I doe:

But there I leaue to love, where I should leaue.

Julia I loofe, and *Valentine* I loofe,

If I keepe them, I needs must loofe my selfe:

If I loofe them, thus finde I by their losse,

For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*.

I to my selfe am dearer than a friend,

For Love is still most precious in it selfe,

And *Silvia* (wittnesse heauen that made her faire)

Shewes *Julia* but a swartthy Ethiopie.

I will forget that *Julia* is alive,

Remembering that my Love to her is dead.

And *Valentine* Ile hold an Eemie,

Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,

Without some treachery v'd to *Valentine*.

This night he meaneeth with a Corded-ladder

To climbe celestiall *Silvia*'s chamber window,

My selfe in couisaile his competitor.

Now presently Ile giue her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight:

Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*:

For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,

But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse.

By some sle tricke, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.

Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift

As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counsaite, *Lucetta*, gentle girlie assist me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniare thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A journey to my louing *Proteus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Iul. A true-denoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall he that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such diuine perfection as *Sir Proteus*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Proteus* make returne.

Iul. Oh, know't I y not, his looks are my soules food ?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Lone,
Thou wouldest as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Left it should burce above the bounds of reason.

Iul. The more thou dam'd it vp, the more it burnes :
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impetuously doth rage :
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musike with th'enameld stones,
Giuing a gentle kisse to every sedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.

And so by many winding nookes he strais
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course :
He be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a p'styme of each weary step,
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
And there he rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elisium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along ?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men :
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may beseme some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladship must cut your haire.

Iul. No girlie, he knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loe knots :
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree- (ches)

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)

What compasse will you weare your Farthingale ?

Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)

Luc. You must needs haue th' with a cod peece (Ma-)

Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauour'd. (dam)

Luc. A round hofe (Madam) now's not worth a pin

Vnlesse you haue a cod peece to stick pins on.

Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lo'u'st me let me haue

What thou think'st meet, and in most mannerly.

But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me

For vndertaking so vnusid a journey ?

I feare me it will make me scandalis'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then neuer dreaune on Infamy, but go :

If *Proteus* like your journey, when you come,

No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :

I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare :

A thousand othes, an Ocean of his teares,

And instances of infinite of Loue,

Warrant me welcome to my *Proteus*.

Luc. All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

Iul. Bafe men, that vse them to so bafe effect ;

But truer starres did gouerne *Proteus* birth,

His words are bonds, his othes are oracles,

His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,

His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heaun be proud so when you come to him.

Iul. Now, as thou lo'u'st me, do him not that wrong,

To heare a hard opinion of his truth :

Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,

And presently goe with me to my chamber

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me vpon my longing journey :

All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,

My goods, my Lands, my reputation,

Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :

Come ; answere not : but to it presently,

I am impatient of my tarrance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus, Valentine,
Lauince, Speed.

Duke. *Sir Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Proteus*, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover,

The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,

But when I call to minde your gracious fauours

Done to me (vnderferuing as I am)

My dutie pricks me on to viter that

Which else, no worldly good should draw from mee :

Know (worthy Prince) *Sir Valentine* my friend

This night intends to steale away your daughter :

My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.

I know you haue determin'd to bestow her

On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,

And should the thus be stolne away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose

To crosse my friend in his intended drift,

Then (by concealing it) heap on your head

A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe

(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

Duke. *Proteus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I liue.

This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,

Haply when they haue lodg'd me fast asleepe,

And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my jealous syme might erre,
And so (vnto worthy) disgrace the man
(A raineie that I euer yet haue shun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deol'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Cordes-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is coming.
Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away loe fift?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenure of them doth both signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Duk. May then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not vnkowne to thee, that I haue fought
To match my friend Sir *Thuris*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Befecoming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fauor him?

Duk. No, trust me, She is peruit, fullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, flubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue bene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions the echeemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught echeemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agoe I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beflow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if the respect not words,
Dombe Jewels often in their filent kinde
More then quicken words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best cōsents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-loue the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulie, what euer she doth say,
For, get you gone, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept seuerely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept fast,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cord
To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serue to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.

Val. When would you vse it? pray fir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

Duk. But haste thee: I will goe to her alone,

How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake;

Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?

I pray thee let me see thy cloake vpon me.

What Letter is this fame? what's here? to *Silvia*?

And here an Engine fit for my proceeding,

Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And flues they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could thy Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge, where (sireles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest them,
While I (their King) that ibither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.
I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where thy Lord should be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the porpoise.

Why *Phantom* (for thou art *Mereps* sonne)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heuently Car?

And with thy daring folly burne the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Goe base Intruder, over-weening Snaue,
 Bewhow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
 And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
 Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
 Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauours
 Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.
 But if thou linger in my Territories
 Longer then swiftest expedition
 Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
 By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
 I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
 Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
 But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
 To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
 And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
 Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
 What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not by?
 What ioy is ioy, if *Silvia* be not by?
 Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
 And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 There is no musick in the Nightingale.
 Vnlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
 There is no day for me to looke vpon.
 Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
 If I be not by her faire influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliuie.
 I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
 Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
 But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Ron (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

Law. So-hough, Soa hough——

Pro. What seest thou?

Law. Him we goe to finde,

There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Law. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Law. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.

Law. Why Sir, lie strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are stopp'd, & cannot hear good newes,
 So much of bad already hath possist them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
 For they are harsh, vn-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
 Hath the forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* haue forsworne me.
 What is your newes?

Law. Sir, there is a proclamation, } you are vanisht.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
 From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
 And now excelle of it will make me surfeit.

Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and the hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectall force)

A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
 Those at her fathers churlish feete the tenderd,
 With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
 Wringing her hailes, whole whitenes so became them,
 As if but now they waded pale for woe:
 But neither bended knees, pure haads held vp,
 Sad sighes, deepe groans, nor sliuer-shedding teares
 Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
 But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
 When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
 That to elose prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vnlesse the next word that thou speakest
 Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
 If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
 As ending Anthemie of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
 And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
 Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
 Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
 Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
 And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
 Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
 The time now serues not to expostulate,
 Come, Ile consey thee through the City-gate.
 And ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
 As thou lou'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
 the wit to thioke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but
 that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now
 that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
 Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
 will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
 not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
 for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee
 hath more qualities then a Water-Spanell, which is
 much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
 Condition. *Leprimus.* Shee can fetch and carry: why
 a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
 onely carry, therefore is shee better then a lade. *Item.*
 Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
 cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
 your Masterhip?

La. With my Masterhip? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
 newes thea in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee loth-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
 La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy
 Grand-mother : this proves that thou canst not read.
 Sp. Come foole, come : try me in thy paper.
 La. There ; and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed.
 Sp. Inprimis she can milke.
 La. I that she can.
 Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.
 La. And thereof comes the proverbe : (*Blessing of
 your heart, you brew good Ale.*)
 Sp. Item, she can sowe.
 La. That's as much as to say (*Can she sow?*)
 Sp. Item she can knit.
 La. What needs a man care for a stock with a wench,
 When she can knit him a stocke?
 Sp. Item, she can walk and soore.
 La. A speciall vertue : for then shee neede not be
 walk'd, and scow'd.
 Sp. Item, she can spin.
 La. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she
 can spin for her lioing.
 Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.
 La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues* : that
 indeede know not their fathers ; and therefore haue no
 names.
 Sp. Here follow her vices.
 La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.
 Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her
 breath.
 La. Well : that fault may be mended with a break-
 fast : read on.
 Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.
 La. That makes amends for her soure breath.
 Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.
 La. It's no matter for that ; so shee sleepe not in her
 talke.
 Sp. Item, she is slow in words.
 La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices ;
 To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue :
 I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.
 Sp. Item, she is proud.
 La. Out with that too :
 It was *Eury* legacie, and cannot he t'ane from her.
 Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
 La. I care not for that neither : because I loose crusts.
 Sp. Item, she is cruell.
 La. Well : the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
 Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.
 La. If her liquor be good, she shall : if she will not,
 I will ; for good things should be praised.
 Sp. Item, she is too libellal.
 La. Of her tongue she cannot ; for that's writ downe
 she is slow of : of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile
 keepe shut : Now, of another thing shee may, and that
 cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.
 Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more
 faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.
 La. Stop there : ile haue her : she was mine, and not
 mine, twice or thrice in that last Article : rehearse that
 once more.
 Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.
 La. More haire then wit : it may be ile proue it : The
 cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more
 then the salt ; the haire that couers the wit, is more
 then the wit ; for the greater hides the lesse : What's
 next ?

Sp. And more faults then haire.
 La. That's monstrous : oh that that were out.
 Sp. And more wealth then faults.
 La. Why that word makes the faults gracious :
 Well, ile haue her : and if it be a match, as nothing is
 impossible.
 Sp. What then ?
 La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies
 for thee at the North gate.
 Sp. For me ?
 La. For thee ? I, who art thou ? he hath staied for a bet-
 ter man then thee.
 Sp. And must I goe to him ?
 La. Thou must run to him ; for thou hast staied so long,
 that going will scarce serue the turne.
 Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner ? 'pox of your loue
 Letters.
 La. Now will he be fwing'd for reading my Letter ;
 An vnmanly flauie, that will thrust himselfe into se-
 crets : Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctiō. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thuris, Proteus.

Du. Sir Thuris, feare not, but that she will loue you
 Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her fight.
 Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
 Forborne my company, and rail'd at me,
 That I am desperate of obtaining her.
 Du. This weak impression of Loue, is as a figure
 Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
 Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme.
 A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
 And worthie *Valentine* shall be forgot.
 How now sir *Proteus*, is your countiman
 (According to our Proclamation) gon ?
 Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
 Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously ?
 Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
 Du. So I beleue : but *Thuris* thinks not so :
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
 (For thou hast shewne some signe of good desert)
 Makes me the better to confer with thee.
 Pro. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace,
 Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.
 Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
 The match betwene *Thuris*, and my daughter ?
 Pro. I doe my Lord.
 Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
 How she opposeth her against my will ?
 Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
 Du. I, and peruerfly, the persecutors so :
 What might we doe to make the girl forget
 The loue of *Valentine*, and loue *Thuris* ?
 Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,
 With falsehood, cowardize, and poore difcent ;
 Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
 Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
 Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
 Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
 By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.
 Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe :
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander neuer can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I cao doe it
By ought that I can speke in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue loue to him :
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It follows not that she will loue fir *Thurio*.

Tb. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him ;
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,
You must prouide to bottome it oo me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, fir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Protheus*, we dare truist you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentine* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,
Where you, with *Silina*, may conferre at large.
For the is lumpish, heauy, melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect :
But you fir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough :
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnettes, whose compos'd Rimes
Should be full fraught with seruicable vowes.

Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poetrie.

Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your fighes, your heart :
Write till your inke be dry ; and with your teares
Moist it againe : and frame some feeling line,
That may discouer fuch integrity :
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones ;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Confort ; To their Instruments
Tune a deploing dumpe : the nights dead silence
Will well become fuch sweet complaining grievance :
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shewes thou hast bin in loue.

Tb. And thy aduice, this night, lie put in practise :
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicks.
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne
To giue the on-let to thy good aduise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-loues.

x. Out-l. Fellowes, stand fast : I see a passenger.

2. Out. If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.

3. Out. Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about 'ye.

If not : we'll make you fit, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are vndone ; these are the Villaines
That all the Trauellers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.

1. Out. That's not fo, fir : we are your enemies.

2. Out. Peace : we'll heare him.

3. Out. I by my beard will we : for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to loose ;

A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie :
My riches, are these poore habilliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurmb me,
You take the fume and substance that I haue.

2. Out. Whether trauell you ?

Val. To *Verona*.

1. Out. Whence came you ?

Val. From *Milaine*.

3. Out. Haue you long sojourn'd there ? *(flaid,*

Val. Some sixteene moneths, ad longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. Out. What, were you banish'd thece ?

Val. I was.

2. Out. For what offence ?

Val. For that which now tormentes me to rehearse ;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done fo ;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of fuch a doome.

2. Out. Haue you the Tongues ?

Val. My youthfull traile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable.

3. Out. By the bare scalp of *Rubie* Hoods fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. Out. We'll haue him : Sirs, a word.

Sp. Master, be one of them :

It's an honourable kinde of theuery.

Val. Peace villaine.

2. Out. Tell vs this : haue you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. Out. Know thece, that some of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thrull from the company of awild men.

My selfe was from *Perena* banish'd,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, aliue vnto the Duke.

2. Out. And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I flab'd vnto the heart.

1. Out. And I, for fuch like petty crimes as these.

But to the porpose : for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues ;
And partly feeling you are beautifide
With goodly shap ; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of fuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.

2. Out. Inderde because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, about the rest, we perley to you :
Are you content to be our Generall ?

To make a vertue of necessity,
And liue as we doe in this wildernesse ?

3. Out. What faist thou ? wilt thou be of our confort ?

Say I, and be the captaine of vs all :
We'll doe thee three homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loure thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. Out.

1. *Out.* But if thou scornest our courtesy, thou dyest.
2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live, to brag what we have of.
Fal. I take your offer, and will live with you, (fer'd.
Provided that you do no outrages
On filly women, or poore passengers.
3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we have got;
Which, with our felices, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proteus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unkind to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I have access'd my owne love to prefer.
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twists me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me thinke how I have bin forsworne
In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd;
And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a lovers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
The more it grows, and swiftness on her still;
But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
And give some evening Musique to her care.
Tb. How now, sir *Proteus*, are you ereft before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
Will creep in service, where it cannot goe.
Tb. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.
Tb. Who, *Silvia*?
Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.
Tb. I thinke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and too it lustily a while.
Ho. Now, my young guests; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it?
Ja. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: Ile bring you where
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.
Ja. But shall I heare him speake.
Ho. I that you shall.
Ja. That will be Musique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Ja. Is he among these?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. What is Silvia? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and swift is she,
The brauen such grace did lend her,
that she might admire be.
Is she kinde as she is faire?
For beauty liues with kindeesse:
Least dub to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia, let vs sing,
That Silvia is excell'd;
She excels each mortal thing
'Pon the durt earth dwelling.
To her let our Garland bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musick likes you not.
Ja. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Ja. He plaies false (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.
Ja. Not so: but yet
So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.
Ho. You have a quicke eare. (heart.
Ja. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow
Ho. I percieve you delight not in Musique.
Ja. Not a whit, when it iars fo.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.
Ja. I: that change is the spight.
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
Ja. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But *Host*, doth this Sir *Proteus*, that we talke on,
Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Lamace* his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nieke.
Ja. Where is *Lamace*?
Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Masters commaund, hee must carry for a present to his
Lady.
Ja. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so please,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.
Tb. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregorius* well.
Tb. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu' to your Ladyship.
Sil. I thinke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that speake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Proteus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Proteus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compass your.
Sil. You haue your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtil, periu'd, false, disloyall man:
Thinke't thou I am so shallow, so conceitelesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Returne, returne and make thy love amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But she is dead.
Ja. 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunity?

Pro.

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her graue
Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call her thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.

Iul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate;

Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,

The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:

For since the substance of your perfect selfe

Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow, will I make true loue.

Iul. Iftwere a substance you would fore deceiue it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapcs,

Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches haue ore night

That wait for execution in the morne.

Iul. Hyl, will you goe?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.

Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Probus*?

Ho. Marry, at my house:

Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.

Iul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heauieft.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the hooer that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who calls?

Eg. Your seruant, and your friend;

One that attends your Ladiships command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:

According to your Ladiships impole,

I am thus early come, to know what seruice

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:

Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)

Vsulant, wise, remorsefull, well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant what deere good will

I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very foule abhor'd.)

Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say

No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart,

As when thy Lady, and thy true-love diue,

Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:

Sir *Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*

To Mantua, where I heare, he makes aboad;

And for the waies are dangerous to passe,

I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.

Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)

But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)

And on the iustice of my flying hence,

To keepe me from a most vnholy match,

Which heauen and fortune fill rewards with plagues.

I doe desire thee, euen from a heart

As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,

To beare me company, and goe with me:

If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pittie much your grieuance,

Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,

I giue consent to goe along with you,

Wraking as little what beideth me,

As much, I with all good befortune you.

When will you goe?

Sil. This euening coming.

Eg. Where shall I meete you?

Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,

Where I intend holy Confession.

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:

Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Laurence, Protebus, Iulius, Siluia.

Law. When a mans seruant shall play the Cur with
him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of
a puppy: one that I lou'd from drowning, when three or
four of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue
taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I
would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a pre-
lent to *Miltris Siluia*, from my Master; and I came no
sooner into the dnyng-chamber, but he steps me to her
Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foole
thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compan-
ies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vpon
him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all
things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault
vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd
for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: yoo shall iudge
Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or
four gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee
had not bin there (blessed the marke) a pissing while, but
all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)
what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the
third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin ac-
quainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and
goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend
(quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I
(quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas
I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe,
but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue
sat in the stocks, for paddings he hath stolne, otherwise
he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for
Geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou
thinkest not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you
seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silvia*: did
not

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do ; when didst thou see me heave vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlemans farthingale ? didst thou euer see me doe such a trick ?

Pro. *Schafian* is thy name : I like thee well, And will imploy thee in some seruice presently.

Iu. In what you please, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whor-fon pesant,
Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering ?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistria *Silvia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what saies she to my little Jewell ?

La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she recei'd my dog ?

La. No indeede did she not :

Here haue I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me ?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrell was stolne from me

By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,

And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog

As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my fight.

Away, I say : stayest thou to vex me here ;

A Slave, that fill an end, turnes me to shame :

Schafian, I haue entertained thee,

Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,

That can with some discretion doe my businesse :

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt ;

But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my Aungry decciue me not)

Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth :

Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.

Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,

Deliu'er it to Madam *Silvia* ;

She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.

Iu. It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token :
She is dead belike ?

Pro. Not so : I thinke the liues.

Iu. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas ?

Iu. I cannot chooseth but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her ?

Iu. Because, me thinks that she lou'd you as well

As you doe loue your Lady *Silvia* :

She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,

You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.

'Tis pity Loue, should be so contrary :

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well : giue her that Ring, and therewithall

This Letter : that's her chamber : Tell my Lady,

I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture :

Your message done, hie home vnto my chamber,

Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.

Iu. How many women would doe such a message ?

Alas poore *Probus*, thou hast entertain'd

A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs ;

Alas, poore foole, why doe I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me ?

Because he loues her, he despiseth me,

Because I loue him, I must pity him.

This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,

To binde him to remember my good will :

And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine ;

To carry that, which I would haue refus'd ;

To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd.

I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,

But cannot be true seruant to my Master,

Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe.

Yet will I wee for him, but yet so coldly,

As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed.

Gentlewoman, good day : I pray you be my meane

To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Iu. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience

To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Iu. From my Master, Sir *Probus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh : he sends you for a Picture ?

Iu. I, Madam.

Sil. *Probus*, bring my Picture there,

Goe, giue your Master this : tell him from me,

One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget

Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Iu. Madam, please you peruse this Letter ;

Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnadu'd

Deliu'er'd you a paper that I should not ;

This is the Letter to your Ladship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Iu. It may not be : good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold :

I will not looke vpon your Masters lines :

I know they are stuf with protestations,

And full of new-found othes, which he will breake

As easly as I doe tear a paper.

Iu. Madam, he sends you Ladship this Ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me ;

For I haue heard him say a thousand times,

His *Julia* gaue it him, at his departure :

Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,

Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.

Iu. She thanks you.

Sil. What sai'st thou ?

Iu. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her :

Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'st thou know her ?

Iu. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.

To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest

That I haue wept a hundred severall times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Probus* hath forsook her ?

Iu. I thinke the doth : and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing faire ?

Iu. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,

When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well ;

She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.

But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,

And threw her Son-expelling Maske away,

The ayre hath star'd the roses in her cheekes,

And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Iu. About my stature : for at *Pratecoff*,

When all our Pageants of delight were plis'd,

Our youth got me to play the womans part,

And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,

Which seru'd me as fit, by all mens iudgements,

As if the garment had bin made for me :

Therefore I know she is about my height,

And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ardisae*, panning
For *Thou* perjury, and vnkind flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares;
That my poore *Mistris* moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke vpon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purie; I giue thee this (well.
For thy sweet *Mistris* sake, because thou lou'dst her. Fare-
Iul. And she shall thank you for't, if ere you know (her.

A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Masters fuit will be but cold,
Since the respects my *Mistris* loue so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me fee, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were fult as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Auburne*, mine is perfect *Yellowe*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
He get me such a colour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that she respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall: O thou fencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
He vsfe thee kindly, for thy *Mistris* sake
That vs'd me so: or else by *Ioue*, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnfeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamour, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at *Frier Patrick's* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

See where she comes: Lady a happy euening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamour*)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Forreft is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, Iulius, Duke.

Th. Sir *Proteus*, what saies *Silvia* to my fuit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Th. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little. *(der.*

Th. He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-

Pro. But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.

Th. What saies she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Th. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But *Pearles* are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are *Pearles*, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Th. 'Tis true, such *Pearles* as put out Ladies eyes,

For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Th. How likes the my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Th. But well, when I discourse of loue and pece.

Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you pece.

Th. What layes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Iul. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardise.

Th. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derio'd.

Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Th. Considers the my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Th. Wherefore?

Iul. That such an Ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Iul. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now Sir *Proteus*; how now *Thurio*?

Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?

Th. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled vnto that perant, *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for *Frier Lawrence* met them both

As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreft:

Him he knew well: and guess'd that it was she,

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patrick's* Cell this euen, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meete with me

Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads toward *Muntna*, whether they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Th. Why this it is, to be a peruitish Girle,

That flies her fortune when it follows her:

He after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*,

Then for the loue of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia* loue

Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Iul. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue

Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Out-loues.

1. Out. Come, come be patient:

W e

We must bring you to our Captaine.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Hauē learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

1 *Our.* Come, bring her away.

2 *Our.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3 *Our.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.

But *Marye* and *Valentine* follow him!

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine! Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Our.* Come, I must bring you to our Captaine cause.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vie a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter *Valentine*, *Proteus*, *Silvia*, *Julia*, *Duke*, *Thurio*,
Out-lawes.

Val. How vfe doth breed a habit in a man?

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vn-scene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repairs me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Hauē some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.

Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you
(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare!
Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:

But by my comming, I haue made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I beene ceas'd by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then haue false *Proteus* reſcue me:
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false periu'd *Proteus*!

Therefore be gone, sollicite me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot lose, where they're below'd.

Sil. When *Proteus* cannot lose, where he's below'd:
Read ouer *Julia*'s heart, (thy first best Loue)

For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Defended into periury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Proteus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
He wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.

Sil. Oh heauen.

Pro. He force thee yeeld to my desire.

Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or loue,

For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguill'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldst disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the bosome? *Proteus*

I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, mock accurst!
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truly suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:

And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heauen, nor earth; for these are ples'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my lose may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I giue thee.

Jul. Oh me vnhappy.

Pro. Lookoe to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?

Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speake.

Jul. O good fir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam *Silvia*: w' (out of my neglect) was neuer done.

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Jul. Heere 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy fir, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this vnto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her selfe did giue it me,
And *Julia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote?
Oh *Proteus*, let this habit make thee blush.

D

Be

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?

It is the leffer blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapcs, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'fins;
Inconfrancy falls-off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy clofe:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.
Jul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbear, forbear I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Ths. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thuris* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,

Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,

Take bot possession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:

I hold him but a foole that will endanger

His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leaue her on such fush conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,

And thinke thee worthy of an Emperesse loue:

Know then, I heere forget all former grieues,

Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vn-risall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deseru'd,

Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, & gift hath made me happy:

I now beleeue you (for your daughters sake)

To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thoo hast preuail'd, I pardon them and thee:

Dispoise of them, as thou knowst their deserts.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all larres,

With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold

With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.

What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discovered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happineffe.

Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus. }

Antonio: father to *Protheus*.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamour: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host: where *Julia* lodges.

Out-loves: with *Valentine*.

Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

Lance: the like to *Protheus*.

Pantibon: seruant to *Antonio*.

Julia: beloued of *Protheus*.

Silvia: beloued of *Valentine*.

Lucetta: waighting-woman to *Julia*.

FINIS.

THE



T H E Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Sir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir John Falstaffe, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire. (Coram.)

Slender. In the County of Gloucester, Iustice of Peace and Shal. I (Colen Slender) and Cyst-alorum.

Slender. I, and Rato Iorum too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armiger*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armiger*.
Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his succcessors (gone before him) hath don't; and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may; they may give the dosen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (Cos).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conceits; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make atonements and compromises betwene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your vizen-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. *Mistress Anne Page?* she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perfon for all the orld, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire vpon his death-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrections) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuentene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betwene Master *Abraham*, and *Mistress Anne Page*.

Slender. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slender. I know the young Gentiewoman, she has good gifts.

Euans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest M^r *Page*: is *Falstaffe* there?

Euans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peate the doore for M^r. *Page*. What hoa? Got-plese your hoofe heere.

M^r. Page. Who's there?

Euans. Here is go'ts plessing and your friend, and Iostice *Shallow*, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that peraduentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M^r. Page. I am glad to see your Worthips well: I thanke you for my Venifon Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I with'd your Venifon better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good Mistress *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M^r. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yes, and no I doe.

M^r. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slender. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Coyfall*.

M^r. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slender. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M^r. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe* heere?

M^r. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betwene you.

Euans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

M^r. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

D 2

Sta.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*M. Page*)? he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeve me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, faith he is wronged.

Mo. Pa. Here comes *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kill'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a sin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it trait, I have done all this:

That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Ex. Pansa verba; (*Sir Iohn*) good words.

Fal. Good words? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slw. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bar-dolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You Banberry Cheefe.

Slw. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Misphropbilus*?

Slw. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pansa, pansa*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slw. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?

Exw. Peace, I pray you: now let us vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (*hdelicet* Master *Page*), & there is my selfe, (*hdelicet* my selfe) and the three party is (*laffily*, and finally) mine Host of the Garter.

Mo. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Exw. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He heares with eares.

Exw. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraze is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

Slw. I, by these gloves did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-fispenes, and two *Edward* Shouelboards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yoad Miller*: by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Exw. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreynere: *Sir Iohn*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of denial in *thy labras* here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest.

Slw. By these gloves, then 'twas hee.

Nym. Be au'd fir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slw. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke him selfe out of his five sentences.

Ex. It is his five fences: see, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fig, fir, was (as they say) catheerd: and so conclusions pass the Car-circs.

Slw. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; I he nere be drunke whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this trickie: if I be drunke, I he be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Exw. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mo. Pa. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slw. Oh heauen: This is *Mistresse Anne Page*.

Mo. Pa. How now *Mistris Ford*?

Fal. *Mistris Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good *Mistris*.

Mo. Pa. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison puffy to dinner: Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

Slw. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you bene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Slw. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon *Alhalowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

Shal. Come *Cos*, come *Cos*, we stay for you: a word with you *Cos*: marry this, *Cos*: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by *Sir Hagh* here: doe you vnderstand me?

Slw. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me.

Slw. So I doe Sir.

Exw. Giue care to his motions; (*M. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slw. Nay, I will doe as my *Coren Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Exw. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Ex. Marry is it: the very point of it, to *Mr. An Page*.

Slw. Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

Ex. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, *ah* you carry your good will to? maid?

Sh. *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slw. I hope fir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Ex. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possibible, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must.

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slw. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

Shal. Nay conceiue mee, conceiue mee, (sweet *Cos*): what I doe is to pleasure you (*Cos*): can you loue the maid?

Slw. I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutedly.

Ex. It

Eu. It is a fery diffection-anfwere; fave the fall is in the'ord, diffultutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) refolutely: his meaning is good.

Sb. I: I thinke my Cofen meant well.

Sl. I, or elfe I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sb. Here comes faire Miftris Anne; would I were young for your fake, Miftris Anne.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father defires your worfhips company.

Sb. I will wait on him, (faire Miftris Anne.)

Eu. Od's puffed-wil: I wil not be abſeate at the grace.

An. Wil't please your worfhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forfooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke yoo, forfooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cofen Shallow: a Iuffice of peace fometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I live like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worfhip: they will not fit till you come.

Sl. Faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray yon Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I brui'd my thin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſlew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate fince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in England: you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I have ſeene Sackton looſe, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have ſo cride and threkte at it, that it paſt: But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle M. Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Miftris Anne: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truly I will not goe firſt: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmanly, then troubleſome: you doe your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aſke of Doctour Caius houſe, which is the way; and there dwells one Miftris Quickeſly, which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Sl. Well Sir.

Eu. Nay, it is better yet: give her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogether acquaintance with Miftris Anne Page; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to follicitate your Maſters deſires, to Miftris Anne Page: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pipins and Cheefe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſhaff, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Pipſill, Page.

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly mine Hoſt; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully Hercules) caſteere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I fit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cajar, Kiſer and Phemars) I will entertaine Bardolfe: he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap; ſaid I well (bully Heſtor?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine Hoſt.)

Ho. I have ſpoke: let him follow: let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him: a Tappier is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new larkin: a wither'd Seruing-man, a ſreſh Tappier: goe, adew.

Eu. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

Pipſ. O baſe hungarian wight: wilt y' the ſpigot wield.

Ni. He was gotten in drinke: is not the humor coiced?

Pipſ. I am glad I am ſo acqoit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his ſilching was like an vnſkilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to ſneale at a minutes reſt.

Pipſ. Conſay: the wiſe it call: Steale! ſoh: a ſico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well firſt, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Pipſ. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Pipſ. Yong Rauens muſt have foode.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

Pipſ. I ken the wight: he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Ladi, I will tell you what I am about.

Pipſ. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now Pipſill: (Indeele I am in the waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make looe to Ford's wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: theſe diſcourſes: theſe carues: ſhe giues the leere of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her famillier ſtile, & the hardeſt voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am Sir Iohn Falſhaff.

Pipſ. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pipſ. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy Gay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here another to Pages wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examin'd my parts with moſt iudicious illiads: ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: ſometimes my portly belly.

Piff. Then did the Sun on dong-hill shine.

Ni. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did to course o're my exterior with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Gaiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Eachquers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to *Mistress Page*; and thou this to *Mistress Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Piff. Shall I Sir *Pandorus* of *Tray* become, And by my side weare Steele? then *Lucifer* take all.

Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly, Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, auant, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away th' hooft: seeke shelter, packe; *Falstaff* will leane the honor of the age, French-thrift, yoo Rogues, my selfe, and skirled *Page*.

Piff. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds; & high and low bequiles the rich & poore, Tesser ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke, Base *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue operations, Which be humors of reuenge.

Piff. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piff. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:

I will discusse the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Piff. And I to *Page* shall eke vnfold

How *Falstaff* (varlet vile)

Hu Doue will proue; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall oot coole: I will incense *Ford* to deale with payson: I will possesse him with yellow-nesse, for the resault of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piff. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenio.

Ry. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caffe-ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* coming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ru. He see watch.

Ry. Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something pecuith that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Ry. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

Ry. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouern pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine coloured Beard.

Ry. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betwene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Ry. How Gay you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were!) and strut in his gait?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Ry. Well, heauen send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master *Parson Enam*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I with—

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Ry. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closet: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John I say*? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (and drawne, drawne, aduance a' etc.

Ca. Vat is yoo fing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closet, vnbeyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

Ry. I forsooth ile fetch it you: I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai fey, il fait for ebande, le man vai a le Court le grand affaires.

Ry. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-pench quickly:

Verre is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Ry. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Locke Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: que ay is oublie: dere is some Simples in my Closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Ry. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O 'Diable, Diable: vat is in my Closet?

Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Ry. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Ry. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closet: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closet.

Ry. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from *Parson Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to—

Ry. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentiewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to *Mistress Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Ry. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Ry. I

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moused, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding man, he doe youe your Master what good I can: and the very ease, & the no is, y French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistress *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *Anne* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Cuiss. You, lack 'Nape: giue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de *Parke*, and I will teach a scurvy lack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make: — you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he speaks but for his friend.

Cuiss. It is no matter's ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de lack-Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de latter to measure our weapon: by gar, I will my selfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well: We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

Cuiss. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You shall haue *Anne*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Anne* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne* mind than I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fen. Who's with in there, hos?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?

Qui. The better that it pleses your good Worship to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my fault?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands about: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenwick*) he be sworne on a booke thee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart about your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: of good faith, it is such another *Nan*: (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talk of that wart: I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) thee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you — well — goe too —

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou see'st her before me, commend me. —

Qui. Will I? I faith that wea will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not: for I know *Anne* minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistol, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mist. Page. What, haue escap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect for them? let me fee?

Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vsf Reason for his precijous, bee admits him not for his Cunsailour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpatie: you are merry, ja am I: ba, ba, then there's more simpatie: you loue facks, and so do I: would you desire better simpatie? Let it suffice thee (Mistress Page) at the least if the Lawe of Scouldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pity mee, 'tis not a Scouldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:

Or any kinde of light, with all his might,

For thee to fight. Iohn Falstaffe.

What a Herod of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world:

One that is well-nefe worne to peeces with age

To shew himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not bene thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why he Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be: as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mist. Ford. Mistress *Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mist. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you: you looke very ill.

Mist. Ford. Nay, he nere beleeeue that; I haue to shew to the contrary.

Mist. Page. Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mist. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistress *Page*, giue mee some counsaile.

Mist. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mist. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mist. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispenche with trifles: what is it?

Mist. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Mist. Page. What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mist. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worde of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare: praise

praise womens modesty : and gae such orderly and well-behaved reproofe to al vncomelinsse, that I would haue fborne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words : but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Green-sleeues : What tempest (I troe) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) ashore at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace : Did you euer heare the like?

Mis.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs : to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter : but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall : I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blankes-space for different names (sure more) : and these are of the second edition : hee will print them out of doubt : for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two : I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion* : Well ; I will find you twentie luscious Turtles one eue chaste man.

Mis.Ford. Why this is the very fame : the very handi the very words : what doth he thinke of vs?

Mis.Page. Nay I know not : it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty : He entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall : for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie.

Mis.Ford. Boarding, call you it? Hee bee sure to keepe him ashore decke.

Mis.Page. So will I : if hee come vnder my hatches, I'll neuer to Sea againe : Let's bee reueng'd on him : let's appoint him a meeting : giue him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mis.Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not folly the chasteitie of our honesty : oh that my husband saw this Letter : it would giue eternall food to his ialousie.

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too : hee's as farr from ialousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

Mis.Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis.Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight : Come hither.

Ford. Well : I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affaires : Sir *Isham* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) hee loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife!

Pist. With liuer, burning hot : preuent : Or goe thou like Sir *Alessa* hee, with Ring-wood at thy heeles : O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horse I say : Farewell :

Take heed, haue open eye, for theese doe foot by night. Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing. Away sit Corporall *Nim* :

Beleeue it (*Page*) he speaks fence.

Ford. I will be patient : I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true : I like not the humor of lying : hee hath wronged mee in some humors : I should haue borne the humour'd Letter to her : but I haue a sword : and it shall bite vpon my needfullie : hee loues your wife : There's the short and the long : My name is Corporall *Nim* : I speak, and I asoouch : 'tis true : my name is *Nim* : and *Falstaff* loues your wife : adieu, I lose not the humour of bread and cheefe : adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaff*.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawing-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it : well.

Page. I will not beleue such a *Catalan*, though the Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Tis was a good sensible fellow : well.

Page. How now *Mis*?

Mis.Page. Whether goe you (*George*)? harke you.

Mis.Ford. How now (sweet *Fraunce*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy :

Get you home : goe.

Mis.Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,

Now : will you goe, *Mystris Page*?

Mis.Page. Haue with you : you'll come to dinner *George*? Lookie who comes yonder : shee shall bee our Messenger to this paltre Knight.

Mis.Ford. Trust me, I thought on her : shee'll fit it.

Mis.Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forsooth : and I pray how doe's good Mistress *Anne*?

Mis.Page. Go in with vs and see : we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em flames : I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it : But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yooke of his discarded men : very rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that, Do's hee lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's hee : if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him ; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife : but I would bee loath to turne them together : a man may be too confident : I would haue nothing lye on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Lookie where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes : there is eyther liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when hee looks so merrily : How now mine Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke : thou'rt a Gentleman Cauceiro Iustice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow : Good-euen, and twenty (good Master *Page*) Master *Page*, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Cauceiro-Iustice : tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betwene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine *Hoff* o'th'Garter: a word with you.

Hoff. What faist thou, my Bully.Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry *Hoff* hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parion is no lesser: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hoff. Haft thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Caulcure?

Shal. None, I protest: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ficke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broume*: onely for a iest.

Hoff. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egress and regress, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broume*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine *Hoff*.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tot fir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your *Palfes*, *Stoccado's*, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Mistress *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue scene the time, with my long-sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellows skippe like Rattes.

Hoff. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wifes frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I looke not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolfe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue bene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboons: I am damnd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall-fellows. And when *Mistresse Briget* loft the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hidst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Manner of *Picket-batch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable bisenefesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-fconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-blasting-outhes, vnder the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be sworn,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one *Mistresse Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M.*Doctor Caius*:

Fal. Well, on; *Mistresse Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; *Mistresse Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well; heauen forgie you, and all of vs, I pray ———

Fal. *Mistresse Ford*: come, *Mistresse Ford*.

Pist. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has bene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushing, I warrant you, in filke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and fuge of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defe all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as lippe on a cup with the proudst of them all, and yet there has bene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-Mercurie.

Qui. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she saies) that you wot of: *Mistress Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealousie-man; she leades a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well : But I haue another messenger to your worship : *Mistresse Page* hath her heartie commendations to you : and let mee tell you in your eare, thees as fawtuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other : and thees bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doote vpon a man ; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la : yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this : has *Fords* wife, and *Page* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me ?

Qui. That were a iest indeed : they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed : But *Mistress Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all houses : her husband has a marvellous infection to the little *Page* : and truly *Master Page* is an honest man ; neuer a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life then she do's : doe what shee will, say what shee will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when shee list, rise when shee list, all is as shee will : and truly she deserves it ; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one : you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but doe so them, and looke you, hee may come and goe betwene you both : and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes : olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both : there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor : Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distrusts me.

Piff. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,

Clap on more failes, pursue : vp with your fights :

Give fire : she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Jacks*) go thy waies : He make more of thy olde body then I haue done : will they yet looke after thee ? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer ? good Body, I thinke thee : let them say 'tis grossly done, so it bee fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one *Master Brooke* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name ?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in : such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that oreflowes such liquor : ah ha, *Mistresse Ford* and *Mistresse Page*, haue I encompass'd you ? goe to, wis.

Ford. Blessie you sir.

Fal. And you sir : would you speake with me ?

Ford. I make bold, to preface, with so little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will ? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good *Master Brooke*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours : not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in

better plight for a Lender, then you are : the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion : for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me : if you will helpe to beare it (*Sir John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deferre to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good *Master Brooke*) I shall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler : (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection ; but (good Sir *John*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may purge with a reproofe the easier, fith your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her : followed her with a doating obseruance : Ingress'd opportunities to meete her : fee'd euery slight occasion that could but nighardly giue mee fight of her : not only bought many presents to gine her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen : briefly, I haue pursued her, as *Loue* hath pursued mee, which hath bene on the wing of all occasions : but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a lewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

*"Loue like a shadow flies, when substance *Loue* pursues,*

"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Haue you receiued no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then ?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all : Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farr, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (*Sir John*) here is the heart of my purpose : you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it : there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more ; spend all I haue, onely giue

give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife : vie your Art of wooing ; win her to consent to you : if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift : she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my foole dares not present it selfe : shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand ; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could drue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattaild against me : what say you too't, Sir Iohn ?

Fal. Master Broome, I will first make bold with your money : next, give mee your hand : and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fards* wife.

Ferd. O good Sir,

Feb. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir Isée) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford* (*Master Browne*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betwene ten and eleven: for at that time the ialous-rafcally-ksaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I spend.

Ford, I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know Ford Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly-knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the ieaalos wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauour'd: I will vie her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffe, & ther's my haruest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-salt-botter rogue; I will flare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cud-gell: it shall hang like a Meteor over the Cuckolds horns: Master *Browne*, thou shalt know, I will predominate o-ver the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggrava-te his file: thou (*Master Browne*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascal is this? my heart is ready to crackle with impatience: who flies this is imprudent jealousie & my wife hath sent to him, the howe is fiat, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Offers ransack'd, my reputation gnaw'd at, and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does meet this wrong: Termes, names: *Aminion* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbajon*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, *Parson Hugh* the *Weibsmann* with my Cheefe, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then the plots, then the rumors,

nates, then thee deuile; and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my lealoufie: eleven o'clocke the howre, I will present this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falsaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exti.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caim, Rurbe, Para, Shallow, Slender, Hoß.

Carnel, Lake Ruzky.

Rev. Sir,

Comp. Vat is the clocke. *Last.*

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Col. By gar, he has faue his soule, dat he is no-come :
hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar
(*Jack Ruddy*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rag. Hee is wife Sir : hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Gri. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him : take your Rapiere, (*Jacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rep. Alas fir, I cannot fence.

Col. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Ref. Forbearance: beer's company.

Hoff. 'Bless thee, bully-Duck!

Shal. 'Save you M', Doctor Cairn.

Part. Now good M^r. Doctor.

Sir, 'Giv you good-morrow, fir.

Grass. Vat be all you one-two-three-four, come for!

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee trauerie, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncta, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Is he dead, my *Ejfulapum*? my *Gahien*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead bully-stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-lack-Priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Heß. Thoo art a Castalion-king-Vrinall : *Heßer* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cal. I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay,
fixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-
come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Docto)rhe is a corer of
soules, and you a corer of bodies : if you should fight, you
goe against the haire of your professions : is it not true,
Master Parv?

Page. Master Shallow; you have your selfe beene a
great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Sat. Body-kins M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (*M. Page*) wee haue some falt of our youth in vs, we are the fons of women (*M. Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, M^r. Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, (M. Page) M. Doctor Coins, I am come to fetch you home : I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shewne himselfe a wife and patient Churchman : you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoff. Par-

Hoff. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounieur Mock-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hoff. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de Englishman; I scurry-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee will cut his eares.

Hoff. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoff. That is, he will make thee smenda.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoff. And I will proucke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tank you for dat.

Hoff. And moreover, (Bully) but first, M^r. Ghuelt, and M. Page, & ceke Causleiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hoff. He is there, fee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a lack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoff. Let him die: theath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Mistris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe he r: Cride game, said I well?

Cai. By gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I shall procure 'a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoff. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Cai. By gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Hoff. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Jack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Euan, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoff, Caius, Rugby.

Euan. I pray you now, good Master *Slenders* seruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sm. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windsor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I most feheremently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sm. I will fir.

Euan. 'Pleffe my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempeling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his kosues colford, when I haue good oportuonities for the orke: 'Pleffe my soule: *To shallow Riuer to wofe falls: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Rofes: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great dispositions to cry.*

Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I fat in Prison: and a thousand vagram Pofies. To shallow, &c.

Sm. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To shallow Riuer, to wofe falls: Heseon prosper the right: what weapons is he?*

Sm. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, M^r. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the stile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elfe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parlon? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wooderfull.

Sm. Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saeo you, good Sir Hugh.

Euan. 'Pleffe you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Do you study them both, M^r. Parlon?

Page. And youthfull fill, in your doublet and hose, this raw-romaticke day?

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, M^r. Parlon.

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you saw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: M^r. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Physician,

Euan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibcrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desires to be acquiesced withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Sm. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-funder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good M^r. Parlon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good M^r. Doctor.

Hoff. Difarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your care; wherefore vill you not meet-a-me?

Euan. Pray you vie your patience in good time.

Cai. By gar, you are de Coward: de lack dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knuses Cogs-combe.

Cai. 'Diable! *lack Rugby*: mine *Hoff de Lardeer*: haue I not pray for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, I bee iudgement by mine *Hoff de Lardeer*.

Hoff. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gauls*, French & *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I,

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellent.

Hof. Peace, I say: I hear mine Hof of the Garter, Am I politticke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuevell? Shall I loofe my Doctoe? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loofe my Parfon? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? No, hee giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) fo: Boyes of Art, I haue decie'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawns: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truitt me, a mad Hof: I follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page.

Cai. Ha' do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-fot of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting flog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this fame scall-furuy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar he decieue me too.

Eua. Well, I will imite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Miss. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Evans, Caius.

Miss. Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf. (Courtier.)

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. Well met mistress Page, whether go you.

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as the may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaff. (Girrah?)

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaff.

M. Pa. He, he, can neuer bit on's name: there is such a league betwene my Goodman, and he: is your Wife at Ford. Indeed he is. (home indeed?)

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am ficke till I see her.

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vfe of them: why this boy will carrie a little twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wies inclination: he giues her folly motion and advantage: and now he's going to my wife, & Falstaffs boy with her: A man may heare this shrowe sing in the winde; and Falstaffs boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wies share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plocke the borrowed vail of modestie from the so-fearing Miss. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and

wilfull Atheu, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possittue, as the earth is firme, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr Ford.

Ford. Truitt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr Ford.

Slen. And so must I Sir,

We haue appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, And I would not breake with her for more money. Then he speake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betwene An Page, and my cozen Slender, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father Page.

Page. You haue Mr Slender, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr Doctoe) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nurth-a-Quickly tell me fo muh.

Hof. What say you to yong Mr Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smells April and May, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no husing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Poins: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr Doctoe, you shal go, fo shall you Mr Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall haue the freer wong at Mr Pages.

Cai. Go home Iohn Rugby, I come anon.

Hof. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, he make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaff, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Miss. Ford. What Iohn, what Robert.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Miss. Ford. I warrant. What Robin I say.

Miss. Page. Come, come, come.

Miss. Ford. Heere, set it downe.

M. Page. Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe, *M. Ford.* Marrie, as I told you before (Iohn & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houfe, & when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: y done, trudge with it in all haist, and carry it among the Whitstons in Dutche Mesd, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.)

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no
E Be

Follow me Gentlemen.

Exeunt. This is very fantastical humor and jealousies.
Caino. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:
It is not jealous in France.

Page. Yet follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his search.

Mist. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mist. Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Mist. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Mist. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of wathing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaff* being heere: for I neuer saw him so grosse in his jealousie till now.

Mist. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falstaff*: his discoloure disface will scarce obey this medicine.

Mist. Ford. Shall we send that foolishhon Carion, *Mist*, *Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mist. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mist. Page. Heard you that?

Mist. Ford. You vie me well, *M. Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do so.

M. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts *Ford*. Amen.

Mist. Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (*M. Ford*) *Ford.* I, I: I must beare it.

En. If there be any body in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heauen forgive my sins at the day of iudgement.

Caino. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, *M. Ford*, are you not ashen'd? What spirit, what diuell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha your distemper in this kind, for y^e welth of *Windsor castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (*M. Page*) I suffer for it.

Exeunt. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among fve thousand, and fve hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promise you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come *Mist. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

En. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie
Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, *M. Page*.

En. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowse knaue, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Exe. A lowse knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers looe,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.

He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Beside these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne*):
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then stamper in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle *M. Fenton*,
Yet seeke my Fathers looe, still seeke it fir,
If opportunity and humble suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harken you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke *Mistis Quickly*,
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. He make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but ventu-
ring. Be not dismayd.

Slen. No, the shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am affraid.
Qui. Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speake a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults

Lookes handfome in three hundred pound a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Cox:

O boy, thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father (*M. An*) my vncke can tel you good
iests of him: pray you vncke, tel *Mist. Anne* the iest how
my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. *Mistis Anne*, my Cosen looes you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glo-
cestershire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the
degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds
ioynture.

An. Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for him-
selfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for
that good comfort: the cals you (*Cos*) He leaue you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good *Mistis Anne*.

An. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-linge, that's a prettie
iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hea-
uen!) I am not such a sickely restorer, I giue Heauen
praise.

E 2

An.

Anne. I meane (M.*Slender*) what wold you with me?
Sir. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vnkle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now M^r *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does M^r *Fester* here?
 You wrong me Sir, thus fill to haunt my house. I told you Sir, my daughter is dispoled of.

Fen. Nay M^r *Page*, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. *Fenton*.

Come M. *Shallow*: Come hence *Slender*, in; Knowing my minde, you wrooge me (M. *Fenton*.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page*.

Fen. Good Mistr. *Page*, for that I loue your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners, I must aduance the colours of my loue,

And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my matter, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth, And bowld to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loues you, And as I finde her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in, Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell *Nen*.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: Looko on M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Giue my sweet *Nen* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris *Anne*, or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in sooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promised, and Ile bee as good as my word, but specially for M. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* from my two Mistrisses: what a beast am I to flacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bard. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a basket of botchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Well, if I be seru'd such another trick, Ile haue my braines 'rane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'd a

blinde bitches Puppies, fiftene i'th litter: and you may know by my face, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deepe as hell, I should down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bard. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sacke to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bard. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?

Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalicees. Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. *Ford*. *Fal.* Mistr. *Ford*? I haue had *Ford* enough: I was thrown into the *Ford*; I haue my belly full of *Ford*.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: the do's to take on with her men; they mistooke their creation. (promiseth)

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Woman. *Qui.* Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends i' warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then Iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten I will thow?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of M^r *Brome*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, heere be comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Brome*, you come to know

What hath pass betweene you, and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my business.

Fal. M. *Brome* I will not lye to you,

I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. *Brome*.

Ford. How so sir, did the change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Brome*) but the peaking *Curnoto* her husband (M. *Brome*) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wifes Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Mist. Page*, giues intelligence of *Ford*'s approach: and in her inuention, and *Ford*'s wifes distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: rzm'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master *Brome*) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master *Brome*) what I haue suffered, to bring this woman to coill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford's* knaoes, his Hinder, were cald forth by their Mistress, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the ielous knawe their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare lest the Lunatique Knawe would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cockold) held his hand: well, on went he, for a feare, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But make the sequell (Master *Brome*) I suffered the pangs of three feuerall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a ielous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compas'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be snot in like a strong diffillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greasie: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am so subiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Both (when I was more then halfe stew'd in greasie (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and cold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoe; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master *Brome*.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you haue suffered all this.
My suite then is desperate: Yoo'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Brome*: I will be throwne into *Ewa*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thos; her Husband in this morning gone a Birding: I haue recieued from her another ambassage of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master *Brome*.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu: you shall haue her (Master *Brome*) Master *Brome*, you shall cockold *Ford*.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dremce? doe I sleepe? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master *Ford*) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purle, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But lest the Diuell that guides him, should side him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, Ile be hornemad.

Exeunt.

Aetus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistress Page, Quickly, William, Eaves.

Mist. Pag. Is he at M. *Ford's* already think't thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress *Ford* desires you to come so dainely.

Mist. Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. Blessing of his heart.

Mist. Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband faies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Ea. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Mist. Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in *Nownes*?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's *Nownes*.

Eua. Peace, your tattlings. What is (Faie) *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powicats? there are fairer things than Powicats, sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (Lapú) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William*)?

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapú*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapú*.

Eua. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronounne; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatus hic, haec, hoc.*

Eua. *Nominatus hic, haec, hoc*: pray you marke: *genitiui huius*: Well: what is your *Accusatiue-case*?

Will. *Accusatiue hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiue hinc, haec, hoc*.

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leauie your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue case* (*William*)?

Will. O, *Focatiue*, O.

Eua. Remember *William*, *Focatiue*, is *caret*.

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O' man, forbear.

Mist. Pag. Peace.

Eua. What is your *Genitiue case plural* (*William*)?

Will. *Genitiue casus*?

Eua. I.

Will. *Genitiue horum, horum, horum.*

Qu. Vengeance of *Genies casus*; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

E. 3

Eua. O'man

Euans. O'man, art thou Lunatic? Haft thou no vnderstandings for thy Cafes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mist. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quid*; if you forget your *Qui*, your *que*, and your *quid*, you must be preaches: Goe you waies and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mist. Page*.

Mist. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. Mi. Ford. Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffe-
rance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I pro-
fesse requital to a haire's breath, not onely *Mist. Ford*,
in the simple office of loue, but in all the acoustrement,
complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of
your husband now?

Mist. Ford. Hee's a birding (*sweet Sir Iohn*.)

Mist. Page. What ho, gossip *Ford*: what hoa.

Mist. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn*.

Mist. Page. How now (*sweete heart*) whose at home
besides your selfe?

Mist. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mist. Page. Indeed?

Mist. Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Mist. Page. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde
lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so
railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Euen*
daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so bussettes
himselfe on the for-head: crying peece-out, peece-out,
that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame-
nesse, ciuility, and patience to this his displeaser he is in
now: I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's hee talke of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was ca-
ried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket:
Protesta my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him
and the rest of their company from their sport, to
make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad
the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne so-
lerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he *Mistria Page*?

Mist. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mist. Page. Why then you are vterly sham'd, & hee's
but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with
him, away with him: Better shame, then morture.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I
bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:

May I not go out ere he come?

Mist. Page. Alas: three of *M. Ford*'s brothers watch
the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: other-
wise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make
you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vie to discharge their
Birding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther
Peece, Coffer, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath
an abstrack for the remembrance of such places, and goes
to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the
house.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance,
you die *Sir Iohn*, vntill you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no wo-
mans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might
put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremitie,
rather then a milchiefe.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aont the fat woman of *Brain-
ford*, has a gowne about.

Mist. Page. On my word it will serue him: there's as
big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler
too: run vp *Sir Iohn*.

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet *Sir Iohn*: *Mistria Page* and
I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quick, quick, wee'll come dresse you
straight: pot on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him
in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brain-
ford*; he swears she's a witch, forbad her my house,
and hath threatned to beate her.

Mist. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cud-
gell: and the duell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mist. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mist. Page. I in good fadnesse is he, and talke of the
basket too, howfoerer he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll try that: for Ile appoint my men to
carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with
it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'll be heere presently: let's go
dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct direct my men, what they
shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, lie bring linnen for
him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misfule enough!

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doo,

Wives may be merry, and yet hunest too:

We do not aete that often, left, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your
shoulders: your Master is hard as doore: if hee bid you
set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (*M. Page*) haue you any
way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket
villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket:
Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe,
a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd.
What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-
nest

neft clothes you fend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paffes *M. Ford*: you are not to goe loofe any longer, you muft be pinion'd.

Ewan. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad doggo.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So lay I too Sir, come hither *Miftris Ford*, *Miftris Ford*, the honeft woman, the modeft wife, the veruous creature, that hath the icallous fools to her husband: I fufpect without caufe (*Miftris*) do I?

Miftr. Ford. Heavco be my witneffe you doe, if you fufpect me in any difbonchty.

Ford. Well fald Brason-face, hold it out: Come forth firrah.

Page. This paffes.

Miftr. Ford. Are you not afham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I fhall fode you anon.

Eua. 'Tis vnreasonable; will you take vp your wiues clothes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the bafket I fay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Mafter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houfe yefterday in this bafket: why may not he be there againe, in my houfe I am fure he is: my Intelligence is true, my icallouffe is reafonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miftr. Ford. If you find a man there, he fhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's oo man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well *M. Ford*: This wrongs you.

Ewan. *M. Ford*, you muft pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is icallouffes.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I fেকে for.

Page. No, nor no where elfe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to fearch my houfe this one time: if I find not what I fেকে, fhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-fport: Let them fay of me, as icallous as *Ford*, that fearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ferch with me.

M. Ford. What hea (*Miftris Page*), come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womens that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde coofening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houfe. She comes of errands do's fhe? We are fimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paffe vnder the proffeffion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & fuch dawbry as this, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come dowee you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I fay.

Miftr. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentle-men, let him ftrike the old woman.

Miftr. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her! Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulicat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Miftr. Page. Are you not afham'd?

I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miftr. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I fpeeke great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I befeech you follow: fee but the iffue of my icallouffe! If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truft me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: *

Come Gentlemen.

Miftr. Page. Truft me he beats him moft pitifully.

Miftr. Ford. Nay by th'Maffe that he did not: he beats him moft vnpitifully, me thought.

Miftr. Ford. Hee haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious feruice.

Miftr. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneffe of a good confeience, purfue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The fpirit of wantonneffe is fore fear'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-fimple, with fine and recovery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waite, attempt vs againe.

Miftr. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue feru'd him.

Miftr. Page. Yes, by all means: if it be but to fcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuerfuous fat Knight fhall be any further afflicted, wee two will ftill bee the minifters.

Miftr. Ford. Ile warrant, they'll haue him publickely fhame'd, and me thinke there would be no period to the ielt, fhould hee not be publickly fhame'd.

Miftr. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then fhape it: I would not haue things coole. *Ewan*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoff and Bardulfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane defires to haue three of your horfes: the Duke himfelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoff. What Duke fhould that be comes fo fecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee fpeake with the Gentlemen, they fpeake Englifh?

Bar. I Sir? He call him to you.

Hoff. They fhall haue my horfes, but Ile make them pay: Ile fauce them, they haue had my houfes a weeke at command: I haue turn'd away my other guefts, they muft come off, Ile fauce them, come. *Ewan*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miftris Page, Miftris Ford, and Ewan.

Eua. 'Tis one of the beft difcretions of a o'man as a uer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he fend you both thefe Letters at an infant?

Miftr. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y' wilt: I rather will fufpect the Sunne with gold, Than thee with wantones: Now doth thy honor ftand

(In

(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more :
Be not as extreme in submiffion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward : Let our wivies
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and difgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they fpoke of.
Page. How ? to fend him word they'll meete him in
the Parke at midnight ? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Ex. You fay he has bin throwne in the Rievers : and
has bin greivoufly praten, as an old o'man : me-thinkes
there fhould be terrors in him, that he fhould not come :
Me-thinkes his fieth is punish'd, hee fhall have no de-
fires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M.Ford. Deuile but how you'll vfe him whē he comes,
And let vs two deuife to bring him thether.

Mif.Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Hernes* the
Hunter (fometime a keeper heere in *Windsor Forreft*)
Duth all the winter time, at fill midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blafts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and fhakes a chaine
In a moft hideous and dreadfull manner.

You haue heard of fueb a Spirit, and well you know
The fuperftitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiv'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Hernes* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this *Hernes* Oake :
But what of this ?

Mif. *Ford.* Marry this is our deuife,
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake fhall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this fhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What fhall be done with him ? What is your plot ?

Mif.Pa. That likewife hanc we thought vpon : & thus :
Now Page (my daughter) and my little fonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, we'll drefle
Like *Vrchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen *Tapers* on their heads,
And rattles in their hands ; vpon a fodaine,
As *Falstaffe*, *hee*, and *I*, are newly met,
Let them from forth a faw-pit rife at once
With fome diffused fong : Vpon their fight
We two, in great amazedneffe will flye :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vnclene Knight ;
And ake him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their fo facted pathes, he dares to tread
In fhape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the fupposed *Fairies* pinch him, found,
And burne him with their *Tapers*.

Mif.Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all prefent our felues ; dif-horne the Spirit,
And mocke him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children muft

Be praif'd well to this, or they'll ney'r doo't.

Exe. I will teache the children their behauiours : and I
will be like a Iacke-an-Apes elfo, to burne the Knight
with my *Taber*.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.

Mif.Page. My *Now* fhall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That like will I go buy, and in that time
Shall *M.Slender* feale my *Now* away,
And marry her at *Exton* : go, fend to *Falstaffe* ftraight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Brome*,
Hee'll tell me all his purpofe : fure hee'll come.

Mif.Page. Feare not you that : Go get vs properties
And tricking for our *Fairies*.

Exons. Let vs about 't,
It is admirable pleafures, and ferry honeft knaueries.

Mif.Page. Go *Mif.Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde :
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Now* *Page* :
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Idiot :
And he, my husband beft of all affects :
The Doctor will monied, and his friends
Potent at Court : he, none but he fhall haue her,
Though twenty thoufand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter *Hof*, *Simple*, *Falstaffe*, *Bardolf*, *Exons*,
Cain, *Quickly*.

Hof. What wouldft thou haue ? (*Boore*) what ? (*thick
skin*) fpeake, breathe, difcouffe : breefe, fhort, quicke,
fnap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to fpeake with Sir *Iohn Fal-
staffe* from *M.Slender*.

Hof. There's his Chamber, his Houfe, his Caffe,
his flanding-bed and truckle-bed : 'tis painted about
with the ftory of the *Prodigall*, fresh and new : go, knock
and call : hee'll fpeake like an *Anthrophaginin* vnto
thee : Knocke I fay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber : Ile be fo bold as fay Sir till he come
downe : I come to fpeake with her indeed.

Hof. Ha ? A fat woman ? The Knight may be robb'd :
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn* : fpeake from thy
Lungs Military : Art thou there ? It is thine *Hof*, thine
Ephesian calb.

Fal. How now, mine *Hof* ?

Hof. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* takes the coming
downe of thy fat-woman : Let her defend (*Bully*) let
her defend : my Chambers are honourable : Fie, priuacy ? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine *Hof*) an old-fat-woman euen
now with me, but he's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wife-woman of
Brainford ?

Fal. I marry was it (*Muffel-shell*) what would you
with her ?

Simp. My Mafter (*Sir*) my mafter *Slender*, fend to her
feeling her go thorough the ftreets, to know (*Sir*) whe-
ther one *Nim* (*Sir*) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no.

Fal. I fpeake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what faves he, I pray Sir ?

Fal. Marry thee faves, that the very fame man that
beguil'd Mafter *Slender* of his Chaine, eozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue fpoken with the Woman
her

her selfe, I had other things to haue spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hoff. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoff. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why fir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings.

Hoff. Thou are clearly: thou art clearly (*Sir Iohn*) was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (*mine Hoff*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Ber. Out alas (*Sir*) coronage: meere coronage.

Hoff. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

Ber. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a flogh of myre; and set spurs, and away; like three German-diuels; three *Doctor Faustus*.

Hoff. They are gone but to meete the Duke (*villaine*) doe not say they be fled: *Germans* are honest men.

Euen. Where is mine Hoff?

Hoff. What is the matter Sir?

Euen. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cosend all the *Hoffs* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brinke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (*looke you*) you are wife, and full of gibes, and vouting-flocks: and 'tis not conuenient you should be coroned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'in mine Hoff *de Larterre*?

Hoff. Here (*Master Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemme.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iomanie*; by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoff. Huy and cry, (*villaine*) goe: assist me Knight, I am yndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (*villaine*) I am yndone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozon'd, for I haue bene cozon'd and beaten too: if it should come to the eare of the Court, how I haue bene transformed; and how my transformation hath bene waif'd, and cudgell'd, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as ereft-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at *Primers*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one party, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestow'd; I haue suf-

fer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; specially one of them; *Mistria Ford* (*good heart*) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot fee a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'th thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainesford*, but that my admirable dexterite of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knase Constable had fet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (*I warrant*) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (*good-hearts*) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ferue heauen well, that you are so croff'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoff.

Hoff. Master Fenton, take note to mee, my minde is heavy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose, And (*as I am a gentleman*) ile giue thee A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Hoff. I will heare you (*Master Fenton*) and I will (*at the least*) doo your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (*So farre forth*, as her selfe might be her choofer) Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter, That neither (*singly*) can be manifested Without the shew of both: I fat *Faifhaff*

Hath a great Scene; the image of the left Ile show you here at large (*harke good mine Hoff*):

To night at *Hermus-Oke*, iust 'twist twelue and one, Must my sweet Nan present the *Fairie-Queene*:

The purpose why, is here: in which disguise VVhile other kells are something ranke on foote,

Her father hath commanded her to fliep Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*

Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir, Her Mother, (*euen strong against that match*)

And firme for *Doctor Caius*) hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their minde, And at the *Dranzy*, where a *Prig* attends

Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot She (*seemingly obedient*) likewise hath

Made promise to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it rests, Her Father means she shall be all in white;

And in that habit, when *Slender* fees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,

She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended (*The better to deuote her to the Doctor*;

For they must all be mask'd, and wizar'd)

That

That quaint in greene, she shall be loofe en-roab'd,
With Ribbons-pendant, flaring 'boot her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.

Hef. Which means she to deccie? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hef. Well, husband your deuce; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,
either in nativity, chance, or death: a way.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M. *Brome*? Master *Brome*, the mat-
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. See you in the
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall
see wonders.

Ford. Did you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master *Brome*) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Brome*)
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (*Ford* his hus-
band) hath the finest mad diuell of ieaousie in him (Mas-
ter *Brome*) that euer gouern'd Frenchie. I will tell you,
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in
the shape of Man (Master *Brome*) I feare not Gollah
with a Weaues beame, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle) I am in haff, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Master *Brome*): since I pluckt Geefe, plaide Trewant,
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, I bringe
things in hand (M. *Brome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch 't'h Castle-ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slen-
der*, my

Slc. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue
a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

Sbal. That's good too: But what needes either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-
come it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means
euill but the deuil, and we shal know him by his hornes.
Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mistr. Page, Mistr. Ford, Calus.

Mistr. Page. M^r Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together.

Cal. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mistr. Page. Fare you well (Sir): my husband will not
reioyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-
breake.

Mistr. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fai-
ries? and the Welch-deuill *Herne*?

Mistr. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes
Oake, with obdur'd Lights; which at the very instant
of *Falstaffe* and our meeting, they will at once display to
the night.

Mistr. Ford. That cannot choofe but amaze him.

Mistr. Page. If he be not amaa'd he will be mock'd: If
he be amaa'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mistr. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mistr. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mistr. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your
parts: I be bold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I giue the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come,
come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Calus, Pistol.*

Fal. The Woodor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Mi-
nute drawes-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods affitt me:
Remember loue, thou wa't a Bull for thy *Eupria*, Loue
set on thy hornes. O powerful Loue, that in some re-
spects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast.
You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O
omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault!) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am here a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere)?

My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Green-fleeces, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoos: Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere.

M. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me (sweet hart.) *Fal.* Diuide me like a bribe-Bucke, each a Hauneh: I will keepe my fides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Horne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noife?

M. Ford. Heaven forgive our finnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. *M. Page.* Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuill will not haue me damn'd, Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would neuer els' crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, Greene, and white, You Moone-shine reuelers, and shades of night.

You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence you airy toys.

Crickett, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;

Where fires thou find'st vnsak'd, and hearths vnswep't,

There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill berry,

Our radiant Queens, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die, He winks, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,

Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,

Sleepe she as sound as carelesse fancie,

But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, fides, & shins.

Qui. About, about:

Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.

Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,

That it may stand till the perpetual doome,

In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The feuerall Chairs of Order, looke you scowre

With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flower,

Each faire Intalment, Coate, and feu'rall Crest,

With loyall Blason, euermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing

Like to the *Garters*-Compasse, in a ring,

'Tis pressure that it beares: Greene let it be,

More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:

And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write

In Emroid-tusses, Flowers purple, blew, and white,

Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vie Flowers for their charactere.

Away, disperse! But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of *Horne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. (let:)

Euau. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heuens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe.

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wait ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:

If he be chaste, the flame will backe defend

And turne him to no paine: but if he flart,

It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Euau. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull time,

And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on fanefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:

Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,

Fed in heart vnchaste flames affire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.

Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,

Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.

Page. Nay do not fyre, I thinke we haue watcht you now: VVill none but *Horne* the Hunter serue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.

Now (good Sir Iohn) how like you *Windsor* wifes?

See you these husband? Do not these faire yokes

Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?

M. Brome. *Fallstaffe* is a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,

Heere are his hornes Master *Brome*:

And Master *Brome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Ford*,

but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to *M. Brome*, his hornes are arrested for it, *M. Brome*.

M. Ford. Sir Iohn, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Affe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine

surprise of my powern, droue the grossenesse of the foppery into a recie'd beliefe, in despite of the teeth of all time and reason, that they were Fairies.

See now how wit may be made a lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill employment.

Euau. Sir Iohn *Fallstaffe*, serue Got, and leaue your desires, and Fairies will not please you.

Ford. VVell said Fairy *Hugb*.

Euau. And leaue you your ialousies too, I pray you.

Ford.



MEASURE, For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.



Escalus.

Efc. My Lord.

(fold,

*Duk. Of Government, the properties to vn-
Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse,*

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lifts of all aduice
My strength can giue you : Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke : The nature of our People,
Our Cities Infitution, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y' are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath enriched any
That we remember : There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe ; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs *Angelo* :
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror, dress him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre : What thinke you of it ?
*Efc. If any in Vienna be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

*Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.*

Duk. Angelo :

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold : Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne, for proper, as to waite
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues ; they on thee :
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torchcs doe,
Not light them for themselves : For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not : Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and vs ; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aduertise ;
Hold therefore *Angelo* :

In our remoue, be thoo at fall, our selfe :
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart : Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't vpon it.

Duk. No more evasion :

We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choise
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honors
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value : We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well :
To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord),

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My haste may not admit it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple : your scope is as mine owne,
So to enforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good : Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away : I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their lowd applaus, and Aues vehement t
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

*Efc. Lead forth, and bring you hacket in happi-
ness.* *Exit.*

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

*Efc. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you ; and it concerns me
To looke into the bottome of my place :
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.*

*Ang. 'Tis so with me : Let vs with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction haue
Touching that point.*

Efc. Ile wait vpon your honor.

F

*Exeunt.
Scena*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou enclud'st like the Sanctimonious Priest, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that be raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandment, to command the Captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of us all, that in the thank-giving before meate, do railish the petition well, that prais for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleeeve thee: for I thinke thou neuer wast where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all controuersie: as for example; Thoo thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despite of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betwene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betwene the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pild'd, as thou art pild'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I lue forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I thinke I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

1. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Clatics?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one ynder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that? I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: I saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it for Art thoo fore of this?

Bawd. I am too fure of it: and it is for getting Madam Isabella with childe.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. Gent. Besides yoo know, it draws something neere to the speech we had to foch a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the fwest, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Cite?

Clow. They shall Roode for feed: they had gun down to, but that a wife Burger pot in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our howses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Miltris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pity taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, yoo will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clow. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam Isabella. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Isabella, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Clow. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th'world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Clow. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)

Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight

The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,

On whom it will not (loe) yet still 'tis lost. *(Straiten.)*

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this re-

Clow. From too much liberty, (my Lucie) Liberty

As surlet is the father of much fault,

So every Scope by the immoderate vse

Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

Like Rats that raven downe their proper Bane,
A thirly cuill, and when we drinke, we die.

Lar. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I
would fend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence,
 Claudio?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Lar. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Lar. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lar. A word with you.

Lar. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lecherie* to look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract

I got possession of *Iuliet* as bed,

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,

Sauie that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This was came not to,

Onely for propagation of a Dowrie

Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue

Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanceth

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too grosse, is writ on *Iuliet*.

Lar. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publique, be

A horse whereon the Governour doth ride,

Who newly in the Scaute, that it may know

He can command; leu it strait feele the spur:

Whether the Tyranny be in his place,

Or in his Eminence that fills it vp

I stagger in: But this new Governour

Awakes me all the inrolled penalties

Which haue (like vn-fow'd Armor) hung by th' wall

So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,

And none of them bene worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowie and neglected Act

Freshly on me: 'tis furly for a name.

Lar. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may
figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'three (*Lar.*) doe me this kinde seruise:

This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,

And there receiue her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him,

I haue great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,

Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art

When the will play with reason, and discourse,

And well she can perfwade.

Lar. I pray thee may; aswell for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand vnder greuous im-
position: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be
sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of tickle-
tack: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lar.*

Lar. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the drilting dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee
To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunt affrilities
Where youth, and coft, witlesse brauery keepe.
I haue deliuer'd to Lord *Angelo*

(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)

My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,

And he supposes me trauald to *Poland*,

(For so I haue strew'd it in the common eare)

And so it is recei'd: Now (pious Sir)

You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,

(The needfull bits and curbs to headstrong weedes,)

Which for this fouenteene yeares, we haue let slip,

Euen like an ore-grown Lyon in a Caeue

That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,

Haue bound vp the threatening twigs of birth,

Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,

For terror, not to vse: in time the rod

More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,

Dead to inflicion, to themselves are dead;

And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose;

The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reit'd in your Grace

To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd

Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:

Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,

'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them,

For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done

When cuill deedes haue their permissiue passe,

And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)

I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,

Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet, my nature neuer in the fight

To do in slander: And to behold his fury

I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,

Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'three

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person beare

Like a true Frier: Moe reasons for this action

At our more leysure, shall I render you;

Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,

Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses

That his blood flows: or that his appetite

Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see

If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

F 2

Exit.
Scena

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes truly; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucie within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Isa: Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabell*

Turne out the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
When you haue vow'd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prieests*;
Then if you speake, you must not shew your face;
Or if you shew your face, you must not speake.

He calls againe: I pray you answer him.

Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that calls?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-Roses

Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so fterd me,

As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,

A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister

To her vnhappy brother *Claudis*?

Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,

The rather for I now must make you know

I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;

Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,

He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:

He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,

With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to iest

Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:

I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fainted,

By your renoucement, an immortall spirit

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,

As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blasphem the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleue it: fennes, and truth; tis thus,

Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;

As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time

That from the seedes, the bare fallow brings

To teeming foyn: even so her pteuous wombe

Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Iuliet*?

Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names

By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;

Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)

In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,

By those that know the very Nerves of State,

His going-out, were of an infinite distance

From his true meant designe: vpon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)

Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood

Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feels

The wanton rings, and motions of the fence;

But doth rebate, and blont his naturall edge

With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast

He (to giue feare to vice, and libertie,

Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,

As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,

Vnder whose heauy fence, your brothers life

Fals into forfeit: he arrests him on it,

And followes close the rigor of the Statute

To make him an example: all hope is gone,

Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier

To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse

'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he lo,

Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,

And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant

For his execution.

Isa. Alas: what poore

Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Assay the powre you haue.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors

And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*

And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue

Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,

All their petitions, are as freely theirs

As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it frait;

No longer staying, but to giue the Mother

Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:

Commend me to my brother: foone at night

Ile send him certaine word of my successe.

Luc. I take my leaue of you.

Isa. Good fir, adieu.

Exeunt

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and serants, Inflicte.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,

Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,

And let it keepe one shape, till cullome make it

Their perch, and not their terror.

Esc. I, but yet

Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little

Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman

Whom I would save, had a most noble father,

Let but your honour know

(Whom I beleue to be most frait in vertue)

That in the working of your owne affections,

Had time coheard with place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of our blood

Could haue attain'd th'effect of your owne purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,

And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)

Another

Another thing to fall : I not deny
 The Jury passing on the Prisoners life
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief, or two
 Outlier then him they try; what's open made to Justice,
 That Justice ceases; What knows the Lawes
 That theesee do passe on theesee? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The Jewell that we finde, we stoop, and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
 We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
 You may not so eateoate his offence,
 For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Efc. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Prouost?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be caccoted by nine to morrow mornig,
 Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
 For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Efc. Well: heauen forgie him; and forgie vs all:
Some rise by faine, and some by vertus fall:
 Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Freth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people
 in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their
 abuses in common hooues, I know no law: bring them
 away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's
 the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Duke's
 Conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iu-
 ſtice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
 two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?
 Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what
 they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,
 and void of all propnation in the world, that good
 Christians ought to haue.

Efc. This comes off well: here's a wife Officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is
 your name?

Why doſt thou not ſpeake *Elbow*?

Cl. He cannot Sir: he's out at *Elbow*.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapſter Sir: parcell Baod: one that
 ſerues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)
 pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now theſe profeſſes a
 hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Efc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and
 your honour.

Efc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo-
 man.

Efc. Doſt thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say Sir, I will detest my ſelfe alſo, as well as ſhe,
 that this house, if it be not a Bawds house, it is pittie of her
 life, for it is a naughty house.

Efc. How doſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if ſhe had bin a wo-
 man Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accuſ'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and all vncleanlineſſe there.

Efc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I Sir, by Miſtris *Ouer-does* meanes: but as the ſpit
 in his face, ſo ſhe deſide him.

Cl. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not ſo.

Elb. Proue it before theſe varlets here, thou honora-
 ble man, proue it.

Efc. Doe you heere how he miſplaces?

Cl. Sir, ſhe came in great with childe: and longing
 (ſaioing your honors reuerence) for ſtewd prewys; ſir,
 we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtort
 time flood, as it were in a fruit diſh (a diſh of ſome three
 pence; your honors haue ſeene ſuch diſhes) they are not
 China-diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Efc. Go too: go too: no matter for the diſh ſir.

Cl. No indeede ſir not of a pin; you are therein in
 the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this Miſtris *Elbow*,
 being (as I ſay) with childe, and being great bellied, and
 longing (as I ſaid) for prewys: and hauing but two in the
 diſh (as I ſaid) Maſter *Freth* here, this very man, ha-
 uing exten the reſt (as I ſaid) & (as I ſay) paying for them
 very honeſtly: for, as you know Maſter *Freth*, I could oot
 giue you three pence againe.

Pro. No indeede.

Cl. Very well: you being then (if you be remem-
 bred) cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewys.

Pro. I, ſo I did indeede.

Cl. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be
 remembered) that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt
 core of the thing you wot of, vnleſſe they kept very good
 diet, as I told you.

Pro. All that is true.

Cl. Why very well then.

Efc. Come: you are a tedious ſoule: to the porpoſe:
 what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cauſe to
 complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Cl. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Efc. No ſir, nor I meane it not.

Cl. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honors
 leaue: And I beſeech you, looke into Maſter *Freth* here
 ſir, a man of foureſcore pound a yeare; whoſe father
 died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Maſter
Freth?

Pro. Allhallowd-Eue.

Cl. Why very well: I hope here be truthe: he Sir,
 fitting (as I ſay) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch
 of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to ſit, haue
 you not?

Pro. I haue ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good
 for winter.

Cl. Why very well then: I hope here be truthe.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*
 When nights are longeſt there: he take my leaue,
 And leaue you to the hearing of the cauſe;
 Hoping youle finde good cauſe to whip them all. *Exit.*

Efc. I thinke no leſſe: good morrow to your Lord-
 ſhip. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes*
 wife, once more?

Cl. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Efc. I beſeech you Sir, aſke him what this man did to
 my wife.

Cl. I beſeech your honor, aſke me.

Efc. Well ſir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Cl. I beſeech you ſir, looke in this Gentlemans face:
 good Maſter *Freth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good
 purpoſe: doth your honor marke his face?

F 3

Efc. I

Els. I fir, very well.

Cl. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Els. Well, I doe so.

Cl. Dath your honor see any harme in his face ?

Els. Why no.

Cl. He be supposd vpon a bouke, his face is the worst thing about him : good then : if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Frith* doe the Constables wife any harme ? I would know that of your honour.

Els. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it ?
Els. Firh, and it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Cl. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

Els. Varlet, thou lyest ; thou lyest wicked varlet : the time is yet to come that thee was coer respected with man, woman, or child.

Cl. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Els. Which is the wiser here ; *Injustice* or *Iniquitie* ? Is this true ?

Els. O thou caytiffe : O thou varlet : O thou wicked *Hanniball* ! I respected with her, before I was married to her ? If cuer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer : proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of batty on thee.

Els. If he tooke you a box 'oth'ere, you might haue your action of slander too.

Els. Marry I thanke your good worship for it ; what is't your Worshipps pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caytiffe ?

Els. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, till thou knowst what they are.

Els. Marry I thanke your worship for it : Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Els. Where were you borne, friend ?

Frith. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Els. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere ?

Frith. Yes, and 't please you fir.

Els. So ; what trade are you of, fir ?

Cl. A Tapster, a poore widowes Tapster.

Els. Your Mistris name ?

Cl. Mistris *Ouer-don*.

Els. Hath he had any more then one husband ?

Cl. Nine, fir : *Ouer-don* by the last.

Els. Nine ? come hether to me, Master *Frith* ; Master *Frith*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters ; they will draw you Master *Frith*, and you will hang them : get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fr. I thanke your worship : for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Els. Well : no more of it Master *Frith* : farewell : Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster : what's your name Mr. Tapster ?

Cl. *Pompey*.

Els. What else ?

Cl. Bum, Sir.

Els. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the besifflist fence, you are *Pompey* the

great ; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey* ; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not ? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Cl. Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would lioe.

Els. How would you lioe *Pompey* ? by being a bawd ? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey* ? is it a lawfull trade ?

Cl. If the Law would allow it, fir.

Els. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey* ; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Cl. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City ?

Els. No, *Pompey*.

Cl. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then : if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Els. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you : It is but heading, and hanging.

Cl. If you head, and haog all that offend that way but for ten yeare together ; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads : if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay : if you lioe to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

Els. Thanke you good *Pompey* ; and in requittall of your prophesie, harke you : I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoever ; no, not for dwelling where you doe : if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Cesar* to you : in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall haue you whipt ; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Cl. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell ; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me ! no, no, let Carman whip his lade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Els. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow* : come hither Master Constable : how long haue you bin in this place of Constable ?

Els. Seven yeere, and a halfe fir.

Els. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time : you say seauen yeares together.

Els. And a halfe fir.

Els. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you : they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it ?

Els. Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters : as they are chosen, they are glad to chouse me for them ; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Els. Looke you bring mee in the names of some fixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

Els. To your Worshipps hoose fir ?

Els. To my house : fare you well : what's a clocke, thinke you ?

Isb. Eleuen, Sir.

Els. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Isb. I humbly thanke you.

Els. It grieues me for the death of *Claudius* But there's no remedie :

Isb. Lord *Angelo* is seuerer.

Els. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so ; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe : Bot yet, poore *Claudius* ; there is no remedie. Come Sir.

*Exeunt.
Scena*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sests, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order? Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Left I might be too rash: Vnder your good correction, I haue seene When after execution, Iudgement hath Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honour pardon: What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*? Shee's very neere her howe.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid, And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood, If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted, See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd, Let her haue needfull, but not lawfull meanes, There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour.

(will't)

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour, 'Please but your Honour heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite?

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre, And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice; For which I would not plead, but that I must, For which I must not plead, but that I am At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die, I doe beseech you let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it, Why euery fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record, And let goe by the Actor?

Isab. Oh iust, but seuerer Law:

I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him, Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne, You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say.

Isab. Mu't he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him, And neither heauen, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse, As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word

May call it againe: well, beleeue this No ceremony that to great ones longs, Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword, The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe Become them with one halfe so good a grace As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he, You would haue lipt like him, but he like you Would not haue bene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,

And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?

No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,

And what a prisoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law, And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once, And he that might the vantage best haue tooke, Found out the remedie: how would you be, If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should Bot iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that, And mercie then will breathe within your lips Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother, Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne, It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's fodsaine,

Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchens

We kill the fowle of feson: shall we serue heauen

With lesse respect then we doe minish?

To our grosse felices? good, good my Lord, bethinke you;

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?

There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept

Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill

If the first, that did th' Edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,

Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet

Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euils

Either now, or by remissenesse, new concei'd,

And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,

Are now to haue no successiue degrees,

But here they liue to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pittie.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew Iustice;

For then I pittie those I doe not know,

Which a dismiss'd offence, would after gaule

And

And doe him right, that anſwering one foule wrong
Lies not to aſt another. Be ſatiſfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be ſiſt that gives this ſentence,
And hee, that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants ſtrength: but it is tyrannous
To vſe it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Iſue* himſelfe do's, *Iſue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery petting petty Officer
Would vſe his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy ſharpe and fulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the ſoft Meritill: But man, proud man,
Dreſt in a little briefe authoritie,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt affor'd,
(His glaſſe Eſſence) like an angry Ape
Plaies ſuch phantaſtique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our ſpleenes,
Would all themſelues laugh mortal.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

Pro. Pray heauen ſhe win him.

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with our ſelfe,
Great men may liſt with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leſſe foule prophanation.

Luc. Thoo'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Iſab. That in the Captaine's bot a chollerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blaſphemie.

Luc. Art ſui'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put theſe ſayings vpon me?

Iſab. Becauſe Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it ſelfe

That ſkins the vice o'th top; goe to your boſome,
Knock there, and aſke your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confeſſe

A naturall guiltineſſe, ſuch as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Againſt my brothers life.

Ang. Shee ſpeakes, and 'tis ſuch fence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare yoo well.

Iſab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will beſeeke me: come againe to morrow.

Iſa. Hark, how hee bribe you: good my Lord turn backe.
Ang. How? bribe me?

Iſa. With ſuch gifts that heauen ſhall ſhare with you.

Luc. Yoo had mar'd all elſe.

Iſab. Not with fond Sickles of the teſted-gold,
Or Stones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be vp at beauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne riſe: prayers from preferred foules,
From faſting Maides, whoſe mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Iſab. Heauen keepe your honour ſafe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſſe.

Iſab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noonoe.

Iſab. 'Sauce your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who ſins moſt? ha?

Not ſhe: nor doth the tempt: but it is I,
That, hying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flower,
Corrupt with vertuous ſeaſon: Can it be,
That Modeſty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightneſſe? hauing waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh ſie, ſie, ſie:
What doſt thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Doſt thou deſire her ſowly, for thoſe things

That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges ſteale themſelues: what, doe I loue her,

That I deſire to heare her ſpeake againe?
And eaſt vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?

Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hook: is moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth good vs on

To ſinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature

Once ſtir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now

When men were fond, I ſmild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouſt.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouſt*, ſo I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Prouſt: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my beſt order,
I come to viſite the afflicted ſpirits

Here in the priſon: doe me the common know

To let me ſee them: and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter

To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iſabel.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who ſailing in the ſhaves of her owne youth,

Hath bliſtered her report: She is with childe,

And he that got it, fentenc'd: a yung man,

More fit to doe another ſuch offence,

Then dye for this.

Duk. Wheo muſt he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue provided for you, ſlay a while

And you ſhall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the ſin you carry?

Iſa. I doe; and beare the ſhame moſt patiently.

Du. Ile teach you how you ſhall araign your conſcience

And try your penitence, if it be ſound,

Or hollowly put on.

Iſa. Ile gladly learne.

Duk. Loue yoo the man that wrong'd you?

Iſa. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it ſeemes your moſt offence full act

Was mutually committed.

Iſa. Mutually.

Duk. Then was yoo ſin of heauior kinde then his.

Iſa. I doe confeſſe it, and repent it (Father.)

Du. 'Tis

Dan. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward our selves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Ist. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest:

Your partner (as I hear) must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedict.*

Exit.

Ist. Must die to-morrow? oh invidious Loue
That refits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pity of him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I think, and pray
To severall subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Granitic
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boots, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tie the wifer foules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Devils home
'Tis not the Devils Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heavens

Why doe's my blood thus murther to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that frownde,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which hee should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a well-wish King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught lue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabell.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

(me,

An. That you might know it, would much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot lue.

Isab. Euen so: heaven keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he lue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? hee, these filthy vices: it were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawie sweetnes, that do coyne heuens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in refrained meanes
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most iust Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeem him
Gue vp your body to such sweet vnclannesse
As he that he hath staid?

Isab. Sir, beleue this.

I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay hee oot warrant that: for I can speake

Against the thing I say: I Answer to this,

I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)

Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,

Might there not be a charitie in sinne,

To saue this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doe't,

He take it as a perill to my soule,

It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doe't, at perill of your soule

Were equal poise of sinne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne

Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, let me make it my Morne-praier,

To haue it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,

Your fence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seeme so crafty: and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appeare most bright,

When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques

Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder

Then beauty could displease: But marke me,

To be receiued plaine, he speake more grosse:

Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,

Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to saue his life

(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,

Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,

Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,

Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles

Of the all-building-Law: and that there were

No earthly meane to saue him, but that either

You must lay downe the treasures of your body,

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:

What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;

That is: were I vnder the termes of death,

Th'impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,

And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,

That lunging haue him sicke for, ere I'd yield

My body vp to shame.

Ang. That

Ang. Then must your brother die.

IJa. And 'twere the cheaper way !
Better it were a brother died by,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so ?

IJa. Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon
Are of two houfes : lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to foule redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

IJa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft falls out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what we meane ;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

Ang. We are all fraile.

IJa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and succedd thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

IJa. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes :
Women? Helpe heauen ; men their creation marre
In prostituting by them : Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well :

And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold ;
I do arrest your grace. Be that you are,
That is a woman ; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one (as you are well capst)
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By potting on the deslin'd Lioerie.

IJa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

IJa. My brother did looe *Iuliet*,

And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *IJakell* if you giue me loue.

IJa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleuee me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.

IJa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleue'd,
And most pernitiuous purpose : Seeming, seeming.

I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throat he tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleuee thee *IJakell* ?

My vnfold name, th'autherenelle of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will fo your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you shall liue in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my fenfull race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all niceties, and prolisious blushes
That banish what they fue for : Redeeme thy brother,
By yielding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance : Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
He proue a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can ; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*

IJa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleuee me? O perillous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curthe to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. He to my brother,
Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoop
To such abhord pollution.
Then *IJakell* ioue chaste, and brother die ;
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
He tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo* ?
Cla. The miserable haue no other medicine
But onely hope : I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death : either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
If I do loofe thee, I do loofe a thing
That none but fooles would keepe : a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skye-influences,
That doft this habitation where thou keepst
Hourly affisht : Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou beart,
Are nurst by basenesse : Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou doft feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme : thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft prouokst, yet grosselic fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exist on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forgett. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone : If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes,
Thou beart thy heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee ; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, here
The meere effusion of thy proper iouies
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
Bot as it were an after-dinner sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beaotie
To make thy riches pleasant ; what's yet in this
That beares the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid mee thousand deaths ; yet death we feare
That makes these odds, all eueo.

Cla. I humble thanke you.
To foe to liue, I finde I fecke to die,
And feeking death, finde life : Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Ish. What hoa ? Peace heere ; Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there ? Come in, the with deserues a welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Ish. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And verie welcom : looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Prouoft, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

Cla. Now filter, what's the comfort ?

Ish. Why,

As all comforts are : most good, most good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an euertlasting Leiger ;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Cla. Is there no remedie ?

Ish. None, but such remedie, as to saue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine :

Cla. But is there anie ?

Ish. Yes brother, you may liue ;
There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance ?

Ish. I iost, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds validitie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Cla. But in what nature ?

Ish. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,
And leaue you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point.

Ish. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a fearous life shouldst entertaine,
And six or seven winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ft thou die ?
The fence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why giue you me this shame ?

Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tendernesse ? If I most die,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Ish. There spake my brother : there my fathers graue
Did vter forth a voice. Yes, thou most die ;

Thou art too noble, to confesse a life
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,
Whose fetled visage, and deliberat word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell :
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cla. The prentise, *Angelo* ?

Ish. Oh 'tis the cunning Luerie of hell,
The damnest bodie to ineest, and court
In prentise gardes ; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou mightst be freed ?

Cla. Oh heauen, it cannot be.

Ish. Yes, he would giu't thee ; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Cla. Thou shalt not do't.

Ish. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your delioerance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thankes deere *Isabella*.

Ish. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yes. Has hee affection in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' nose,
When he would force it ? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seuen it is the least.

Ish. Which is the least ?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would hee for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable sin'de ? Oh *Isabella*.

Ish. What faies my brother ?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Ish. And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstrudion, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod ; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Iee,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restless violence round about
The pendant world : or to be worse then work
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.

The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.

Ish. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sister, let me liue.

What sinne you do, to saue a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

Ish. Oh you beast,

Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice ?
Is't not a kinde of ineest, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame ? What should I thinke,
Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire :
For such a warped slip of wildernesse
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish : Might but my bending downe
Repreece thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
He pray a thousand praers for thy death,
No word to saue thee.

Cla. Nay heare me *Isabella*.

Ish. Oh hee, hee, hee :

Thy sinne's not accidental, but a Trade ;

Mercie

Mercy to thee would prove it selfe a Bawd,
 'Tis best that thou dost quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella*.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fillible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am in out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duk. Hold you there: farewell: *Protest*, a word with you.

Fra. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no lesse shall touch her by my company.

Fra. In good time.

Exit.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodness that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and bot that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother?

Isa. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vnlawfull borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duk. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you oncel. Therefore fasten your care on my aduising, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleue that you may munit vprightenly doo a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no stain to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall euer retorne to haue hearing of this businesse.

Isa. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to doo any thing that appears not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duk. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: I haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duk. Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that

perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befall to the poore Gentlewoman, there the lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and kinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isa. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so lesse her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowe whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isa. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? Bot how out of this can shee auaile?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saues your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isa. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vnusuall vnkindnesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and varly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now follows all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to speed vp your appointment, goe in your places: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saved, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doubtles of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isa. The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haue you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to *S. Luke*, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*: at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort: fare youwell good father.

Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedie for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duk. Oh heauen, what stiffe is here.

Clow. Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worse allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way fir: 'bless you good Father Friar.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elk. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for we have found vpon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The euill that thou caufest to be done, That is thy meanes to lue. Do thou bot thinke What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From fuch a filthie vice: say to thy selfe, From their abominable and beaſtly touches I drinke, I eate away my ſelfe, and lue: Canſt thou beleuee thy liuing is a life, So ſtingingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clk. Indeed, it do's ſinke in ſome fort, Sir: But yet Sir I would proue.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for fin Thou wilt proue him. Take him to priſon Officer! Correſtion, and Inſtruſtion muſt both worke Ere this rude beaſt will profite.

Elk. He muſt before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeeme to bee From our faults, as faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elk. His necke will come to your waſt, a Cord fir.

Clk. I ſpy comfort, I ery baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Ceſar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalian* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extraſting clutche'd? What reply? Ha? What ſaiſt thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What ſaiſt thou *Trot*? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vray? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: ſtill vvorſe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morſell, thy Miſtris? Proceures the ſtill? Ha?

Clk. Troth fir, ſhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an vnſhun'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon Pompey?

Clk. Yes faith fir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſſe Pompey ſarewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thither: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Elk. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luc. Well, then impriſon him: if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good Pompey: Commend me to the priſon Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, youo vill keep the houſe.

Clk. I hope Sir, your good Worſhip will be my baile? Luc. No indeed vvill I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey) to encreaſe your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſtie Pompey. Bleſſe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, Pompey? Ha?

Elk. Come your waies fir, come.

Clk. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Friar? What newes?

Elk. Come your waies fir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (Pompey) goe!

What newes Friar of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some ſay he is with the Emperor of *Ruffia*: other ſome, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereſoeuer, I with him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and vſurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence: he puts tranſgreſſion too't.

Duke. He do's well io't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, Friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeueritie muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes io good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vuell allied, but it is impoſſible to extirpe it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put downe. They ſay this *Angelo* vv as not made by Man and Woman, after this dowce-right vvay of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he vv as begot betwene two Stock-filhes. But it is certaiue, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generative, that's incredible.

Duke. You are pleaſant fir, and ſpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a rutiſheſſe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent haue done this? Ere he vvould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he vvould haue paide for the Nurfing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, hee knew the ſeruiſe, and that inſtruſted him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vvay.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are decci'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vſe was, to put a duckett in her Clock-diſh; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me loſorme you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Luc. Sir, I vv as an inward of his: a ſhie fellow vv as the Duke, and I beleuee I know the cauſe of his vvith-drawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a ſecrec muſt bee lockt with-in the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderſtand, the greater ſile of the ſubiect held the Duke to be vvile.

Duke. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Luc. A very ſuperficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow *Duke*. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miſtaking: The very ſtreame of his life, and the buſineſſe he hath helmed, muſt vvpon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be bot teſtimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee ſhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Stateſman, and a Soldier: therefore you ſpeake vnſkilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

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Luc.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhartfull an opposita; but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-eweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thoo art decei'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngenerous Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continence. Sparrowes must not build in his house-tees, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deede darkele answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemn'd for vntrusting. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, (though he smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell.

Exit.

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse is mortality Can censure seape: Back-wounding calumnie The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong, Cao tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong? But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Efc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Efc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tyrant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, *Mistriu Kate Kreppe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promi'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip and Isck:* I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Efc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Go too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angels* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath bene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Efc. Good'euen, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Efc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countie, though my chance is now To vfe it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Efc. What news abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feanor on goodnesse, that the dissulation of it must cure it. No-uelitie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough aloue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is curie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Efc. One, that about all other strifes, Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Efc. Rather reioicing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice. A Gentlemao of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a prayer they may proue prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderstand, that you haue leet him visitation.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister measure from his lodge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyving promises of life, which I (by my good leifure) haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Efc. You haue paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so seuer, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iustice.

Duke. If his owne life, Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Efc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heauen will beare, Should be as holy, as seuer: Patterne in himselfe to know, Grace to stand, and Vertue go: More, nor lesse to others paying, Then by selfe-offences weighing, Shame to him, whose cruell striking, Kites for faults of his owne liking: Twice trebble shame on *Angels*, To vreeke my vice, and let his grow. Oh, what may Man withio him hide, Though Angel on the outward side? How may likeness made in crimes, Making practise on the Times, To draw with ydle Spiders strings Most ponderous and substantiall things? Craft against vice, I must applie. With *Angels* to night shall lye His old betroasthed (but defied:) So disguise shall by th'disguis'd Pay with falshood, false exaching, And performe an olde contracting.

*Exit
Actus*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworne,
 And those eyes: the breakers of day
 Lights that doe mislead the Morn;
 But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
 Seales of love, but jeal'd in vaine, jeal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
 I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could with
 You had not found me here so musically.
 Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
 To make bad, good; and good prouoke to harme.
 I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day;
 much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be I will call vpon you anon for some aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come!

What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Gardeo circummur'd with Bricks,
 Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
 And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,
 That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
 This other doth command a little doore,
 Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,
 There haue I made my promise, vpon the
 Heavy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue tane a due, and wary note vpon't,
 With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me
 'Tis he way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
 Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire it'h darke,
 And that I haue possist him, my most stay
 Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
 I haue a Seruant comes with me along
 That stiaze vpon me; whose perswasion is,
 I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.

I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within come forth,
 I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
 She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Doe you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it
 Duk. Take then this your companion by the hand
 Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
 I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
 The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Will please you walke aside.

Exit.

Duk. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false cles
 Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
 Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
 Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
 And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
 If you aduise it.

Duk. It is not my consent,
 But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say
 When you depart from him, but soft and low,
 Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
 He is your husband on a pre-contract:
 To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
 Sith that the lustice of your title to him
 Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
 Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirra; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:

But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
 And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee
 a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio*
 and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner,
 who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it
 on you to assist him, it shall redeme you from your
 Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment,
 and your descurance with an vnspittied whipping;
 for you haue bene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue bene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of
 minde; but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hang-
 man: I would bee glad to recieue some instruction from
 my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abb. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirra, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
 in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compend with
 him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,
 vsf him for the present, and dismiss him, hee cannot
 plead his estimation with you: he hath bene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? he vpon him, he will discredit our
 myserie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you weigh equallie: a feather will
 turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a
 good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:
 Doe you call sir, your occupation a Myserie?

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Abb. I,

Abb. I Sir, a Miferie.

Cl. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Miferie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, vnsing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Miferie: but what Miferie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Miferie.

Cl. Prooue.

Abb. Euerie true mans apperrell fits your Theefe.

Cl. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie true mans apperrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Cl. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiveness.

Pro. You firrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Cl. I do desire to learne fir: and I hope, if you haue occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde me yare. For truly fir, for your kindeesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*: Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death, 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cl. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour, When it lies starkly in the Trauellers bones, He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harkie, what noyse?
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuelpop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue

That in himselfe, which he spurs on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he mead' with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when
The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noyse? That spirit's posselt with haile,
That wounds th'vnising Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay vntill the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?

Bot he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know: yet I beleuee there comes
No countermand: I no such example haue wet
Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike care
Proffert the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you sweare not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heere.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let *Claudio* be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone *Barnardine*: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue *Claudio*'s head sent me by five. Let this be daily performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer. Thus saile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurs't vp & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreues for him:
And indeed his fast till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?
How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, careless, wreakelesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, he hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

Duke. More of him anon : There is written in your brow Proudf, honesty and constancy ; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me ; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard : *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfitt to the Law, than *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I craue but foure daies respite : for the which, you are to doe me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what ?

Duke. Alacke, how may I doe it ? Having the hoore limited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo* ? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to croffe this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructions may be your guide, Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath fenee them both, And will discouer the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it ; Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death : you know the counse is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath. *Duke.* Were you i sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputie ?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing ?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty ; yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, here is the hand and Seale of the Duke : you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you ?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke ; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure ; where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knows not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard ; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be ; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head : I will giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolue you : Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clewene.

Cle. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession : one would thinke it were Mistris

Our-dons owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong M^r *Ragge*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and secentene pounds, of which hee made sue Markes readie money : marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one M^r *Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue we heere, yong *Dimie*, and yong M^r *Depe-crow*, and M^r *Copper-furrow*, and M^r *Starw-Lockey* the Rapi-er and dagger man, and yong *Drip-herr* that kild In-flicke *Padding*, and M^r *Portlight* the Tilter, and braue M^r *Soutie* the great Trauceller, and wilde *Halfe-Cann* that stabb'd *Pots*, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abb. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Cle. M^r *Barnardine*, you must rife and be hang'd, M^r *Barnardine*.

Abb. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o' your throats : who makes that noyse there ? What are you ?

Cle. Your friends Sir, the Hangman :

You must be so good Sir to rife, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

Abb. Tell him he must awake, And that quickly too.

Cle. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Cle. He is coming Sir, he is coming : I heare his Straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah ?

Cle. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson* ?

What's the newes vwith you ?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would desire you to elap into your prayers : for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night, I am not fittet for't.

Cle. Oh, the better Sir : for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleepe the fonder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father : do we leff now thinke you ?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I : I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billes : I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the iourne you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you :

Bar. Not a word : if you haue anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward : for thence will I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die : oh gruell heart.

G 3

After

After him (Fellowa) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauer,
One *Raguius*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudius*'s yeares: his beard, and head
lust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Raguius*, more like to *Claudius*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen provides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre draws on
Prefix by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But *Bernardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudius*,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alieue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret hold, both *Bernardine* and *Claudius*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witness to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Inuincions I am bound
To enter publickly: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballance'd forme,
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no care but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Exit

Isabella within.

Isa. Peace ho, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabella*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isbell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wifedome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eyes.

Duke. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudius*, wretched *Isbell*,

Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By every syllable a faithful veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Ejcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wif-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bofome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfo't him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I peruert your course: i whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good 'euen;

Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to
see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would fet mee
too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.
By my troth *Isbell*! I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan-
tastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had
liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is maruelous little beholding
to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Frier, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already fir
if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wenck
with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it,
They would els haue married me to the rotten Medlar.

Duke. Sir your companie is fairer then honest, rest you
well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:
if baddy talke offend you, we'll haue very little of it: nay
Frier, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.

Ang.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisedome bee not tainted; and why meet him at the gates and reuiler our rauthorities there?

Ese. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaim it in so howre before his entering, that if any craoe redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Ese. He shewes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd be- times I'th'morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of fort and suite as are to meete him.

Ese. I shall fir: fareyouwell.

Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deepe vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid, And by an eminent body, that enforc'd The Law against it? But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden losse, How might the tongue me? yet reason dares her no, For my Authority beares of a credent bulke, That no particular scandall once can touch But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd, Sawe that his riotous youth with dangerous fence Might in the times to come haue ta'en reuenge By so receiuing a dishonor'd life With ranisme of such shame: would yet he had liued. Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot, Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Friar Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me, The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot, The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction And hold you euer to our speciall drift; Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauia's* house, And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*, And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate: But send me *Flauia* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrinus.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrinus*, thou hast made good haft, Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrinus*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak lo indirectly I am loath, I would say the truth, but to accuse him so That is your part, yet I am aduaid to doe it, He sies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure He speake against me on the aduerser side, I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Friar Peter

Isab. Oh peace, the Friar is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may haue such vantage on the Duke

He shall not passe you:

Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.

The generous, and grassest Citizens

Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon

The Duke is entering:

Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrinus, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Citizens at severall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many sod hartly thankings to you both:

We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare

Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule

Cannot but yeild you forth to publike thanks

Forerunning more requittall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it

To locke it in the wards of covert bosome

When it deserues with characters of brasse

A sortred residence 'gainst the tooth of time,

And razure of oblivion: Giue we your hand

And let the Subiect see, to make them know

That outward curtesies would faine proclaim

Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,

You must walke by vs, on our other hand:

And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time

Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard

Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)

Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye

By throwing it on any other obiect,

Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,

And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;

In what, by whom? be brieue:

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,

Reueale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,

You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell,

Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake

Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,

Or wring redresse from you:

Heare me: oh heare me, heare.

Ang. My Lord, her with I feare me are not firme:

She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother

Cot off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most

Isab. Most strange : but yet most truly wil I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murderer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo's* an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her : poore soule
She speaks this, in th'infirmity of sence.

Isa. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleeu'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am toleft with madnesse : make not impossible
That which but seemes unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst cattife on the ground
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute :
As *Angelo*, euen so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, carach, tities, formes,
Be an arch-villaine : Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty
If he be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sence,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serue
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Hauc sure more lacke of reason :
What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudius*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother ; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and I like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudius*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeede.

Duke. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it : and when you haue
A businesse for your selfe : pray heauen you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant's for your selfe : take heede to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time : proceed,
Isab. I went

To this pernicious Cattife Deputie.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe : the matter : proceed.

Isab. In briefe, to fet the needlesse proceffe by :
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he reseld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the wild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother ; and after much debatement,
My siterly remorie, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him : But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speake'st,

Duke. By heauen (fond wretch) I knowst not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull practise : first his Integritie
Stands without blemish : next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe : if he had so offended
He would haue weigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not haue cut him off : some one hath set you on :
Conseffe the truth, and say by whose aduice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.

Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers aboue
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the cuill, which is beere wrapt vp
In countenance : heauen shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbleesed goe.

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone : An Officer :
To prison with her : Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere vs ? This needs must be a practise;
Who knew of your iotent and coming hither ?

Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

Duke. A ghostly Father, belike :
Who knows that *Lodowick* ?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
I doe not like the man : had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake agaiost your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words agaiost mee ? this a good Fryer belike
And to fet on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute : Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison : a sawcy Fryar,
A very kuryr fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace :
I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall care about : first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As the from one vnnot.

Duke. We did beleeue no lesse.

Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that the speaks of ?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman :
And on my trust, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeue it.

Peter. Well : he in time may come to cleere himselfe ;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord :

Of a strange Feavour : vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false : And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoever he's conuenced : First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personallly accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it :
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs some leates, Come cozen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall : be you Iudge
Of your owne Cause : Is this the Wities Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, the may be a Puncke : for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witness for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'ke depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges the mee then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabella*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on :
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine : This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Isabella*,
Aod did supply thee at thy garden-houle
In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie the faies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her : which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition : But in chiefe
For that her reputation was diu-valued
In leuitie : Since which time of five yeres
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heauen, and words frō breath,
As there is fence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make vp vowes : And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden houfe,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for euer be cooched here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of loffice,
My patience here is touch'd : I doe perceiue
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone : thinkst thou, thy oathes,
Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Eskalus*
Sit with my Cosen, lend him your kinde paimes
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that set them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may teach him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly :
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concerns to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as seemes you best
In any chafisement ; I for a while
Will leaue you ; but sir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers. *Exit.*

Ejc. My Lord, we'll doe it thoroughly : Signior *Lucio*,
did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a
dithonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing
but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous
speeches of the Duke.

Ejc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,
and enforce them against him : we shall finde this Frier a
notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vicenna*, on my word.

Ejc. Call that same *Isabella* here once agioe, I would
speake with her : pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to
question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Ejc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately
thee

She would sooner confesse, perchance pobblyke she'll be
aham'd.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Efc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at mid-
night.

Efc. Come on Mistress, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,
Here, with the *Provost*.

Efc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till
we call vpon you.

Luc. Mm.

Efc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to flou-
der Lord *Angeles*? they haue confes'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Efc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell
be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Efc. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake,
Looke you speake lustily.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redresse: Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's vnist,
Thus to retort your manifest Appeals,
And put your trial to the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.
Efc. Why thou vnreuender, and vnhalloved Fryer:

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witness of his proper care,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th' Duke himselfe, to take him with Iniustice?
Take him hence to th' racke with him: we'll twize you
loyn't by loyn't, but we will know his purpose:
What? vnist?

Duk. Be not so hot: the Duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I haue seene coruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But fault so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barber's shop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Efc. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucius*?
Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither Goodman bald-
pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,
I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you
said of the Duke?

Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir? And was the Duke a flesh-mon-
ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you
make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee
by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after
his treasonable abuses.

Efc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away
with him to prison: Where is the *Provost*? away with
him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak
no more: away with those Giegles too, and with the o-
ther confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him *Lucius*.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: fah sir, why you
bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you?
show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your
sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't
not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad't a Duke.
First *Provost*, let me bayle these gentle three:
Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Must haue a word soon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse then hanging.

Duk. What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave:
Ha't thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha't
Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,
To thinke I can be vnindiscreable,
When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince,
No longer Session hold vpon my shame,
But let my Trial, be mine owne Confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him *Provost*. *Exit.*

Efc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,
Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duk. Come hither *Isabella*,
Your Frier is now your Prince: As I was then
Aduertising, and holy to your businesse,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,
Attuned at your seruice.

Isab. Oh giue me pardon
That I, your vassalle, haue imbold, and pain'd
Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Isabella*:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather
Make rash remembrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him be lost: oh most kinde Maide,
It was the swift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Then that which lyes to feare: make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Proust.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whose faine imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor : you must pardon
For Mariana's sake : But as he aduic'd your Brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breath,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
An Angel for *Claudius*, death for death :
Haste still paces haste, and leasure, answers leasure ;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure* :
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested ;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudius* floo'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband ?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit : else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come : For his Possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours ;
We doe en-state, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but loose your labour,
Away with him to death : Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.
Duke. Against all fence you doe importune her,
Should the kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his pained bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. *Isabell* !

Sweet *Isabell*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing : I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : So may my husband.

Oh *Isabell* : will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for *Claudius*' death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my Brother li'd : I partly thinke,
A due sincereit governed his deedes,
Till he did looke on me : Since it is so,
Let him not die : my Brother had but lostiee,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's vnprofitable : stand vp I say :
I haue bethought me of another fault.

Proust, how came it *Claudius* was beheaded

At an vnusall howre ?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed ?

Pro. No my good Lord : it was by private message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Gie vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by priuate order else haue died,
I haue refer'd alioe.

Duk. What's he ?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudius* :
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Esf. I am sorry, one so learmed, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue still appear'd,
Should slip so grosslie, both in the heat of blood
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sickes it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deferring, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Proust, Claudio, Juliette.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine* ?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborn soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'st thy life according : Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this merie to provide
For better times to come : Frier aduise him,
I leaue him to your hand : What muffled fellow's that ?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I saw'd,
Who should haue di'd when *Claudius* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudius*, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake
Gie me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too : But sifter time for that :
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's false,
Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye :
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loose your wife : her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remission in my kisse :
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man :
Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you
That you extoll me thus ?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick : if you will hang me for it you may : but I had rather
it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sit, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Proost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her : the nuptiall snith'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to
a Whore : your Highnesse said euen now I made you a
Duke, good my Lord doe not recompence me, in making
me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy flanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preffing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo* :
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Ejcalu*, for thy much goodnesse,

There's more behinde that is more gratefull.
Thanks *Proust* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragomine* for *Claudio*'s,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline ;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actōrs.

Vincentio : the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Ejcalu, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Proust.

Thomas. } 2. Friars.
Peter. }
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Frat, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abborson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to *Claudio*.
Mariana, betrothed to *Angelo*.
Iuliet, beloued of *Claudio*.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.





The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Lawyer, and other attendants.

Merchant.

D Roccoed *Silvius* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.

Merchant. I am not partial to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countreimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Hauē seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pitty from our threatening lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine iarrs
Twist thy seditious Countreimen and vs,
It hatb in solemne Synodes bene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduersē townees:
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres:
Against, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes eod likewise with the evening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusian*, say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Mer. A heuier taske could not haue bene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspokeable:
Yet that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In *Siracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap bene bad:
With her I lū'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randome left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not fixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriv'd where I was:
There had she not bene long, but the became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanelly proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwillig I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.
A league from *Epidemium* had we fail'd
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gauē any Tragick Inlance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obfured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what the law must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors fought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more careful for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had bene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selues at cyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The fess waxt calme, and we discouered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidamium* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

H

For

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Mercb. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileffe to vs ;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that in this vnus'd divorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, feeling as burdened
With leffer waight, but not with leffer woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had feis'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey ;
Had not their backe bene very flow of saile ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me feuer'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befallne of them and they till now.

Mercb. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eightene yeeres became inquisiue
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant, fo his care was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him ;
Whom will't I labour'd of a loue to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Five Sommer haue I spent in farthest *Gratie*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Affric*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus* ;
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men ;
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my tranelle warrant me they liue.

Duke. Happlesse *Egeus* whom the fates haue markt
To beare the extremite of dire midzap ;
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee ;
But though thou art aduoged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
Bot to our honourous great disparagement ;
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can ;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficial helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus* ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue ; if no, then thou art doom'd to die ;
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.

Laylor. I will my Lord.

Mercb. Hopelesse and helpelesse dost *Egeus* wend,
But to procuratinate his liueliefe end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholus Erstes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soone be conficcate :

This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West :
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where he host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee ;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing for good a meane.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trustie villaine fir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry leifts ;
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me ?

E. Mer. I am inioynted fir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
I craue your pardon, soone at five a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward confort you till bed time ;
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then : I will goe loofe my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mer. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get ;
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnfeene, inquisiue) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhappy) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date :
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approach too late :
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit,
The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell ;
My Mistress made it one vpon my cheeke :
She is so hot because the meate is colde ;
The meate is colde, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke ;
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast ;
Bot we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde fir, tell me this I pray ?
Where haue you left the monie that I gaue you.

E. Dro. Oh fiae pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistress crupper ;
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now ;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you leift fir as you sit at dinner ;
I from my Mistress come to you in post ;
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

For

For the will scorne your fault vpon my pate :
 Me thinks your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,
 Refuse them till a merrier houre then this :
 Where is the gold I gae in charge to thee ?

E.Dro. To me fir ? why you gae no gold to me ?

Ant. Come on fir knave, haue done your foolishness,
 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you six the Mart
 Home to your house, the *Pheenix* fir, to dinner ;
 My Mistris and her sister sties for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
 In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie ;
 Or I shall breake that merrie scone of yours
 That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd :

Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me ?

E.Dro. I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate :

Some of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders ;
 But not a thousand markes betwene you both.

If I should pay your worship those againe,

Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistris markes ? what Mistris saue hast thou ?

E.Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Pheenix* ;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner :

And prais that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face

Being forbid ? There take you that fir knave.

E.Dro. What meane you fir, for God sake hold your
 Nay, and you will not fir, he take my heeles. (hands r)

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by mine deuile or other,

The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.

They say this towne is full of cozenage :

As nimble luggers that decieve the eie ;

Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde :

Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie ;

Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebanks ;

And manie such like liberties of fiene ;

If it proue so, I will be neuer the sooner :

He to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,

I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Scapew, with
 Luciana her Sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
 That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master ?
 Sure *Luciana* is I went to sleeke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath innited him,
 And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :
 Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret ;

A man is Master of his libertie :

Time is their Master, and when they see time,

They'll goe or come ; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more ?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Look when I serue him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asse will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is last with woe :

There's nothing stuate vnder heuens eye,

But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.

The beafts, the fishes, and the winged fowles

Are their males subiects, and at their contronies :

Man more diuine, the Master of all these,

Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,

Indued with intellectuall sence and foules,

Of more prehemience then fish and fowles,

Are masters to their females, and their Lords :

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This feruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold beare some sway

Luc. Ere I learne loue, he pradiuse to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I wold forbear.

Adr. Patience vnmod'd, no marvel though the pause,

They can be meeke, that haue no other cause :

A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,

We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.

But were we burdened with like waight of paine,

As much, or more, we should our selues complaine :

So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greue thee,

With vrging helpelesse patience wold releese me ;

But if thou liue to see like right bereft,

This foole-beg'd patience in these will be left.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie :

Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Ep.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand ?

E.Dro. Nay, hee's at two hands with mee, and that my
 two eares can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him ? knowst thou
 his minde ?

E.Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,

Bethrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not seele
 his meaning.

E.Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
 seele his blowes ; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
 scarce vnderstand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home ?

It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E.Dro. Why Mistrisse, sure my Master is home mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine ?

E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,

But sure he is flarke mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold :

'Tis dinner time quoth I : my gold, quoth he :

Your meat doth burne, quoth I : my gold quoth he :

Will you come, quoth I : my gold, quoth he ;

Where is the thousand markes I gae thee villaine ?

The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd : my gold, quoth he :

My mistrisse, fir, quoth I : hang vp thy Mistrisse :

I know not thy mistrisse, out on thy mistrisse.

Luci. Quoth who ?

E.Dro. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
 no wife, no mistrisse : so that my arrant de vnto my
 tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders :

for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home :

For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Backe slauie, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
Drs. And he will blesse y^e crosse with other beating :
 Betwene you, I shall haue a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating pefant, fetch thy Master home.

Drs. Am I so rood with you, as you with me,
 That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus :
 You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
 If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whil't I at home flarue for a merrie looke :
 Hath homelike age th'alluring beauty tooke
 From my poore cheeke ? then he hath waited it.

Are my discordes dull ? Barre me my wit,
 If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
 Vnkindness blunts it more then marble hard.

Doe they gay vestments his affections bait ?
 That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.

What ruines are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruin'd ? Then is he the ground
 Of my defeasures. My decayed faire,
 A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.

But, too vnuly Deere, he breakes the pale,
 And feedes from home ; poore I am both stale.

Luci. Selfe-harming lealouse ; fie beat it hence.

Adri. Vnfeeling foole can with such wrongs dispence :

I know his eye doth homage other-where,
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
 Would that alone, a loue he would detain,

So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed :
 I fee the lewell best enamell

Will loose his beautie ; yet the gold hides fill
 That others touch, and often touching will,
 Where gold and no man that hath a name,
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame :

Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
 He weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fund fooles serue mad lealouse ?

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Erroris.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slauie
 Is wandred forth to care to feeke me out
 By computation and mine hosts report.
 I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
 I sent him from the *Mart* ; hee here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusa.

How now fir, is your merrie humor alter'd ?
 As you loue stroakes, so left with me againe :
 You know no *Centaur* ? you recei'd no gold ?
 Your Mistress sent to haue me home to dinner ?
 My house was at the *Phoenix* ? Wait thou mad,
 That thou so madlie thou didst answer me ?

S.Drs. What answer fir ? when spake I such a word ?

E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not half an houre since.
S.Drs. I did not see you since you sent me hence
 Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
 And toldst me of a Mistress, and a dinner,
 For which I hope thou selfst I was displeas'd.

S.Drs. I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
 What means this left, I pray you Master tell me ?

Ant. Yes, dost thou leere & flowt me in the teeth ?
 Thinkst y^e I left ? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Drs.*

S.Drs. Hold fir, for Gods sake, now your left is earnest,

Vpon what bargain do you giue it me ?

Antipb. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
 Doe vie you for my foole, and chat with you,
 Your sawciness will left vpon my loue,
 And make a Common of my serious bowres,
 When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beams :
 If you will left with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your scone.

S.Drs. Sconce call you it ? so you would leaue batte-
 ring, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse thefe blows
 long, I must get a scone for my head, and Inconce it
 to, or else I shall feel my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
 fir, why am I beaten ?

Ant. Dost thou not know ?

S.Drs. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why ?

S.Drs. I fir, and wherefore ; for they say, every why
 hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore,
 for vrging it the second time to me.

S.Drs. Was there euer anie man thus beaten oot of
 season, when is the why and the wherefore, is neither
 rime nor reason. Well fir, I thank you.

Ant. Thanke me fir, for what ?

S.Drs. Marry fir, for this something that you gaue me
 for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to giue you nothing
 for something. But say fir, is it dinner time ?

S.Drs. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

Ant. In good time fir : what's that ?

S.Drs. Basting.

Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Drs. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason ?

S.Drs. Left it make you chollericke, and purchase me
 another drie basting.

Ant. Well fir, learne to left in good time, there's a
 time for all things.

S.Drs. I durst haue denied that before you vvere so
 chollericke.

Ant. By what rule fir ?

S.Drs. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
 pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S.Drs. There's no time for a man to recover his haire
 that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie ?

S.Drs. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer
 the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as
 it is) so plentifull an encrement ?

S.Drs. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on
 beasts, and what he hath scantied them in haire, hee hath
 giuen them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire
 then wit.

S.Drs. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose
 his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dea-
 lers without wit.

S.Drs. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost ; yet he loo-
 seth it in a kinde of illitie.

Ant. For what reason.

S.Drs. For two, and found ones to.

Ant. Nay

An. Nay not found I pray you.

S.Drs. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.

S.Drs. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S.Drs. The one to sue the money that he spends in trying : the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no time for all things.

S.Drs. Marry and did fir : namely, in no time to recouer haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recouer.

S.Drs. Thus I mend it : Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion : but soft, who waits vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspecta :
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That neuer words were musike to thine care,
That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thine hand,
That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,
Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.

How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thy selfe ?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate

Am better then thy deere selfes better part.
Ah doe not tear away thy selfe from me ;
For know my loue : as caue maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.

How deere would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare I were licentious ?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate ?

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And tear the flain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-divourcing vow ?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
I am posselt with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of lost :
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion :
Keep thee then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I lue disdain'd, thou vndisfououred.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame ? I know you not :
In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vie my sister thus ?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio* ?

Drom. By me.

Adri. By thee, and this thou didst retorne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you conuerse fir with this gentlewoman :
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

S.Drs. I fir ! I neuer saw her till this time.

Adri. Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,
Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

S.Drs. I neuer spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can the thus then call vs by our names ?
Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your flauie,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode ;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come I will listen on this steepe of thine :
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine :
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drossie,
Vsarping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infest thy sap, and lue on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee thee speakes, thee moues mee for her
theame ;

What, was I married to her in my dreame ?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this ?
What error drives our eies and eares amisse ?
Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the seruants spread for dinner.

S.Drs. Oh for my beads, I crosse me fut a sinner.
Thin is the faire land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights ;
If we obey them not, this will infuse :

They'll fucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer't not ?
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S.Drs. I am transform'd Master, am I not ?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S.Drs. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S.Drs. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.

S.Drs. 'Tis true the rides me, and I long for grassie.
'Tis so, I am an Affe, else it could neuer be.

But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adri. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,

To put the finger in the eie and weepe ;

Whil't man and Master laughs my wyes to scorn :
Come fir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate ;

Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,

And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks :

Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter :

Come sifter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heuen, or in hell ?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduis'd :

Knowne vnto these, and to my selfe disguise'd :

Ile say as they say, and persecuer so :

And in this mist at all adventures go.

S.Drs. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate ?

Adri. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Drumis, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Baltheasar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is thrifwith when I keepe not howres; Say that I lingerd with you at your shop To see the making of her Carkanet, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villaine that would face me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold, And that I did denie my wife and house; Thous drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Drs. Say what you will fir, but I know what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show; If y skin were parchment, & y blows you gaue were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Anti. I thinke thou art an affe.

E. Drs. Marry so it doth appeare By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe, You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an affe.

E. As. Y^e are sad signior Baltheasar, pray God our cheer May answer my good wills, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap fir, & your welcom deer.

E. As. Oh signior Baltheasar, either at flesh or fish, A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat fir is comon that every churle affords.

Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest: But though my cates be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart. But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E. Drs. Maud, Briges, Marian, Cissy, Gillian, Gine.

S. Drs. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coscombe, Idiot, Patch,

Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the hatch: Dost thou coniuere for wenches, that y callt for such flore, When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore.

E. Drs. What patch is made our Porter? my Master staves in the street.

S. Drs. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Anti. Who talks within there? hoas, open the doore.

S. Drs. Right fir, lie tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Anti. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

S. Drs. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Drs. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Drumis*.

E. Drs. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadst beene *Drumis* to day in my place,

Thou wouldest haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there *Drumis*? who are those at the gate?

E. Drs. Let my Master in *Luce*.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Drs. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Promerbe, Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when I can you tell?

S. Drs. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S. Drs. And you said no.

E. Drs. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Drs. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adri. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

S. Drs. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Adri. Your wife fir knaue? go get you from the doore.

E. Drs. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold goe fore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere fir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

Bal. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Drs. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Drs. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Anti. Go fetch me something, lie break ope the gate.

S. Drs. Breake any breaking here, and lie breake your knaues pate.

E. Drs. A man may breake a word with your fir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so be break it not behinde.

S. Drs. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E. Drs. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Drs. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.

Anti. Well, lie breake in go borrow me a crow.

E. Drs. A crow without feather, Master meane you so?
For

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without afether,
If a crow help vs in firs, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, geth thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Hau. patience fir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspicō
Th'vnioluted honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wifedome,
Her suber vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead vs your part some cause to you vnknowne;
And doubt not fir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:

If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet vngalled estimation,

That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For slander liues vpon successions;
For ever how'sd, where it gets possession.

Ant. You haue prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes vpraised me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home

And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*;
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)

Vpon mine hollesse there, good fir make haste
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
He knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.
Ang. He meet you at that place some houre hence.

Ant. Do so, this left shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Julia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Even in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake vsf her with more kindeesse:
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:

Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbinger:

Bears a faire pretence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at board:
Shame hath a ballad fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:

Alas poore women, make vs not belecue
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,

Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;

'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweete *Mistria*, what your name is else I
know not;

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you shew not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weakie,
The fouled meaning of your words deccit:
Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,

To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet *Mermaide* with thy note,

To drowne me in thy sisters floods of teares:
Sing *Siren* for thy selfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haire;
And as a bad Ile take thee, and there lie:

And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let *Loue*, being light, be drowned if he sinke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your cie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire gon being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere
your light.

Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfe better parts
Mine cies cleere cie, my deere hearts deerer cie;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heauen, and my heuens chaine.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft fir, hold you still:
He fetch my sister to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dromio, Syracuse.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so
fast?

S. Dros. Doe you know me fir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I
your man? Am I my selfe?

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
thy selfe.

Dros. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides
my selfe.

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy
selfe?

Dros. *Marrie* fir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
haue me.

Ant. What

Anti. What claime laies the to thee?

Dro. Marry fir, fuch claime as you would lay to your horfe, and the would haue me as a beaft, not that I beeing a beaft the would haue me, but that the being a verie beaftly creature laies claime to me.

Anti. What is the?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I fuch a one, as a mao may not fpeake of, without he fay fir reverence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is the a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How doft thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry fir, the's the Kitchin wench, & al greafe, and I know not what vfe to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland Winter*: If the liues till doomefday, the'll burne a weeke longer then the whole *World*.

Anti. What complexion is the of?

Dro. Swart like my shoe, but her face othing like fo cleane kept: fir why? the fweats a man may goe o-uer-shoes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No fir, 'tis in graine, *Nisus* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meafure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then the beares fome bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, thea from hippe to hippe: the is fpherical, like a globe: I could find out *Countries* in her.

Anti. In what part of her body fands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry fir in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogges.

Anti. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barreneffe, hard in the palme of the hand.

Anti. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre againft her heire.

Anti. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkie Cliftes, but I could find no whiteneffe in them. But I gueffe, it ftood in her chin by the falt rheume that ranne betwene *France*, and it.

Anti. Where *Spain*?

Dro. Faith I faw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Anti. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh fir, vpo her ooze, all ore embellifhed with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Afpes to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who fent whole Armadoes of Carrechs to be ballaft at her nofe.

Anti. Where ftood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh fir, I did not looke fo low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, fware I was affur'd to her, told me what priue markes I had about mee, as the marke of my fhoulder, the Mule in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amas'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breth had not bene made of faith, and my heart of Steele, he had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Go hee thee prefently, poft to the rode,

And if the winde blow any way from thore,
I will oot harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:

If euer one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So fle I from her that would be my wife.

Exit

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my foule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire filter
Posselt with fuch a gentle foveraigne grace,
Of fuch enchanting prefence and difcource,
Hath almoft made me Traitor to my felfe:
But leaft my felfe be guilty to felfe wrong,
Hee ftop mine eares againt the Mermaids fong.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. M^r *Antipholus*,

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well fir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpetine*,
The chaine vnfinifh'd made me ftay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I fhall do with this?

Ang. What please your felfe fir: I haue made it for you.

Anti. Made it for me fir, I befpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And foone at fupper time Hee vifit you,
And then receive my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you fir receive the money now,
For feare you ne're fee chaine, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man fir, fare you well.

Exit.

Anti. What I fhould thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is fo vaine,
That would refufe fo faire an offer'd Chaine.
I fee a man heere needs not liue by thifts,
Whee in the ftreets hee meetes fuch Golden gifts:
He to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ftay,
If any fhip put out, then ftraight away.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know fince Pentecoft the fum is due,
Aod fince I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perfian*, and want Gilden for my voyage:
Therefore make preftent fatisfaction,
Or Hee attack you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iuft the fum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the infant that I met with you,
Hee had of me a Chaine, at five a clocke
I fhall receive the money for the fame:
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his houfe,
I will difcharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephef. Dromio from the Courtinans.

Offi. That labour may you fave: See where hee comes.

Anti. While I go to the Goldsmiths houfe, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day;
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Drs. 4 buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

Exit Dromio

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Sauiug your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charect,
The fineness of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharge'd,
For he is bound to see, and stays but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money:
Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburle the summe, on the receipt thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Ant. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.

Gold. Well fir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I haue not fir, I hope you haue:
Or else you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you fir, giue me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide fayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Pergetine*,
I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you fir dispatch.

Gold. You heere to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Gold. Come, come, you know I giue it you euen now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fir, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good fir Lay, whe'r you'll answer me, or no:
If not, lie leaue him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I giue it you halfe an houre since.

Ant. You giue me none, you wrong mee much to say so.

Gold. You wrong me more fir in denying it.
Consider how it stands vpon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you to this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:

Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you fir, you heare the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.

But firrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the metall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Fir, fir, I shall haue Law in *Ephejus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sra. from the Bay.

Drs. Maister, there's a Barke of *Epidemium*,
That sties but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then fir she beares away. Our fraughtage fir,
I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-viue.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they flay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maister, and your selfe.

Ant. How now? a Madman? Why thou pereoch sheep
What ship of *Epidemium* sties for me.

S.Drs. A ship you sent me too, to hier wastage.

Ant. Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S.Drs. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,

You sent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your cares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine his thee straight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her lend it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: I hee thee slaue, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come.

Exeunt

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowdabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compassie,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceiue sufferer in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or lid or merrily?
What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. Fir! he deni'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might moue.

Fir! he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worke bodied, shaplesse euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making worfe in minde.

Lar. Who would be zealous then of such a one?
No euill loft is wait'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worfe;
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe corfe.

Enter S. Dromio.

Drs. Here goes the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Lar. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Drs. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Drs. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worfe then hell:

A diuell in an euermist garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with Steele:

A Feind, a Fairie, pittifull and ruffe:

A Wolfe, nay worfe, a fellow all in buffe:

A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counterminde

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands:

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws driffoot well,

One that before the Iudgmet carries poore foules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Drs. I doe not know the matter, hee is refted on the cafe.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Drs. I know not at whose suite he is arrested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which refted him, that can I tell,
will you fend him *Mistris* redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Drs. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Drs. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.

S. Drs. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serient, a turnes
backe for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou reason?

S. Drs. Time is a verie bankeroout, and owes more then
he's worth to feason.

Nay, he's a theefe too: I haue you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Serient in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beate it straight,
And bring thy Master home immediately.

Conceit, I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Syracuse.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;

Some other giue me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me Commodities to buy.

Euen now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And shew'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio, Sir.

S. Drs. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what
haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparell'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou
meane?

S. Drs. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but
that *Adam* that keeps the prison; hee that goes in the
calues-skin, that was kill'd for the Prodigall: hee that
came behinde you *fir*, like an enill angel, and bid you for-
fake your libertie.

Ant. I vnderstand thee not.

S. Drs. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like
a Base-Viole in a cafe of leather; the man *fir*, that when
gentlemen are tired giues them a fob, and refts them:
he *fir*, that takes pittie on decayed men, and giues them
suits of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more ex-
ploits with his Mace, then a Morris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S. Drs. I *fir*, the Serient of the Band: he that brings
any man to answer it that breaks his Band: one that
thinks a man alwaies going to bed, and sales, God giue
you good rest.

Ant. Well *fir*, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Drs. Why *fir*, I brought you word an houre since,
that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then
were you hindred by the Serient to tarry for the *Hy*
Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer
you.

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,

And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Cartian.

Car. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:
I see *fir* you haue found the Gold-smith now:

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Drs. Master, is this *Mistris* Sathan?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S. Drs. Nay, he is worfe, he is the diuels dam:
And here he comes in the habit of a light wench,
and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-
ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an
effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will
burne, come not neere her.

Car. Your man and you are maruallous merrie *fir*.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Drs. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake
a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Drs. Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must
eate with the diuell.

Ant. Auid thou fiend, what tell'st thou me of sup-
Thou art, as you are all a focceresse: (ping?)
I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.

Car. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And he be gone *fir*, and not trouble you.

S. Drs. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,

a ruff, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone : but the more couetous, would haue a chaine: Master be wife, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you fir my Ring, or else the Chaine, I hope yoo do not meane to cheat me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch ! Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S.Dro. File pride faies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. Exit.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipolus* is mad, Else would he neuer so demean himselfe, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets, And for the fame he promia'd me a Chaine, Both one and other he denies me now : The reason that I gather he is mad, Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance. Belike his wife acquainted with his fit, On purpose shut the doores against his way : My way is now to his home to his house, And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke, He ruff'd into my house, and tooke perforce My Ring away. This course I finde choise, For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter *Antipolus Ephe.* with a Lailor.

Ant. Feare me not man, I will not breake away, Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money To warrant thee as I am reffed for. My wife is in a wayward mood to day, And will not lightly trust the Messenger, That I should be attach'd in *Epheus*, I tell you 'twill found hardly in her eares.

Enter *Dromio Ephe.* with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie. How now fir? Haue you that I sent you for?

E.Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E.Dro. Why fir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E.Dro. Ile serue you fir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E.Dro. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I returned.

Ant. And to that end fir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good sir be patient.

E.Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduersitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E.Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whorefon senselesse Villaine.

E.Dro. I would I were senselesse fir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Ass.

E.Dro. I am an Ass indeede, you may proue it by my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating : when I am warme, he cooles me with beating : I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat : and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter *Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and a Schoole-maister, call'd Pinch.*

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is coming yonder.

E.Dro. Mistris *reflexe finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou still talke? Beats Dre.

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirms me lesse :

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,

Establish him in his true fence againe,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe hee looks.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,

To yeeld possession to my holie prayers,

And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,

I coniure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace ; I am not mad.

Adri. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

Ant. Yoo Minion you, are these your Customers?

Did this Companion with the fasshon fice

Reuell and feast it at my house to day,

Whil't vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house.

Adri. O husband, God deth know you din'd at home

Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Ant. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe reuill'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. Certis she did, the kitchin vassall scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse, That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adri. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine, And yielding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.

Adri. Alas, I sent you Monie to redreeme you,

By *Dromio* heere, who came in haft for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might, But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luc. And I am witnesse with her that she did.

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possesst, I know it by their pale and deadly looks,

They

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dra. And gentle M^r I receiv'd no gold :

But I confesse fir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned packe,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :

But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,

That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:

Hee cries:-

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him oot come
neere me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murder me, thou sailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a refuse?

Off. Masters let him go : he is my prisoner, and you
shall not have him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou pecuiss Officer?

Ha! thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,

Bear me forthwith unto thy Creditor,

And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd

Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.

Ant. Oh most vnhappy trumpet.

Dra. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad
mee?

Dra. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
Master, ery the diuell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idly doe they
talke.

Adr. Go beare him hence, lister go you with me:

Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Monet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtisan

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man : what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how grows it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeake a Chaine for me, but had it not.

Car. When as your husband all in rage to day

Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,

The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.

Come sailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus Syracuse with his Rapiere drawne,
and Demio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loofe againe.

Adr. And come with naked swordes,

Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frigged.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are afraid of swordes.

S. Dra. She that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stufte from
thence :

I long that we were safe and found aboard.

Dra. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do
vs no harme : you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold:
me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountaine of mad flesh that elaines marriage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne
Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stufte aboard. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man eche'm'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation fir,

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that liues heere in the Citie :

His word might beare my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walke.

Enter Antipholus and Demio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so : and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.

Good fir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him :

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandall to your selfe,

With circumstance and oaths, so to denie

This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who but for staying on our Controvercie,

Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forswore it?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee :

Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pity that thou liu'st

To walke where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,

Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtisan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for Gods sake, he is mad,

Some get within him, take his sword away :

Binde *Demio* too, and beare them to my house.

S. Dra. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,

This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter

Enter Ladies Abbess.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hithert?

Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And heare him home for his recouerie.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.

Adr. This weeke he hath bene heauie, lower sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A sinne preuailling much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eyes the liberty of gazing,
Which of these forrowes is he subiect too?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that haue reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Ab. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.

In bed he slept not for my vrging it,
At boord he ted not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was wilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saidst his meate was faw'd with thy vphraidds,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of leauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy brallies.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heels a huge infectious troupe
Of pale dis temperatures, and fumes to life?
In food, in sport, and life preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildly,
When he deman'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my owne reprooue,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in affaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approued meanes I haue,
With wholesome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,

Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.

Adr. I will not bence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it duth befeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.

Luc. Complaime vnto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his secte,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at foue:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;

The place of depth, and furtiue execution,

Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mar. To see a reuerent *Sirachus* Merchant,

Who put vnkindly into this Bay

Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,

Beheded publicly for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we will behold his death

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Epheesus, and the Merchant of Sirachus
bare head, with the Headman, & other
Officers.*

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,

At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him:

That desperately he hurried through the streets,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,

Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence

Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whil't to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,

Anon I wot not, by what drong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,

And with his mys attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords

Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till railing of more aide

We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we purst them,

And heere the Abbess shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,

Nur send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

I

Therefore

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have findg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blas'd, they threw on him
Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M^r preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizars nickes him like a foole:
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adv. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs.

Mess. Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you!

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds.

Adv. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about inuisible,
Euen now he hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

(*flie,*

E. Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.

Mar. Fat. Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me
dote, I see my sonne Antipholus and Dromio.

E. Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against y^e Woman there:
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Euen in the strength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong

That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me iust.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
vpon me,
While the with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adv. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my foule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Lar. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But he tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. O penur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash propos'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wifer mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaîne,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this penur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receio'd the Chaîne,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.

I did obey, and sent my Pefant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.

Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.

By th'way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of wilde Confederates: Along with them

They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A more Anatomie, a Mountebanke,

A thred-bare lugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;

A liuing dead man. This pernicious floue,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
Cries out, I was posselt. Then altogether

They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedom; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beleech

To giue me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. Bot had he such a Chaîne of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaîne about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eates of mine,
Hear'd you confesse you had the Chaîne of him,

After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:

And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I neuer came within these Abbey walls,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:

I neuer faw the Chaîne, so helpe me heauen:
And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate mischief is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Gires* cup!

If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:

You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

E. Dros. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

Car. He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.
E. Ant. 'Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Car. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbess he-
ther.

I thinke you are all mated, or flarke mad.

Exit

Exit one to the Abbess.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speake freely *Siracusan* what thou wilt.
Fab. Is not your name fir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E. Drom. Within this houre I was his bondman fir,
But he I thinke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnboond.

Fab. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Drs. Our selues we do remember fir by you:

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not *Pinches* patient, are you fir?

Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grieffe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Hauē written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither.

Fat. *Dromio*, not thou?

Drs. No truit me fir, nor I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E. Dromio. I fir, but I am sure I do not, and whatso-
euer a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.

Fab. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seven short yeares, that heere my only sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-confuming Winters dried snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie left;
My walling lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe cares a little vye to heare:
All these old witnessess, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracusan*, twentie yeares
Hauē I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess with Antipholus Siracusa,
and Dromio Sir.*

Abbess. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Ant. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:

And so of these, which is the naturall man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphereth them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dros. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Egeus* art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him
heere?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lofe his bonds,

And gaine a husband by his libertie:

Speake olde *Egeus*, if thou bee't the man

That hadst a wife once call'd *eEmilia*,

That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?

Oh if thou bee't the same *Egeus*, speake:

And speake vnto the same *eEmilia*.

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:

These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,

And these two *Dromio*'s, one in fcmblancē:

Befides her vrging of her wracke at sea,

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *eEmilia*,

If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne

That floated with thee on the fatall raffe.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,

And the twin *Dromio*'s, all were taken vp;

But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*

By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,

And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:

I, to this fortune that you see mee in.

Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* fir.

S. Ant. No fir, not I, I came from *Siracusa*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord

E. Dros. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous
Warrior,

Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vnckle.

Ant. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle *Mithris*.

Ant. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I fly away to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:

And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,

If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine fir, which you had of
mee.

S. Ant. I thinke it be fir, I denie it not.

E. Ant. And you fir for this Chaine arrested me.

Geld. I thinke I did fir, I deny it not.

Ant. I sent you monie fir to be your baile

By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

E. Dros. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiue'd from you,

And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meete each others man,

And I was tane for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Ant. These Duckets pawns I for my father heere.

Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cor. Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good
cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines

To go with vs into the Abbey heere,

And heare at large discourtess all our fortunes,

And all that are affembled in this place:

That by this empathized one daies error

Hauē suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,

I 2

And

And we shall make full satisfaction.
 Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
 Of you my sunnes, and till this present houre
 My heauie burthen are deliuered:
 The Duke my husband, and my children both,
 And you the Kalenders of their Natiuitie,
 Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
 After so long grieffe such Natiuitie.
Duke. With all my heart, He Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Enter the two Dromios and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maist, shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?
E.A. *Dromio*, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarckt
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoist fir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He speakes to me, I am your maister *Dromio*.

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
 Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
 That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-lac'd youth,
 Will you walke in to see their gossiping?

S.Dro. Not I fir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
 lead thou fir.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
 We came into the world like brother and brother:
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonatus Guernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Herre his daughter, and Beatrice his Niece, with a messenger.

Leonatus.

Learn in this Letter, that *Don Peter of Arragon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the achieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that *Don Peter* hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deferr'd on his part, and equally remembered by *Don Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vnckle heere in *Messina*, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already deliviered him letters, and there appears much ioy in him, even so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kinde overflow of kindnesse, there are no faces troen, then those that are so wash'd, how much better it is to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montano* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hera. My cousin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bills here in *Messina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbot. I pray you, how many hath hee kill'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath hee kill'd? for indeed I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these warres.

Beat. He had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to case it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good fouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, flust with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so indeede, he is no lesse then a flust man: but for the stoffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedicke, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his fine wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference between himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euerly month a new sworn brother.

Mess. I't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with y next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your booke.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedicks, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You'll ne're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonatus*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my hooft in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leaue.

I 3

Pedro.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her selfe: I be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, the world not haue his head on her shoulders for al Medlins, as like him as she is.

Ben. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Ben. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe most conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I loue none.

Ben. A deere happinesse to women, they would elsse haue bene troubled with a pernitiuous Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog bark at a Crow, than a ma so fweare he loues me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Ben. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Ben. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Ben. You alwaies end with a Lades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath invited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praises some occasion may detain vs longer: I dare fweare hee is no hypocrite, but praises from his heart.

Leon. If you fweare, my Lord, you shall not be forswore, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.

Isab. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Marcell Benedicke and Claudio.

Ben. *Benedicke*, disditt thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Ben. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Ben. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Ben. No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

Ben. Why ysith me thinks thee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were thee other then she is, she were vnandosome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Ben. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you bue her, for you enquier after her?

Ben. Can the world bue such a ieuell?

Ben. Yes, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowing lacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, to what key shall asman take you to goe to the fong?

Ben. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her coine, and she were not posselt with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Ben. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had fwoene the contrarie, if *Here* would be my wife.

Ben. Ist come to this! in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to ysith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and figh away fundaines: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the husband.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatos*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with *Here*, *Leonatos* short daughter.

Ben. If this were so, so were it vttered.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Ben. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Ben. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Ben. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Ben. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast euer an obdinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Ben. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble thanks: but that I will haue a rechte winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an insuifible baldricke, all women shall pardon mee: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Ben. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I looke more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou doest fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, haug me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and hee that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the sausage Bull doth beare the yoke.

Ben. The sausage bull may, but if euer the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Cla. If this should euer happen, thou wouldest bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his *Quiver* in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonato*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I haue almost matter enough in you for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Cla. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The fiat of Ioly. Your louing friend, *Benedick*.
Ben. May mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discorde is sometime guarded with fragmennt, and the guards are but slightly baffed on neither, ere you flout out ends any further, examine your conscience, and as I leaue you. Exit.

Cla. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any thou Lesson that may do thee good.

Cla. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hera*, she's his onely heire. Doth thou affect her *Claudio*?

Cla. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taste in hand,
Than to drine liking to the name of loue:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Hau'e left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire young *Hera* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou dost loue faire *Hera*, cherish it,
And I will breake with her: wait not to this end,
That thou beginst to twist so fine a story?

Cla. How sweetly doe you misioffer to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But left my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need y^e bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest need is the necessitie:

Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis onen, thou loest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall haue reueling to night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell faire *Hera* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosome lle vnclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
In practise let vs put it presently. Exit.

Enter *Leonato* and an old man porter to *Leonato*.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son:
hath he provided this musicke?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamt not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the events stamps them, but they haue a good couer: they sell well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thicke pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to *Claudio* that hee looed my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if per-adventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: cousins, you know what you haue to doe, O I erie you merrie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill, good cousin haue a care this busie time. Exit.

Enter *Sir Iohn the Bastard*, and *Conrade his companion*.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

Job. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heere reason.

Job. And when I haue heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedie, yet a patient sufferance.
Job. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art, borne vnder *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the full shew of this, till you may doe it without contriollment, you haue of late

late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe; it is needfull that you frame the season for your owne haruest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loose from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muffell, and enfranchis'd with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and feeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

John. I will make all vse of it, for I vse it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Berachio*?

Enter Berachio.

Ber. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vanquiesse?

Ber. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most equisite Claudio?

Ber. Euen he.

John. A proper kioier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Ber. Mary on *Hera*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Ber. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should wooe *Hera* for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe every way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

Con. To the death my Lord.

John. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am fubdued, would the Cooke were of my mind: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

Ber. We'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hera his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count *Iohn* here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can see him, but I am heart-burn'd at an houre after.

Hera. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iust in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicks*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tattling.

Leon. Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infault thee's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him vpon my knees every morning and cuening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollies.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take sixepence in earnest of the Berrador, and leade his Ape into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meeete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, lo deliuet I vp my Ape, and away to S. Peter: for the heauens, hee shewes mee where the Batchelliers sit, and there lue wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cofens dutie to make curtesie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other curſie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other met-tall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be ouermastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of withard marie? no vnckle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinned.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicite you in that kinde, you know your answer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke coſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is measure in euery thing, & so dance out the answer, for heare me *Hera*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantastick) the wedding manerly modest, (as a measure) full of state & auncientry, and then comes repentance, and with his bag legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till hee sinkes into his graue.

Leonato.

Leonata. Cofin you apprehend paffing fhrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye vnncke, I can fee a Church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good roomes.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthazar, or dumbe John, Maskers with a dram.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hera. So you walke foftly, and looke sweetly, and fay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and efpecially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hera. I may fay fo when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to fay fo?

Hera. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute fhould be like the cafe.

Pedro. My vifor is *Philemon* rooffe, within the houfe is Love.

Hera. Why then your vifor fhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you fpeake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne fake, for I have manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I fay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Bali. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my fight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Bali. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Urfala. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Arbenis*.

Anib. At a word, I am not.

Urfala. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anib. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Urfala. You could neuer doe him fo ill well, vnleffe you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anib. At a word I am not.

Urfala. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it felfe? goe to, mummie, you are he, graces will appeare, and the're's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you fo?

Bene. No, you fhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was difdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that faid fo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am fure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes leafter, a very dull foole, only his gift is, in deuifing impoffible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleafeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am fure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you fay.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparifon or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) ftrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing faued, for the foole will cate no fupper that night. We muft follow the Leaders.

Bene. In euery good thing.

Bene. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Muficke for the daunce.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hera*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one vifor remains.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you fignior *Benedicke*?

Claudio. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hera*, I pray you difwaide him from her, he is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeft man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

John. I heard him fwear his affection.

Bor. So did I too, and he fware he would marrie her to night.

John. Come, let vs to the banquet. *Exeunt Claudio.*

Claudio. Thus answer I in name of *Benedicke*,

But heare thefe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:

'Tis certaine fo, the Prince wooes for himfelfe:

Friendfhip is confant in all other things,

Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:

Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.

Let euerie eye negotiate for it felfe,

And truft no Agent: for beautie is a witch,

Against whole charmes, faith melteth into blood:

This is an accident of houely prooffe,

Which I miftrufted not. Farewell therefore *Hera*.

Enter Benedicke.

Bene. Count *Claudio*.

Claudio. Yes, the fame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claudio. Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next Willow, about your own bufineffe, Count. What fafhion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an *Vfurers* chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a *Lieutenants* fcarfe? You muft weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hera*.

Claudio. I with him ioy of her.

Bene. Why that's fpooken like an honeft Drouier, fo they fel *Bullockes*: but did you thinke the Prince would haue fured you thus?

Claudio. I pray you leaue me.

Bene. Ho now you ftrike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that ftole your meate, and you'l beat the poft.

Claudio. It will not be, Ile leaue you.

Exit.

Bene. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into fedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* fhould know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hab! It may be I goe vnder that title, becaufe I am merrie: yea but fo I am apt to do my felfe wrong: I am not fo reputed, it is the bafe (though bitter) difpofition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her perfon, and fo giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you fee him?

Bene.

Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-loyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and hee steals it.

Pedro. Will thou make a truss, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not bene amiss if the rod had bene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worn himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunt with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O the misfise me past the indurance of a block: an oke but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had bene my selfe, that I was the Princes lefter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, huddling left vpon left, with such impossible conuincance vpon mee, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynyards, and euerie word flabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, shee would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though shee were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before hee transgressed, shee would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some skoller would conuise her, for certainly while shee is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any seruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest errand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hold three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God fir, heeres a dith I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue.

Exit.

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vñ for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before hee wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, left I should proue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a iealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though hee be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace fay, Amen to it.

Beat. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herald of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and doot vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cofin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaieth Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord I thinke it, poore foole it keeps on the windy side of Care, my cofin tells him in his care that he is in my heart.

Cla. And so the dooth cofin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euerie one to the world but I, and I am fun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers gettings: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euerie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were borne in a merry humour.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunt, and vnder that was I borne: cofins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vñcle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when shee sleeps, and not eu'r sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, shee hath often dreamt of vnhappyneffe, and wak't her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no means, shee mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. Shee were an excellent wife for *Benedicke*.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themselves madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clas. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

Leonato. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interim, vndertake one of *Heracles* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Clas. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hera*?

Hera. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedicke* is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despite of his quicke wit, and his queisie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Capit* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn and Boracbio.

Ioh. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

Ioh. Any barre, say crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euently with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

Ioh. Shew me briefly how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yere since, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hera*.

Ioh. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Ioh. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The payson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation doe you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hera*.

Ioh. What proofe shall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to misle the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hera*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

Ioh. Onely to delight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Couet *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hera* loues me, intend a kinde of scale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cofen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you haue discover'd thusthey will scarcely beleue this without triall offer them instances which shall haue no lesse likelihood, thao to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hera*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hera* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Hera*'s disloyaltie, that ialousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation oerthrowne.

Ioh. Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will put it in practise: I be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Ioh. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hitherto me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already sir.

Exit.

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laugh at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorn, by falling in loue, & such a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantastical banquet, iust so many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but he take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall be, that's certaine: wife, or lie none: vertuous, or lie neuer cheape her: faire, or lie neuer looke on her mild, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Locke Wilson.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Clas. Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is, As hush on purpose to grce harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?

Clas. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended, Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prin. Come *Balthazar*, wee'll heare that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not so had a voyce, To slander musicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the winnesse still of excellency,

To

To slander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the winneth still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he sweare he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes notes forlorne, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine sire, now is his foule fault, Is it
not strange that sheeps guts should hale foules out of
mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

*Sigb no more Ladies, sigb no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant neuer,
Then sigb not so, but let ibem goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Converting all your soulds of woe,
Into hey noy many.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men were euer so,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigb not so, &c.*

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a
shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should haue howld
thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his
bad voyce bode no mischief, I had as lief haue heard
the night-raven, come what plague could haue come af-
ter it.

Prince. Yes marry, dost thou heare *Balthazar*? I pray
thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night
we would haue it at the Lady *Heres* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthazar.*

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what
was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice*
was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

Cl. O I, stalker on, stalker on, the foule fits. I did ne-
uer thinke that Lady would haue loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she
should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom she hath in
all outward behaviours seemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? fits the winde in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to
thinke of it, but that she loues him with an irraged affe-
ction, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be the doth but counterfeit.

Cl. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counter-
feit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as the dis-
couers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Cl. Buite the booke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? thee will fit you, you
heard my daughter tell you how.

Cl. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would
haue thought her spirit had bene inuincible against all
assaults of affection.

Leon. I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially
against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-
bearded fellow speaks it: knauery cannot fure hide
himselfe in such reuerence.

Cl. He hath tane th' infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to *Bene-
dicke*?

Leonato. No, and sweares the neuer will, that's her
torment.

Cl. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall
I, saies she, that haue so oft encountered him with scorn,
write to him that I loue him?

Leon. This saies shee now when shee is beginning to
write to him, for she'll be vp twenty times a night, and
there will she fit in her smocke, till the huse writ a sheet
of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Cl. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember
a pretty leet your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer,
she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betwene the sheetes.

Cl. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halpence,
raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write,
to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him,
saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee
writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

Cl. Then downe vpon her knees the falls, weepes,
sobes, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O
sweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the
extasie hath so moch oerborne her, that my daughter is
sometime afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her
selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some
other, if she will not discouer it.

Cl. To what end? he would but make a sport of it,
and torment the poore Lady worfe.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him,
shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspicion,)
she is vertuous.

Cl. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In every thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wisdom and blood combating in
so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that blood
hath the victory, I am forry for her, as I haue iust cause,
being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage on
mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her
halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare
what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Cl. *Hers* thinks finely she will die, for she saies she
will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee
make her lone knowne, and she will die if hee woos her,
rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed
croffenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her
loue,

lous, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Cla. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Cla. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Heater*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And so will hee doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large leashe he will make it well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedick*, and tell him of her loue.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedick* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke dinner is ready.

Cla. If he do not doo so ber vpon this, I will neuer trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumbe shew: let vs fend her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hera*, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witness: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reprooue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chance haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should liue till I were married, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, there's a faire Lady, I doe spee some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke so more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take plesure then in the message.

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a kniues point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pittie of her I am a villaine, if I do not loue her I am a lew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hera and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hera. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour, There shalt thou finde my Cousin *Beatrice*, Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*, Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrsula*, Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs, And bid her steale into the pleached bower, Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne, Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites, Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her, To listen our purpose, this is thy office, Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. He make her come I warrant you presently.

Hera. Now *Vrsula*, when *Beatrice* doth come, As we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our talke must onely be of *Benedick*, When I doe name him, let it be thy part, To praise him more then euer man did merit, My talke to thee must be how *Benedick* Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice*: of this matter, Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made, That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin, *Enter Beatrice.*

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the siluer streame, And greedily deuoure the treacherous bait: So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now, Is couched in the wood-bine coverture, Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Hera. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing, Of the false sweete bait that we lay for it: No truly *Vrsula*, she is too disdainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Haggards of the rocke.

Vrsula. But are you sure, That *Benedick* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?

Hera. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Vrs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hera. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedick*,

K

To

To with him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Pyfala. Why did you fo, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?

Hers. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of powder fluffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor prouice of affection,
Shée is so selfe dearedeared.

Pyfala. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it was not good
She knew his loue, left she make sport at it.

Hers. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antiecke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:

If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.

So turnes the euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchase.

Pyf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hers. No, not to be odde, and from all fashions,

As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? If I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, preffe me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Consume away in fighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Pyf. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

Hers. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Pyf. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prifde to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as *signior Benedicke*.

Hers. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Pyf. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: *Signior Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hers. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Pyf. His excellencie did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hers. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Pyf. Shée's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hers. If it prooe so, then louing goes by haps,

Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit.*

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will require thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing band:
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleuee it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to wear it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Capide* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So say I, methinks you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in loue.

Prince. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leo. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in loue.

Prince. There is no appearence of fancie in him, vnlesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.

Claudio. If he be not in loue vvith some vwoman, there is no beleueing old fieses, a bristles his hat a mornings, What should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man scene him at the Barbers?

Claudio. No, but the Barbers man hath bene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his checke hath alreadye Rust tennie balls.

Leo. Indeed hee lookes yonger then hee did, by the losse of a beard.

Prince. Nay a rubs himselfe vvith Ciuic, can you smell him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say, the sweet yonth's in loue.

Prince. The greatestt note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio. And vvhen vvas he vvont to vvash his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare vvhat they say of him.

Claudio. Nay, but his iesting spirit, vvwhich is now crept into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by flaps.

Prince.

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis even so, *Hers* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two *Bene*s will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Ballard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prin. In prioste?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concerns him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Basta. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and syme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in deareness of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely fute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortened, (for she hath bene too long a talking of) the Lady is dishonall.

Clau. Who *Hers*?

Bast. Euen thee, *Leonates* *Hers*, your *Hers*, every mans *Hers*.

Clau. Dishonall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worfe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shall see her chamber window enter'd, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Clau. May this be so?

Prin. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will tell you enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I would for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. With thee disparage her no farther, till you are my witness, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Clau. O mischiefe strange! thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well presented! so will you say, when you haue seene the sequel. *Exit.*

Enter Dogbery and his companion with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yes, or else it were pittie but they should suffer salutation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verg. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most defartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch 1. *Hugh Otter-cake* fir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a well-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You haue: I know it would be your answere: well, for your fauour fir, why giue God thanks, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought here to be the most senselesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lathorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to bubble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drooke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are out the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well fir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I thinke they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Verg. You haue bin alwaies call'd a mercifull mil partner.

Dog. Truly I would not hang a dog by my mill, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

K 2

Verg.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to staie a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbours.

Watch. Well masters, we heere our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatus* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigilant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. May and my elbow itchy, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it driffels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villians haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but feele thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the houle.

Bor. Seefe thou not (I say) what a deformed theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-

blouds, betwene foureteene & fve & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharases* fouldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god *Bels* priests in the old Church window, sometime like the thauen *Hercules* in the smircht worm eaten tapetrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. All this I fee, and fee that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the *Lady Heroes* gentle woman, by the name of *Hers*, she leanes me out at her midtris chamber-vvindow, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hers*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the darke night which did deccieue them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, swore hee vvould meete her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with vvhat he saw o're night, and fend her home againe vvithout a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve haue here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vvears a locke.

Con. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Con. Masters, neuer speake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

Bor. We are like to prone a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens-bills.

Con. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hers, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hers. Good *Ursula* wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and de-fure her to rife.

Ursula. I will Lady.

Hers. And bid her come hither.

Vrf. Well.

Marg. 'Tis I thinke your other rebato were better.

Bor. No pray thee good *Marg*, lie vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I vvarrant your cousin vvill say so.

Bor. My cousin's a foole, and thou art another, lie vveare none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion ytaith, I saw the Dutcheffe of *Millaines* gowne that they praise so.

Bor. O that exceeds they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeves, fide sleeves, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine quaint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Bers. God

Hera. God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marga. 'Twill be heuier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hera. Fic vpon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, issuing your teuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrett true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heuier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwife 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hera. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hera.*

Hera. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinks.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) du you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost fise a clocke cofin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a haue, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not torn'd Turke, there's no more fayling by the farre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trou?

Mar. Nothing I, but God fend euery one their harts desire.

Hera. These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuf cofin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuf! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hera. There thou prickst her with a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue some morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, my birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he fwoe hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be couerced I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrsula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Connt, signior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hera. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Marg*, good *Vrsula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary fir I would haue some confidence with you, that deserves you nearly.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is fir.

Headsb. Yes in truth it is fir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. De. Goodman *Verges* fir speakes a little of the matter, an old man fir, and his wisd are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaieth honest as the skin between his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honestier then I.

Con. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bellow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yes, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee bot a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say.

Head. Marry fir our watch to night, excepting your worships prefence, haue tane a couple of an arrant knaues as any in Messina.

Con. Dog. A good old man fir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said ysaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soale ysaith fir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worship't, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. De. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I must leaue you.

Con. Dog. One word fir, our watch fir haue indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance. *(Exit.)*

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: I fare you well.

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dygh. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacole*, bid him bring his pen and inkeborne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dygh. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you here.

K 3

P

heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the laile.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bassard, Leonato, Frier, Claudis, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Cla. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you must dare be coyoynd, I charge yoo on your foules to vttir it.

Claud. Know you anie, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Cla. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Beat. How now! interiections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Cla. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave, Will you with free and vnconstrained foule Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leo. As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

Cla. And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Frie. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Cla. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten Orengie to your friend,
Shew's but the signe and semblance of her honour:

Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!
O what authoritie and shew of truth

Can cunning finne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,

To witness simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,

By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.
Leonato. What doe you mean, my Lord?

Cla. Not to be married,

Not to knit my foule to an approovd wanton.

Leo. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,
Haue vanquish't the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginitye. *(her,*

Cla. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
You will say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forward sinne: No *Leonato*,

I neuer tempted her with word too large,

But as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Blasfull sinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Cla. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as *Diana* in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the buddie ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or those pampred animalles,
That rage in savage sensualitye.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leo. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Frie. What should I speake?

I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,

To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leo. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bass. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Beat. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Cla. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eies our owne?

Leo. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Cla. Let me but moue one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power, *(her,*

That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childie.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset,

What kinde of catechising call you this?

Cla. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name

With any iust reproach?

Cla. Marry that can *Hero*,

Hero it selfe can blot out *Hero's* vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,

Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?

Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,

I am forry you must heare: vpon mine honor,

My selfe, my brother, and this grieu'd Count

Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,

Talke with a ruffin at her chamber window,

Who hath indeed most like a libell villaine,

Confeist the vile encounters they haue had

A thousand times in secret.

John. Fic, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,

Not to be spoken of,

There is not chastitie enough in language,

Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady

I am forry for thy much misgouernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou bene

If halfe thy outward graces had bene placed

About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?

But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity,

For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,

And on my eie-lids shall Coniecture hang,

To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,

And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now coine, wherfore sink you down?

Bass. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,

Smother her spirits vp.

Beat. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vnle,

Hero, why *Hero*, vnle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be with for.

Beat. How

Beatr. How now com'st *Here*?

Fri. Have comfort *Ladie*.

Leon. Dost thou looke vp?

Frier. Yea, wherefore should the not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie

The storie that is printed in her blood?

Do not lue *Here*, do not open thine eyes:

For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,

My selfe would on the reward of reproaches

Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?

Child I, for that at frugal Natures frame?

O one too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer wast thou louelle to my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Tooke vp a beggars liue at my gates,

Who smere'd thus, and mir'd with infamie,

I might haue said, no part of it is mine:

This shame deriues it selfe from vnkowne loines,

Bot mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prau'd,

And mine that I was proud on mine so much,

That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:

Valewing of her, why she, O she is false

Into a pit of lince, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,

And salt too little, which may season giue

To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, fir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
in wonder, I know not what to say.

Ben. O on my foule my cofin is belied.

Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Ben. No truly: not although vntill last night,

I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.

Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,

Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so
long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by no-
ting of the Ladie, I haue markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions,

To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,

In Angel white nesse beare away those blushes,

And io her eie there had appeard a fire

To burne the errors that the Princes hold

Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,

Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,

Which with experimental feale doth warrant

The tenure of my booke: I trust not my age,

My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,

If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,

Vnder some biting error.

Leon. Frier, it cannot be:

Thou feelt that all the Grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not adde to her damnation,

A sinne of priuie, shee doth denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,

That which appears in proper nakednesse?

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Here. They know that do accuse me, I know none:

If I know more of any man aliue

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,

Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,

Prooue you that any man with me conuert,

At hoeres vnmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,

And if their wifedomes be mist in this:

The practise of it liues in *John* the bastard,

Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not if they speake bot truth of her,

These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,

Nor age so eate vp my inuention,

Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,

But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,

Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,

Ability in meases, and choise of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.

Fri. Paeoff awhile:

And let my counsell fway you in this case,

Your daughter heere the Princeesse (left for dead)

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

Maintaine a mourning ostentation,

And on your Families old monument,

Hang mournfull Epitaphs, and do all rites,

That appertaine vnto a boriall.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,

Change slander to remorse, that is some good,

But not for that dreame I on this strange course,

But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:

She dying, as it muft be so maintain'd,

Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd

Of every hearer: for it so fals out,

That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,

Whiles we enjoy it: but being luck'd and lost,

Why then we racke the value, then we finde

The vertue that possession would not shew vs

Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:

When hee shall heare the dyed vpon his words,

Th'idea of her life shall sweetly creepe

Into his study of imagination.

And eery lovely Organ of her life,

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habite:

More moving delicate, and full of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his foule

Then when the liu'd indeed: then shall he mourne,

If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,

And with he had not so accus'd her:

No, though he thought his accusation true:

Let this be so, and doubt not but successe

Will fashion the enent in better shape,

Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.

But if all syme but this be leuell'd false,

The supposition of the Ladies death,

Will quench the wonder of her infamie.

And if it fort not well, you may concale her,

As best befits her wounded reputation,

In some reclusiue and religious life,

Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and iniuries.

Ben. Signior *Leon*, let the Frier aduise you,

And though you know my inwardnesse and loue

Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*.

Yet

Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this,
As secretly and unfile, as your foule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in griefe,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well contented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yes, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleue your fair coffin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lo'st me.

Beat. Doe not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you loue mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no fauor that can be deuised to it, I pro-
tect I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgie me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You haue flayed me in a happy howre, I was a
boot to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarry sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. Infault I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is not approued in the height a villaine, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they
come to take heads, and then with publike accusation
vncooered slander, vnmitigated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper
laying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hers*, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered,
shee is vndone.

Bene. *Beat*?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testi-
monie, a goodly Count, Comfekt, a sweet Gallant sure-
lie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is mel-
ted into curfies, valour into complement, and men are
onlie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a wo-
man with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vse it for my loue some other way then swea-
ring by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your foule the Count *Claudio*
hath wrong'd *Hers*?

Beat. Yea, as fure as I haue a thought, or a foule.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I
will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand *Claudio*
shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me,
so thinke of me: I goe comfort your cousin, I must say she
is dead, and so farewell.

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke
in gowns.*

Keeper. Is out whole dissemble appear'd?

Cowley. O a stoole and a cushion for the Seaton.

Sexton. Which be the malifactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-
amined, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
your name, friend?

Bor. *Borachio*.

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours firra.

Con. I am a Gentleman fir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kem. Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: mai-
sters, doe you serue God: maisters, it is proued alreade
that you are little better than falsc knaues, and it will goe
neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
felues?

Con. Marry fir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
will goe about with him: come you hither firra, a word
in your care fir, I say to you, it is thought you are falsc
knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in
a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to ex-
amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-
cusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the easiest way, let the watch
come forth: maisters, I charge you in the Princes name,
accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said fir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes
brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this
is flat periuire, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bor. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke
I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thousand Du-
kates of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Hers* wrong-
fully. *Kem.*

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Cospi. Yea by th'masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to disgrace *Hers* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more matters then you can deny, Prince *Iohn* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hers* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this sodainely died: Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Cospi. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sec. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Cosley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not y I am an asse: No thou villaine, y art full of piety as shall be prou'd vpon thee by good witness, I am a wife fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houghoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peeces of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gownes, and euerie thing hand-some about him: bring him away! O that I had been write downe an asse!

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, And 'tis not wisdome thus to second griefe, Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile, Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse, As water in a sieue: I gine not me counsaile, Nor let no comfort delight mine eares, But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine. Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe, Whose ioy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine, And bid him speake of patience, Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine, And let it answer euerie straine for straine, As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such, In euerie linesment, branch, shape, and forme: If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone, Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke, With candle-waxers: bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience: But there is no such man, for brother, men Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe, Which they themselves not feeble, but tasting it, Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,

Would giue preceptall medicine to rage, Fetter strong madnesse in a sliken thread, Chatme ache with ayre, and agony with words, No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow: But no mans vertue nor sufficiencye

To be so morall, when he shall endure

The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,

My griefs cry louder then advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and blood,

For there was neuer yet Philosopher,

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,

How euet they haue writ the file of gods,

And made a poth at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harte vpon your selfe,

Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,

My soule doth tell me, *Hers* is belied,

And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Claudio. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue some haste *Leonato*.

Leon. Some haste my Lord! well, farcyauel my Lord,

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

Broth. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,

Some of vs would lie low.

Claudio. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry y dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:

Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,

I feare thee not.

Claudio. Marry bethrew my hand,

If it should giue you any such cause of feare,

Infault my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, neuer feare and iest at me,

I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,

At vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,

What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,

Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,

Thou hast wrong'd my innocent childe and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,

And with grey haies and brufe of many daies,

Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,

I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.

Thy slander hath gone through and through thy hart,

And the lies buried with her ancestors:

O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,

Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claudio. My villainy?

Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

lie proue it on his body if he dare,

Delight his nice fence, and his achioe practise,

His Maie of youth, and bloome of lusthood.

Claudio. Away, I will not haue to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daffe methow hast kild my child,

If thou kilt me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Broth. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,

But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Win

Win me and weare me, let him answere me,
Come follow me boy, come fir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, he whip you from your toyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man in deede,
As I d are take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyescapes, braggarts, lackes, milke-sops.

Leon. Brother Anthony.

Bro. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Goe antiquely, and show outward hideousness,
And speake of halfe a dozen daog'tous words,
How they might hurt their coemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother Anthony.

An. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.
Prin. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of prooffe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leon. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.
Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Leon. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Leon. Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snapt
off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou had
wee fought, I doubt we should haue beene too young for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both.

Leon. We haue heene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine haue it
beaten away, wilt thou vife thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabbard, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doe'st thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Leon. Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been
beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the min-
strels, draw to pleasure vs.

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou
sicke, or angrie?

Leon. What, courage man: what though care kill'd a
cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another sub-
iect.

Leon. Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was
broke croffe.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke
he be angrie in deede.

Leon. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your care?

Leon. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I leift not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will proffest your cowardise: you haue
kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heaue on
you, let me heare from you.

Leon. Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good
cheare.

Prin. What, a feast, a feast?

Leon. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues
head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most cu-
riously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. He tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the o-
ther day: I faith thou hadst a fine wit true saies she, a fine
little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great
groff one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts
oo body: nay said I, the gentleman is wife: certain said
she, a wife gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:
that I beleue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on
munday night, which hee forswore on tuesday morning:
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
shee an howre together transhape thy particular ver-
tues, yet at last shee concluded with a sigh, thou wast the
proffest man in Italie.

Leon. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee
car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee
did not hate him deadlie, shee would lose him dearly,
the old mans daughter told vs all.

Leon. All, all, and moreover, God saw him vhen he
was hid in the gardeo.

Prin. But when shall we see the savage Bulls hornes
on the sensible *Benedicke's* head?

Leon. Yea and text vnderneath, heere dwells *Bene-
dicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leauie you now to your gossep-like humor, you breake
iests as braggards do their blades, which God hee thank-
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your manic courtesies I thank
you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother
the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you haue among you,
kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Leon. In most profound earnest, and he warrant you,
for the loue of *Beatrice*.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Leon. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doublet and hose, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Boracchio.

Leon. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and
be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you fir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee
shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and
you be a curring hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borac-
chio* one.

Leon. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence haue these men done?

Con. Marrie

Const. Marrie fir, they haue committed false report, moreover they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they are flanders, first and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue veruifd things, and to conclude they are lying knaues.

Prin. First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee vwhat's their offence, first and lastlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and by my troth there's one meaning vvell futed.

Prin. Who haue you offended matters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be vnderstood, vwhat's your offence?

Ber. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your verie eyes: vwhat your wife-domes could not discouer, these shallow fooles haue brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me confessing to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incensed me to slander the Ladie *Hera*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hera's* garments, how you disgrac'd her vwhen you should marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, vvhich I had rather feale vwith my death, then repeat ouer to my shame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my matters false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your blood?

Clau. I haue drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Ber. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compod' and fram'd of treacherie, And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hera*, now thy image doth appeare In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffe, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and matters, do not forget to specifie when time & place shall serue, that I am an Ass.

Con. 2. Here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him, I may auoide him: vvhich of these is he?

Ber. If you vould know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the flauie that with thy beaith hast killd mine innocent childer?

Ber. Yea, euen I alone.

Leon. No, not fo villaine, thou beliefst thy selfe, Here stand a paire of honourable men, A third is fled that had a hand in it:

I thanke you Princes for my daughters death, Record it with your high and worthlie deedes, 'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge you your selfe, Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay vpon my sione, yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soule nor I, And yet to satisfie this good old man,

I vould bend vnder anie heauie vvaight, That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue, That vvere impossible, but I praie you both, Possesse the people in *Messina* here, How innocent the died, and if your loue Can labour aught in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph vpon her toombe, And sing it to her bones, sing it to night: To morrow morning come you to my house, And since you could not be my sonne in law, Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copie of my childre that's dead, And she alone is heire to both of vs, Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cofin, And so dies my reuenge.

Clau. O noble fir!

Your ouerkindnes doth wring teares from me, I do embrace your offer, and dispose For henceforth of poore *Claudia*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your coming,

To night I take my leaue, this nighte man Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*, Who I beleeeue was packt in all this wrong, Hired to it by your brother.

Ber. No by my soule he was not, Nor knew not what the did when he spoke to me, But alwaies hath bin iust and vertuous, In anie thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreover fir, which indeede is not vnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembered in his punishment, and also the vwatch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paid, that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: I praie you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Const. Your vworship speaks like a most thankfull and reuerend youth, and I praife God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God saue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

Const. I leaue an arrant knaue vwith your vworship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your vworship, I vwith your worship vvell, God restore you to health, I homblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wishd, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Ber. Farewell my Lords, vve looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hera*:

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, weel talke vwith *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew vwith this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistress *Margaret*, deferue vvell at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deferrest it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And you, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vñ them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.

Exit Margarete.

Bene. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits about, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deferue. I meane in finging, but in louing, I can der the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of pandar, and a whole booke full of these quondam earpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so true-ly turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marie I cannot thew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, home, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, I no, I was not borne vnder a riming Planenet, for I cannot wooe in festiual tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

Bene. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Oncely soule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right fence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to interming with them; but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue longer in monuments, then the Bela riog, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if *Don worrne* (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cofin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falselie accus'd, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightie abuse, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Claudio. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

Dune to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that berer lies:

Death in guardon of berer wrongs,

Gives ber fame which neuer dies:

So the life that dyed with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there vpon the tombe,

Praying ber vobes I am dembe.

Claudio. Now musick sound & sing your solemne hymne

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,

Thyoe that flew thy virgin knight,

For the vobich with fongs of sooe,

Round about ber tombe they goe:

Midnighte affish our mune, helpe vs to figh and grone.

Heauily, beuently.

Grancy yetune and yeilde your dead,

Till death be vntered,

Heauily, beuently.

(this right.

Le. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Tarches out,

The wolues haue preied, and lookee, the gentle day

Before the wheelies of *Phoebeus*, round about

Dapples the drowne East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Claudio. Good morrow masters, each his feuerall way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,

And then to *Leonatos* we will goe.

Claudio. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Then

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrfula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her,

Vpon the error that you heard debated :

But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,

Although against her will as it appeares,

In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things fort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by your felues,

And when I send for you, come hither msk'd :

The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this howre

To visit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brothers daughter,

And giue her to young Claudio. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:

Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior,

Your neede regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The fight whereof I thinke you had from me,

From Claudio, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer fit is Enigmatically,

But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,

In the state of honourable marriage,

In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio :

We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. He hold my minde were she an Ethiopie.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow Benedicke, why what's the matter?

That you haue such a Februarie face,

So full of froth, of storme, and cloudiness.

Claud. I thinke he thinks vpon the sausage bull t

Tuth, feast not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,

And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,

As once Europa did at Iulius Ioue,

When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Bene. Bull Ioue sir, had an amiable low,

And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,

A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrfula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Which is the Lady I must feise vpon?

Leo. This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leo. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,

Before this Frier, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,

I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liu'd was your other wife,

And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One Hero died, but I doe liue,

And surely as I liue, I am a maid.

Prin. The former Hero, Hero that is dead.

Leo. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,

When after that the holy rites are ended,

He tell you largely of faire Heroes death :

Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,

And to the chappell let vs presently.

Bene. Soft and faire Frier which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you loue me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & Claudio,

haue bene deceiued, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you loue mee?

Prin. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cousin Margaret and Vrfula

Are most decei'd, for they did sweare you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were well-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Prin. Come Cousin, I am sure you loue the gentlemā.

Claud. And he be sworne vpon, that he loues her,

For heres a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,

Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And heeres another,

Writ in my Cousin's hand, stolne from her pocket,

Containing her affection vnto Benedicke.

Bene. A miracle, heres our owne hands against our

hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take

thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I

yeeld vpon great persuasion, & partly to saue your life,

for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leo. Pesse I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou Benedicke the married man?

Bene. He tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-

crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou

think I care for a Sayre or an Epigram? no, if a man will

be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome

about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will

thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say a-

gainst it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said

against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con-

clusion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinke to haue beaten

thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vn-

bruist, and loue my cousin.

Cla. I had well hop'd I would haue denied Beatrice, I

I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make

thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be,

if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance

ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,

and our wiues heeles.

Leo. Wee'll haue dauncing afterward.

Bene. First, of my vvord, therefore play musick. Prince,

thou art sad, get thee a vvife, get thee a vvife, there is no

stall more reuerend then one tip with horn. *Enter Mes.*

Mes. My Lord, your brother Iob is tane in flight,

And brought with armed men backe to Messina.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, he deuise

thee brave punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

L FINIS.



Loues Labour's loft.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Beroune, Longuill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.



Et Fame, that all hunt after in their liues,
Lioe registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,

Th'endeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his fythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.

Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the world.

Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in liuing Art.

You three, Beroune, Dumaine, and Longuill,
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:

My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.

Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,

That violates the smallest branch hereof:

If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longuill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,

Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bakers to the wits.

Dumane. My louing Lord, Dumane is mortified,

The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throws vpon the grosse worlds baser flaures:

To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie.

Beroune. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,

That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obseruances:

As oot to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:

And but one meale so coery day beside:

The which I hope is not enrolled there.

And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be fene to wike of all the day.

Wheo I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berou. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,

And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Long. You swore to that Beroune, and to the rest.

Berou. By yea and nay fit, than I swore is iest.

What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) frö edmon sence.

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Berou. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressly am forbid.

Or studie where to meet some Mistrisse fine,

When Mistrisses from common seefe are hid.

Or hasing sworne too hard a keeping oath,

Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,

Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,

And traine our intellectu to vaine delight.

Ber. Why! all delights are vaine, and that most vaine

Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,

As painefully to poore vpon a Booke,

To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth falsely blinde the eye-light of his looke:

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,

Your light grows darke by losing of your eyes.

Studie me how to please the eye indeede,

By fauour it vpon a fairer eye.

Who dauling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And giue him light that it was blinded by.

Studie is like the heauens glorious Suone,

That will not be deepe search'd with sawy lookes:

Small haue continuall plodders euer wonoe,

Sauce bafe authoritie from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,

That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,

Haue no more profit of their shining nights,

Then those that walke and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nougt but fame:

And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Len. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geefle are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Berens* is like an enuious Incapring Frost,

That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,

Before the Birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I ioy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled shoves:

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you to studie now it is too late,

That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, fit you out: go home *Berens*: adue.

Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.

And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,

Yet confident hee keepe what I haue sworne,

And bide the penance of each three yeeres day.

Giue me the paper, let me reade the fime,

And to the strictest decrees lie write my name.

Fer. How well this yielding reueles thee from shame.

Ber. *Item.* That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

Len. Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's see the penaltie.

On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who deu'd this penaltie?

Lep. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Len. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie, A dangerous law against gentilitie.

Item. If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the terme of three yeeres, hee shall indore such publike shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.

Ber. This Article my Lidge your selfe must breake,

For well you know here comes in Embassie

The French Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:

A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,

About surrender vp of *Ayutaine*:

To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-ridden Father,

Therefore this Article is made in vaine,

Or vainly comes th'admir'd Princesse hither.

Fer. What say you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,

While it doth study to haue what it would,

It doth forget to doe the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Fer. We must of force dispench with this Decree,

She must lye here on meere necessitie.

Ber. Necessity will make vs all forsworne

Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:

For euery mao with his affects is borne,

Not by might mastered, but by speciall grace.

If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,

I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me:

But I beleue although I seeme so loth,

I am the last that will last keepe his oth.

But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted

With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,

A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:

One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,

Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:

A man of complements whom right and wrong

Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.

This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:

From tawney *Spaine* loft in the worlds debate.

How you delight my Lords, I know not I,

But I protest I loue to heare him lie,

And I will vse him for my Minstrelle.

Ber. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Len. *Cylard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,

And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Cylard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signeore *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:

Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clew. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Ber. How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Len. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

Len. To heare meekely fir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Ber. Well fir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clyme in the merriuesse.

Ch. The matter is to me fir, as concerning *Luganetta*.

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Ch. In manner and forme following fir all those three. I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now fir for the manner: It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following fir.

Ch. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

Ch. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

L 2

Fer. Great

Ferdinand.

Great Depotic, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my joules caribi God, and bodas forring patrons!

Cyfr. Not a vword of Cyfrard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cyfr. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: it but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clew. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clew. Of other men's secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is beset with fable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke offspring bawour to the most sublimed Physicks of thy beaulty-giving eyre: And as I am a Gentleman, bestowe my selfe to walke: the time When? about the first hour, When bests most graze, birds best pecke, and men sit drowse to that nonsensit which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I mean I walke upon, it is scypled, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I mean: I did encounter that oblique and most propitious eunt that do-aweth from my snow-white pen the ebbe coloured Inke, which beere thou vnto, beholdst, surmisset, or jest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden: There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minnow of thy myrth, (Clew. Meet) that vntoiled small knowing fowle, (Clew. Me) that shallow vassall (Clew. Still mee) which as I remember, tight Cyfrard, (Clew. O me) ferred and conforted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and Contine, Cannon: Which walke, awith, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Co. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my ever esteemed dotee pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

Ant. Me, an't shall please you! I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iaquetta (so is the weaker vassall called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper her as a vassall of thy Loues forte, and shall at the last of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. There in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dotee.

Don Adrians de Armado.

Br. This is oot so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Co. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Co. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clew. I was taken with none sir, I was taken vwith a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Co. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgilio.

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin. *Co.* If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne fir.

Co. This Maide will serue my turne fir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: Yoo shall fast a Weeke with Branoe and water.

Co. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berroune, see him deliuer'd ore,

And goe we Lords to put in practice that,

Which each to other head so strongly fwaue.

Br. He lay my hearth to any good mans hat,

These oathes and lawes will prooe an idle scoome.

Sirra, come on.

Co. I suffer for the truth fir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaquetta, and Iaquetta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the fowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit drowse forrow.

Exit.

Enter Armado and Mith his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Bo. A great signe fir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

Bo. No no, O Lord fir oo.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Iuennall?

Bo. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough figure.

Brag. Why tough figure? Why tough figure?

Bo. Why tender Iuennall? Why tender Iuennall?

Brag. I spoke it tender Iuennall, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Bo. And I tough figure, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Bo. How meane you fir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thoo pretty because little.

Bo. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Bo. Speke you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Bo. I will praise an Ecle with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Ecle is ingenuous.

Bo. That an Ecle is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answers. Thoo heat't my blood.

Bo. I am answer'd fir.

Brag. I loue not to be croft. (him.)

Bo. He speaks the meere contrary, croffes looe not *Br.* I haue promis'd to study iij. yerres with the Duke.

Bo. You may doe it in an houre fir.

Brag. Impossible.

Bo. How many is one thrice told?

Br. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Bo. You are a gentleman and a gamester fir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Bo. Then I am sure you know how moch the grosse summe of druff-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Bo. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Bo.* Why fir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yerres to the word three, and study three yerres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in loue : and as it is bafe for a Souldier to loue ; so am I in loue with a bafe wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courier for a new deuic'd curtise. I thinke scorne to fight, me thinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue bene in loue ?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweete Hercules : more authority deare Boy, name more ; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage : for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter : and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong loynted Sampson ; I doe cacele thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons loue my deare Metb ?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion ?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene fir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions ?

Boy. As I haue read fir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers : but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinks Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so fir, for the had a Greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If thee be made of white and red,

Her faults will nere be knowne :

For bluish cheekes by faults are bred,

And feares by pale white shewne ;

Then if the feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which native doth owe :

A dangerous rime matter against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger ?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found : or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Country girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Cassard* : she deserues well.

Boy. To bee whip'd : and yet a better looe then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Clowns, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Cassard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three dayes a weeke : for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, there is slowd for the Day woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing : Maide.

Maide. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maide. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Maide. Lord how wise you are !

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maide. With what face ?

Brag. I loue thee.

Maide. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Maide. Faire weather after you.

Cl. Come *Laquenta*, away.

Exeunt.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cl. Well fir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heuily punished.

Cl. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Cl. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slau, away.

Cl. Let mee not bee pent vp fir, I will fast being loofe.

Boy. No fir, that were fast and loofe : thou shalt to prison.

Cl. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of defolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see ?

Cl. Nay nothing, Master *Metb*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing : I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Exit.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is bafe) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be surerworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted ? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength : Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupid*'s Buttaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier : The first and second cause will not serue my turne : the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duelle* he regards not ; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to fobbe men. Aduce Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue ; yea hea loueth. A siff me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Fine Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princess of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassage,
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When the did floure the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen. Good *L. Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base faine of chappens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
Prin. You are oot ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyfe abroad *Nauarre* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's fecmeth it a needfull counse,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we fingle you,
As our best mouing faire soliciter:

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haite, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble vilag'd futers his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-
fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. *Langauill* is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

t Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene *L. Perigord* and the beauteous heire
Of *Laques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* law I this *Langauill*,
A man of foveraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arms, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely foyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will flaine with any foile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Lad. t. They say so much, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2. Lad. The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though the had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alençon* ooce,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rosin. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Beroune they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits capositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedeking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Nauarre* had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes hither to besiege his Court,
Then seek a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpacked house.

Enter Naur, Langauill, Dumaine, and Beroune.

Heere comes *Nauarre*.

Nau. Faire Princess, welcom to the Court of *Nauarre*.
Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I
haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too halse to bee
mine.

Nau. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heere me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau. Your Ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill belemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolute me in my suite.

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue perier'd if you make me stay.

Berou. Did not I dauce with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosin. Did not I dauce with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I

Ber. I know you did.

Refa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Refa. 'Tis long of you to put me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot; it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Refa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Refa. The howre that fooles should aske.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Refa. Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you many louers.

Refa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,

The paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disburied by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiue'd that summe; yet there remains vnpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is vnfastidied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title lye in *Aquitaine*,
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, so guided as it is.
Deare Princeesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yielding, your faire selfe should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And goe well satisfied to France againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receit
Of that which hath so faithfully bene paid.

Kin. I doe protest I neuer heard of it,

And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,

Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:

Byes, you can produce acquaintances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father.

Kin. Satisfie me so.

Byet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:

Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.

You may not come faire Princeesse in my gates,
But heere without you shall be so receiue'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so den'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires comfort your grace.

Kin. Thy own with I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

By. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

By. I would you heard it gone.

La. Ro. Is the foule sickie?

By. Sickie at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

By. Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke saies I.

By. Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No, paynt, with my knife.

By. Now God free thy life.

La. Ro. And yours from long lying.

Ber. I cannot stay thanki-giuing.

Exit.

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that came?

By. The heire of *Alain*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounser fare you well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

By. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the night.

Long. Petreance light in the light: I desire her name.

By. Shee hath but one for her selfe,

To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

By. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

By. Good sir be not offended,

Shee is an heire of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

By. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

By. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

By. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adieu.

By. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Beroune*, the merry mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a left.

By. And every left hot a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

By. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:

And wherefore not Ships? (lps.)

By. No Sheep (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your

La. You Sheepe and I pasture: shall that finish the left?

By. So you grant pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle deafe.

My lips are no Common, though feuerall they be.

Be. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be iangling, but genties agree.

This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed

On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for better 'tis abus'd.

Be. If my obseruation (which very feldome lies

By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)

Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Be. With that which we Louers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Be. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.

Hia hart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride exprest,
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,
To seele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glad,
Whn tending their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you pist.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
He giue you *Apitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

Prim. Come to our Paullion, *Boyet* is dispoled.
Bro. But to speake that in words, which his eie hath did
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (close'd.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lead. Re. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

Lead. Ma. He is *Capids* Grandfather, and learns news
of him.

Lead. s. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

Lead. s. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lead. s. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.

Aëtus Tertius.

Enter Bruggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hear-
ing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneesse of yeares: take
this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him se-
lennately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my
Loue.

Bra. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to lisse off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the fecte, humour
it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,
sometime through the throte: if you swallowed loue
with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you
snuff vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-
like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbit on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a faip and away:
these are complements, these are humours, these betraye
nice wenches that would be betrayed without these, and
make them men of note: do you note men that most are
affected to these?

Bra. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obferuation.

Bra. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbie-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Bra. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Bra. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will
proue.

Bra. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I lue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-
on the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Bra. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Bra. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter.

Boy. A message well sympathis'd, a Horse to be em-
bassadour for an Ass.

Bra. Ha, ha, What failest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must fend the Ass vpon the Horse
for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Bra. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Bra. Thy meaning prittie ingenious, is not Lead a
metall heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minnow honest Master, or rather Master nn.

Bra. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is sir'd from a Gunne?

Bra. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A most acute Iuenall, voluble and free of grace,

By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.

Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.

My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clovone.

Page. A wonder Master, here's a *Coffard* broken in a
shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenawy*
begin.

Clo. Nn egma, no riddle, no *lenawy*, no false, in thee
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenawy*, no
lenawy, nn Salue sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inuereest laughter, thy fillie
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my langes prouokes
me to ridiculous fnyling: O pardon me my fars, doth
the inconsiderate take *false* for *lenawy*, and the word *lenawy*
for a *false*?

Page. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not *lenawy* a
false? (plaine,

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faime.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenawy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

Ar. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

Staying the odds by adding foure.

Page. A good *Lenawy*, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargain, a Goose, that's
flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as conning as ſaſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *Leany*, I that's a fat Gooſe.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:

How did this argument begin?

By. By ſaying that a *Cyſard* was broken in a ſhin.

Then ſaid you for the *Leany*.

Clew. True, and I for a Plantan:

Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boyes fat *Leany*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Cyſard* broken in a ſhin?

Paſ. I will tell you ſencibly.

Clew. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Meſt*,

I will ſpeake that *Leany*.

I Cyſard running out, that was ſafely within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my ſhin.

Ar. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clew. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Ar. Sirra *Cyſard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Clew. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Leany*, ſome Gooſe in this.

Ar. By my ſweete ſoule, I meane, ſetting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured, refrained, captivated, bound.

Clew. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Ar. I give thee thy libertie, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Beare this ſignificant to the countrey Maide *Laguerreta*: there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Meſt*, follow.

Paſ. Like the ſequell I.

Signeur *Cyſard* adew.

Exit.

Clew. My ſweete ounce of mans fleſh, my in-conie lew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.e. no, lie give you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name than a French-Crowne. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Berouene.

Ber. O my good knave *Cyſard*, exceedingly well met.

Clew. Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cyſ. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then three-farthings wo rth of Silke.

Cyſ. I thank you worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlue, I muſt employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clew. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noon.

Clew. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clew. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villain thou muſt know firſt.

Clew. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noon.

Harke ſlue, it is but this:

The Princieſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Ryſalve* they call her, aſke for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd-up counſelle. Ther's thy gerdon: goe.

Clew. Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remuneration, a leuence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loſe,

I that haue bene loues whip?

A verie Beadle to a homerous ſigh: A Criticke,

Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortal ſo magnificent.

This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,

This ſignior *Iunior* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Coſpeces.

Sole Emperor and great general

Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)

And I to be a Corporall of his field,

And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.

What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,

A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,

Still a repairing: ener out of frame,

And neuer going a right, being a Watch:

Bot being watcht, that it may ſtill geue right.

Nay, to be periurde, which is worſt of all:

And among three, to loue the worſt of all,

A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.

With two pitch blaſt ſtucke in her face for eyes.

I, and by heauen, one that will doe the dede,

Though *Argu* were her Eunuch and her garde.

And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,

To pray for her, go to: it is a plague

That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,

Of his almighty dreadfull little might.

Well, I will loze, write, ſigh, pray, ſlue, groze,

Some men muſt loue my Lady, and ſome lone.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princieſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vprifing of the hill?

By. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a ſhe'd a mounting minde:

Well Lords, to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,

On Saturday we will returne to France.

Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh

That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,

A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.

Qu. I thank you beſutie, I am ſaire that ſhoote,

And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.

For. Pardon me Maſam, for I meant not ſo.

Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, & then again ſay no.

O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes

For. Yea Madam faire.

2g. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faile paiement for soule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

2g. See, see, my beautie will be fau'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though soule, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is thus accounted ill:
Thus will I faue my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curst wies hold that felie-foulerie
Onely for praise sake, when they strue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
2g. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdues a Lord.

Enter Clotown.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clot. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

2g. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
no heads.

Clot. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

2g. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clot. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.

And your waste Mistis, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickest here?

2g. What's your will fir? What's your will?

Clot. I haue a Letter from Monsieur Beruone,
To one Lady Rosaline.

2g. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer.

Boy, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serue.

This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Laguenaite*.

2g. We will read it, I sweare.

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one giue care.

Boyet reads.

BY besuen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true
that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art
louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beuous,
truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-
call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustre King
Cyprius set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-
ger *Zeneophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Pe-
ni, vici, vici*: Which to anotherize in the vulgar, O
base and obscure vulgar; *vodelijer*, He came, See, and o-
uercame: hee came one; fee, two; ouercame three:
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to fee. Why

did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the
Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame
he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose
side? the King: the captiue is inrich: On whose side?
the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose
side? the King: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Beg-
ger, for so witnesse thy lowlinesse. Shall I command
thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.
Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
change for ragges, robes: for titles titles, for thy selfe
mee. Thus expeding thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
cuerie part.

Thine in the dearest desire of indubitate,

Don Adriana de Armato.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou strue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaithure for his den.

2g. What plume of feather is hee that indited this
Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

2g. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armad* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

2g. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gaued thee this Letter?

Clot. I told you, my Lord.

2g. To whom should'st thou giue it?

Clot. From my Lord to my Lady.

2g. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clot. From my Lord *Beruone*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

2g. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of besutie.

Rosa. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choosie by the hornes, your selfe come not
nearer. Finely put on indeede.

Marie. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and these
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But the her selfe is hit lower:

Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as
touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that
was a woman when *Queen* *Guisonne* of *Brittaine* was
a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Refo. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I canoot, cannot, cannot !
And I canoot, another can.

Cl. By my troth most pleafant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A marke marueilous well fhoe, for they both
did hit.

Boy. A marke, O marke but that marke : a marke faies
my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Cl. Indeede a'muft fhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit
the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand
is in.

Cl. Then will thee get the vphoot by cleauing the
in in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greafely, your lips grow
foale.

Cl. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her
to boule.

Boy. I fcare too much rubbiog : good night my good
Onle.

Cl. By my foule a Swaioe, a moft fimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moft sweete lefts, moft incenie vulgar wie,
When it comes fo smoothly off, fo obicenely, as it were,
fo fit.

Armathe ath to the fide, O a moft dainty man.
To fee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To fee him kiffe his hand, and how moft sweetly a will
fweare :

And his Page atother fide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moft puthetick nit.
Sowla, fowla.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holfernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent fport truly, and done in the tefti-
mony of a good confcience.

Prd. The Deare was (as you know) fanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in
the eare of *Cole* the fkie : the welken the heauen, and a-
non flieth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the foyle, the
land, the earth.

Corat. Nath. Truly M. *Holfernes*, the epythithes are
sweetly varied like a fcholler at the leaft : but fir I affure
ye, it was a Bucke of the firft head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *band credo*.
Dul. 'Twas not a *band credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moft barbarous intimation : yet a kinde of in-
fination, as it were in *via*, in way of explication *factors* : as
it were replication, or rather *ofentare*, to fhew as it were
his inclination after his vnderfted, vnpolifhed, vneducat-
ed, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather
vnconfirmed *falfion*, to inferre againe my *band credo*
for a Deare.

Dul. I fild the Deare was not a *band credo*, 'twas a
Pricket.

Hol. Twice fod fimplicite, *hū cōfess*, O thou mon-
fter Ignorance, how deformed dooft thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are
bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were :
He hath not drunkeinke.

His intellect is not replenifhed, hee is onely an animal,
onely fenfible in the duller parts : and fuch barren plants
are fet before vs, that we thankfull fhould be : which we
taste and feeling, are for thofe parts that doe fructifie in
vs more thea he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaioue, indifcreet, or
a foole :

So were there a patch fet on Learning, to fee him in a
Schoole.

But *emū bene fūy*, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. Yoo two are book-men : Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fūe
weekes old as yet ?

Hol. *Diſtina* Goodman *Dul*, *diſtina* Goodman
Dul.

Dul. What is *diſtina* ?

Nath. A title to *Phoebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was
no more. (fcore.)

And wrought not to fūe-weekes when he came to fūe-
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Colluſion holds in the
Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I fūy th'alluſio holds
in the Exchange.

Dul. And I fūy the poluſion holds in the Exchange :
for the *Moone* is neuer but a month old : and I fūy be-
ſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the *Princefſe* kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall
Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour
the ignorant call'd the Deare, the *Princefſe* kill'd a
Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holfernes*, *perge*, fo it fhall
pleaſe you to abrogate ſcorilitie.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues
facilie.

The prayfall Princefſe pearſh and prickt

a prettie pleaſing Pricket,

Some ſay a Sure, but not a ſure,

till new made ſure with ſhooting.

The Dogges did yell, but all to Sure,

then Surell cumps from ribbet :

Or Pricket-ſure, or elſe Surell,

the people ſall a booting.

If Sure be ſure, then all to Sure,

makes fiftie ſores O ſorell :

Of one ſure I an hundred make

by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him
with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue fimple : fimple, a foo-
liſh extravagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, ob-
iects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe
are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourifh in the
wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing
of occaſion : but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is
acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praife the Lord for you, and fo may my
parifhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,
and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you : you
are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. *Me bene*, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they
ſhall

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable,
I will put it to them. But *Vir sapia qui pauca loquitur*, a
soule Feminine salutes vs.

Enter Loquenna and the Clowne.

Loq. God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should
be perit, Which is the one?

Cl. Marry M. Schoolmaster, hee that is likeliest to a
hoghead.

Nath. Of pering a Hoghead, a good lofter of conceit
in a turp of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle
enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Loq. Good Master Person be so good as reade mee
this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Cyphar*, and sent mee
from *Don Armatto*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile prout gelida, quando pecus omnia sub um-
bra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I
may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of Venice, *vom-
chi, vomchi, que non te videri, que non te perire*. Old Man-
tuan, old Mantuan. Who vnderstandeth thee out, or re-
sol la mi fa? Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or
rather as *Herrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a stasse, a stasse, a verse, *Leges do-
mine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beuile vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ie faithfull proue.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Officers
bowed.

Stodie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would compe-
hend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well eao thee cōmend.
All ignorant that soule, that fees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *loues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull
thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That sings heaues praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Prd. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the
accent. Let me superluse the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the
elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie caret? *O-
uidius Naf* was the man. And why in deed *Naf*, but
for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the
ierkes of inuention imitative is nothing: So doth the
Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horie
his rider: But *Damsella virgin*, Was this directed to
you?

Loq. I sir from one mounier *Berowne*, one of the
strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the fawne-white hand of the mist beauious Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for
the nomination of the partie written to the person writ-
ten vnto.

Your Ladiships is all desired imployment, Berowne.

Pr. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries
with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a se-
quent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or
by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goc my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the
King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I
forgiue thy duteie, adue.

Maid. Good *Cyphar* go with me:

Sir God lase your life.

Cl. Haue with thee my girle.

Exit.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very
religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Pr. Sir tell me of the Father, I do feare coloura-
ble colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please
you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pu-
pill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to
gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuledge I
haue with the parents of the foresaid Childre or Pupill,
vndertake your *bien venute*, where I will proue those
Verses to be very vnlearned, neither fauouring of
Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Socie-
tie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for socieite (saith the text)
is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca
verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our
recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bere. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courting my selfe.

They haue picth a Toyle, I am toying in a pyth,
pitch that dehies, & dehie, a foule word: Well, let thee
downe sorrow; for so they say the foule said, and so say
I, and I the foule: Well proued wit. By the Lord this
Loue is as mad as *Alex*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a
sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue;
if I do hang me: ysaith I will not. O but her eye: by
this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for
her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye,
and lye in my throuate. By heaeco I doe loue, and it hath
taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholic: and here is
part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholic. Well, the
hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the
Foule sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweet-
ter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care
a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a
paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He flands aside.

The King entreats.

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: procedes sweet *Cepid*, thou hast
thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papin faith
secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes doth flowes.
Nor shines the silver Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou thin' it in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that (well in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasse, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, bow farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Languail. The King steps aside.

What Languail, and reading: listen eare.

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Lang. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Lang. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first I have been periur'd to? (know,

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makest the triumph, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiborne, that hangs up simplicity.

Lon. I feare these Rubborn lines lack power to moue.

O sweet Maria, Emperesse of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Capids hofe,

Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This fame shall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*

'Did not the beautey Rhetoricks of thine eye,

'Gaineft whom the world cannot bold argument,

Perfwade my heart to this false periurie?

Vowes for thee broke defers not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,

Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a beautey Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, euen all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which in my earth dost shine,

Exhalt this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Ber. This is the liuer veins, which makes flesh a deity.

A greene Goose, a Coddess, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Bers. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,

Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,

And wretched foolcs fectets heedfully ore-eyc.

More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,

Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most diuine Kate.

Bers. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bers. By earth the is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

Bers. An Amber coloured Raocen was well noted.

Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.

Bers. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Bers. I as some dales, but then no funne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wiſh?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kis. And mine too good Lord.

Bers. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she

Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.

Bers. A Fever in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

Bers. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumaine reads his Sonnet.

On a day, aloch the day:

Loue, whose Month is eury May,

Spied a blisfome passing faire,

Playing in the wanton eyre:

Through the V'eluet, leaues the winds,

All vnserue, can passage finde,

That the Lamer fide to death,

With himselfe the heauens breath.

Ayrs (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,

Ayrs, would I might triumph fo.

But alacke my hand is forswore,

Nere to plucke thee from thy thorne:

Few alacke for youth comets,

Tauts so apt to plucke a fount.

Doe not call it fime in me,

That I am forswore for thee.

Thou for whom Loue would forswore,

Iuno but an A-bishop were,

And demie himselfe for Loue.

Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I fend, and something else more plaine.

That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine.

O would the King, Beruone and Languail,

Were Louers too, ill to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:

For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,

That in Loues griefe desir'd societie

You may looke pale, but I should bluish I know,

To be ore-heard, and taken napping fo.

Kis. Come sir, you bluish: as his, your cafe is such,

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You doe not loose Maria? Languail,

Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart

His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

I haue beene closely thrownd in this bush,

And markt you both, and for you both did bluish.

I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:

Saw fighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, Gayes one! O *Loue*, the other cries!

On her hairens were Gold, Christall the others eyes.

You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,

And *Loue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.

What will Beruone say when that he shall heare

Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.

How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that euer I did see,

I would not haue him know fo much by me.

Bers. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.

Ah good my Lidge, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove

These wormes for louing, that art most in tears!

Your eyes doe make no cowaies in your teares.

There is no certaine Princeesse that appeares.

You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hateful thing.

Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not

M

All

All three of you, to be thus much ore'thot?
 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
 But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
 O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I scene.
 Of fights, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
 O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
 To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
 And profound Salomon tuing a lygge?
 And Nipper play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And Crittike Tymna laugh at idle toyes.
 Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Dumaine;
 And gentle Longuill, where lies thy paine?
 And where my Liedges? all about the breist:
 A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy left.
 Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
 I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
 To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
 I am betrayed by keeping company
 With men, like men of incontinencie.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
 Or grone for Ioue? or spend a minutes time,
 In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
 hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a breist,
 a walfe, a legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way fo so fast?
 A true man, or a theefe, that gallies fo.
Ber. I poit from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iapenetta and Clowne.

Iap. God blesse the King.
Kin. What Present hadt thou there?
Cl. Some certaine treason.
Kin. What makes treason heere?
Cl. Nay it makes nothing fir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
 The treason and you goe to peace away together.
Iap. I beleeue your Grace let this Letter be read,
 Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.
Kin. 'Berewe, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*
Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Iap. Of Coflard.
Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Cof. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not
 feare it.
Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's
 heare it.
Dun. It is 'Berewe's writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ah you whorefon loggerhead, you were borne
 to doe me shame.
 Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
 vp the messe.
 He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
 Are picke-purses in Loue, and we delerue to die.
 O dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dun. Now the number is euen.
Berow. True true, we are foure: will these Turtles
 be gone?
Kin. Hence fir, away.
Cl. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
 As true we are as flesh and blood can be,
 The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
 Young blood doth oot obey an old decree.
 We cannot croffe the euile why we are borne:
 Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

Kin. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of
 thine? (Rosaline, heavenly)

Ber. Did they, gooth you? Who sees the heavenly
 That (like a rude and savage man of Inde.)
 At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
 Bowes not his vassall head, and broken b琳de,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient b琳de?
 What peremptory Eagle-fighted eye
 Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her maiestie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
 My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moore,
 Shee (an attending Starre) scarce scene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I 'Berewe.
 O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
 Of all complexions the cul'd foweraignty,
 Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
 Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity,
 Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
 Lend me the flourish or all gentle tongues,
 Fic painted Rethorick, O the needs it not,
 To things of tale, a leiers praise belongs:
 She puffes prayfe, then prayfe too short doth hiee.
 A withered Hermite, hieuer cold winters worne,
 Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
 And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
 O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

Kin. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine!
 A wife of such wood were felicitie.

O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
 That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
 If that the learne not of her eye to looke:
 No face is faire that is not full fo blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
 The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
 And beauties creit becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels foonest tempe resembling spirits of light.
 O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
 It mournes, that painting vnrupping haire
 Should rauish doters with a false aspect:
 And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
 Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
 For ouatie bloud is counted painting now:
 And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
 Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dun. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.
Len. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

Kin. And *Ebiops* of their sweet complexion craue.
Dun. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
 For feare their colours should be waht away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did for fir to tell you plaine,
 Ile finde a fairer face not waht to day.

Ber. He proue her faire, or tilke ill dooms-day here.
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Dun. I neuer knew man hold vlc shuffe so deere.
Len. Look e, heere's thy loue, my foot and her face fee.

Ber. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
 Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile, then as the goes what upward lyes?
The street should see as the walk'd ower head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Ber. O nothing to sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Kin. Then leave this chat, & good 'Berown now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quillies, how to cheat the diuell.

Dum. Some false for peruria.

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:

Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence ingenders maladies.

And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)

In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreame end pore, and thereon louke.

For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,

Haue found the ground of studies excellence,

Without the beauty of a womans face?

From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,

They are the Ground, the Booke, the Achadems,

From whence doth spring the true *Prismetbean* fire.

Why, vnuerfall plodding poysens vp

The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long during action tries

The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.

Now for not looking on a womans face,

You haue in that forsworne the vfe of eyes:

And studie too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any Author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:

Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,

And where we are, our Learning likewise is.

Then when our felues we see in Ladies eyes,

With our felues.

Doe we not likewise see our learning there?

O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,

And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:

For when would you (my Leage) or you, or you?

In leaden contemplation haue found out

Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,

Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with:

Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:

And therefore finding barraine practisers,

Scare shew a heruett of their heavy toyle.

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,

Lies not alone emured in the braine:

But with the motion of all elements,

Courtes as swift as thought in euery power,

And giues to euery power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious feeling to the eye:

A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.

A Louers care will heare the lowest fount.

When the suspicious head of theft is blapt,

Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,

Then are the tender homes of Cockled Snayles.

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bacchus* grosse in taste,

For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?

Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*.

Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musically,

As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.

And when Loue speaks, the voyce of all the Gods,

Make heauen drowle with the harmonie.

Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,

Vntill his Inke were tempered with Loues fighes:

O then his lines would rauish fauage eares,

And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.

From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.

They sparkle still the right promethean fire,

They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achadems,

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.

Elle none at all in ought proues excellent.

Then fooles you were these women to forswear:

Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles:

For Wisedumes sake, a word that all men loue:

Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.

Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:

Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.

Let's once loose our othes to finde our felues,

Or else we loose our felues, to keepe our othes:

It is religion to be thus forsworne.

For Charity it selfe fulfils the Law:

And who can seuer loue from Charity.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Advance your standards, & vpon them Lords.

Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first adu'd,

In confidit that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to please desiring, Lay these gloves by,

Shall we retoloe to woe these gyles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuiſe,

Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,

Then homeward coery man attach the hand

Of his faire Mistress, in the afternoone

We will with some strange pastime solce them:

Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,

For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,

Fore-runne faire Loos, strewing her way with flowers.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,

That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone fowd Cockell, resp'd no Corne,

And Ioffice alwaies whirles in equall measure:

Light Wenches may proue pleasure to men forsworne,

If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. *Satis quid sufficit.*

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
haue beene sheepe & sententious: pleasant without furi-
cillity, witty without affection, audacious without impu-
dency, learned without opinion, and strange without heretic:
I did conuerſe this *quondam* day with a compa-
nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,
Dus Adriano de Armato.

Ped. *Noui bonum tanquam te,* His humour is lofty,
his discourse preceptorie: his tongue filed, his eye
ambitious, his gate maiestically, and his generall behavi-
our vaine, ridiculous, and thraſonically. He is too pick-
ed, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere-
grinat, as I may call it.

M 2

Curat.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,
'Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasims, such infociable and poynt deuile companions, such rackers of orthographie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce det; d e b t, not det; he clepeth a Calf, Cause; halfe, haufe; neighbour vacatur neboor; neigh abreviated ne; this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable; it infinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligi domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. *Bona bono for bona prefician*, a little scratcht, 'twill serue.

Enter Bragart, Bey.

Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Vides, & gaudis.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quari Chirra, not Sirra?*

Brag. Men of peace well incountr'd.

Ped. Most militarie fir salutation.

Bey. They haue bene at a great feast of Languages, and holde the sciraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapsdragoon.

Paga. Peace, the prale begins.

Brag. Mounfier, are you not lettred?

Paga. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ipeld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, puricio with a horne added.

Paga. Ba most fecy Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Qui quâ, thou Consonant?*

Paga. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i.

Paga. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt wane of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke vane we of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it reioyareth my intellect, true wit.

Paga. Offered by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Paga. Hornes.

Peda. What disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Giggie.

Paga. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *nam cito a giggo* of a Cock-olds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thm halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discrecion. O & the heusens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungil* for *engum*.

Brag. *Art-man preambulat*, we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *fans queshon*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Paullion, in the *posterior* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noonne.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous fir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noonne: the word is well culd, choise, sweet, and apt I doe assure you fir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtelie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thin dallie with my excrement, with my mntschio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it please his gratesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of truel, that hath scene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all in but sweet heart, I do implore leccreie, that the King would haue mee present the Princeesse (sweet chucke) with some delighfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to erue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holsfirme*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to bee rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. *Isma*, your self; my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Macabaw*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe *Pompy* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon fir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as some of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Paga. An excellent dencke: so if any of the audience hiffe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruthest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Paga. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither fir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. He make one in a dance, or so: or I will play

on

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Peo. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. Exit.

Enter Ladies.

Qy. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairs come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wai'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I
haue from the losing King.

Rofa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qy. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to feale on *Cypids* name.

Rofa. That was the way to make his God-head was:
For he hath bene five thousand yeeres a God.

Kat. I, and a threwd vnhappy gallows too.

Rof. You'll nere be friends with him, a kiid your sister.

Kat. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and
fo she died: had she bene Light like you, of such a merie
nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere
she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Rof. What's your darke meaning moue, of this light
word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rof. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Rof. Look what you doe, you doe it still i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rof. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that'th you care not for me.

Rof. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qy. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.

But *Rofaline*, you haue a Fauour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rof. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,

My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I haue Verles too, I thanke *Beroune*,

The numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qy. Any thing like?

Rof. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qy. Beateous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Rof. Ware penills. How! Let me not die your debtor,

My red Domini call, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qy. A Poa of that ieff, and I beshrew all Shrowes:

But *Katherine*, what was sent to you

From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qy. Did he not send you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreover,

Some thousand Verles of a faithfull Louer.

A huge troaffion of hypocricie,

Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Langauile*.

The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qy. I thinke no leffe: Dost thou with in heart

The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

Qy. Were we fine girls to mocke our Looers fo.

Rof. They are worfe fooles to purchase mocking fo.

That same *Beroune* ile torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by'th weeke,

How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,

And wait the fasion, and obserue the times,

And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.

And shap his seruice wholly to my deuice,

And make him proud to make me proud that ieffs.

So pertuaunt like would I o'tsew his state,

That he should be my foole, and i his fate.

Qy. None are so furly caught, when they are catcht,

As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisdome hatch'd:

Hath wisdome warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,

And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Rof. The blood of youth burns not with such excefle,

As granities recolt to wanton be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not fo strong a note,

As fooltry in the Wife, when Wit doth dote:

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qy. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am shad'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qy. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, locounters mounted are,

Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:

Armed in arguments, you'll be torpris'd.

Mother your Wits, stand in your owne defence,

Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qy. Saint *Deemie* to S. *Cypids* What are they,

That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

Boy. Under the coole shade of a Siccamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:

When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold addrest,

The King and his companions: warely

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And over-heard, what you shall over-heare:

That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.

Their Herald is a pretty knaoth Page:

That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,

Action and accent did they teach him there,

Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And euer and anon they made a doubt,

Preferre maieftiall would put him out:

For eorth the King, an Angell thalt thou see:

Yet feare not thou, but speake audacioufly.

The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:

I should haue fear'd her, had he bene a duell.

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wagg by their praises bolden.

One rub'd his elbow thus, and fier'd, and fwoore,

A better speech was neuer spoke before.

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd *euie*, we will don't, come what will come.

The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zelous laughter fo profound,

That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,

To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Qy. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do: and are apparell'd thus,

Like *Mysericordie*, or *Ruffians*, as I gesse.

Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And euery one his Loue-feat will aduoece,
Vnto his feuerall Mistriffe: which they'll know
By fauours feuerall, which they did bestow.

Queen. And will they fo? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; will they euery one be maskt,
And not a ma of them shall haue the grace
Despight of fate, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Faueur thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall *Berouane* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Fauours too, so shall you Loues
Woo contrary, decei'd by these remoues.

Rafa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in fight.

Karb. But in this changiog, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their feuerall counsels they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greeke.

Raf. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too?

Queen. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.

Queen. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking extended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame.

Sound.
Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black moores with musicks, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords disguised.

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Page. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd
their backs to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backs to him.

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Page. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out

Boy. True, out indeed.

Page. Out of your fauours beaunty spirits vouchsafe
Not to behold.

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

Page. Once to behold with your Sonne beamed eyes,
With your Sonne beamed eyes.

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Page. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this your perfectio? be gon you rogue.

Rafa. What should these strangers?

Know their mindes *Boyer*.

If they doe sprake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?

Boyer. What would you with the Princes?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Raf. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rafa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.

Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rafa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rafa. How manie weary steps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numberd in the trauell of one mile?

Ber. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauges) may worship it.

Rafa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Blees'd are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and thefe thy flurs do shine,
(Those clouds remoued) vpon our waterie eyne.

Rafa. O vaine picitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou oow requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rafa. Play musicks then: nay you must doe it soone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus e-
stranged?

Rafa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now she's
changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rafa. The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to
it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Raf. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rafa. Ondie to part friends.

Curtie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rafa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin. Prie your selues: What buyes your companie?

Rafa. Your absence onlie.

Kin. That can neuer be.

Rafa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Raf. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Ber. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Raf. Hony, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
Theres halfe a dosen sweets.

Raf. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,

He play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Raf. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou greu'st my gall.

Queen.

Qu. Gall, bitter.
Bar. Therefore meete.
Da. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mm. Name it.
Dm. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Da. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard mad without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a
Calf?
Long. A Calf faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oae.
Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes.
Will you giue hornes chaff Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calf before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, insensible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Above the sense of fence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things
Reja. Not one word more may my maides, breake off,
breake off.
Bar. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple
wits. *Eneunt.*
Qu. Twentie adiens my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondrous at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes
puff out.
Reja. Wel-taking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Qu. O pueritie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert *Bervane* was out of count'nanse quite.
Reja. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was veeeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Bervane* did fwaite himselfe out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I) my seruant straight was mote.
Ka. Lord *Longuill* said I came ere his hart:
And trow you vrbat he call'd me?
Qu. Quahme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.
Ref. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,
But vvil you heare; the King is my loue sworne.
Qu. And quicke *Bervane* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longuill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue care,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shap: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?
By. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Rofes, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blouv? how blouv? Speake to bee vnder-
stood.
By. Faire Ladies maskt, are Rofes in their bud:
Dis-maskt, their damask sweet communiatur shoune,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Rofes blowne.
Qu. Anant perplexitie: What shall vve do,
If they returne in their owne shap to wo?
Reja. Good Madam, if by me you'll be aduin'd:
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them vwhat foolies were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscouits in shaplesse gear:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shoues, and Prologue vildly pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Qu. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princeesse?
By. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
By. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Bar. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when I see doth please.
He is Wit Pedler, and retails his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such shew.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his flecke.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and lifte: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtisie.
This is the Age of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable termes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in vvhoring
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The flaires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honest-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blisser on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathea* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bar. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then with me better, I will giue you leaue.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periu'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:

For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
 Now by my maiden honor, yet as pore
 As the vnallied Lilly, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,
 I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you haue liu'd in defolation heere,
 Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

Q. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
 We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
 A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Q. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Refa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
 My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)

In curtesie giues vnderfearing praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure
 In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
 And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
 They did not blesse vs with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
 When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Ref. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
 Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greet
 With eies best seeing, becauses fierie eie:

By light we looke light; your capacitie
 Is of that nature, that to your huge foules,
 Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ref. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie
Ref. I am a foole, and full of poeurie.

Ref. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ref. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ref. All the foole mine.

Ref. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ref. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ref. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ref. There, then, that visard, that superfluous case,
 That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are dictried,

They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Da. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

Q. Amas't my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes
 fadde?

Refa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l found: why looke
 you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Ref. Thus poure the flars downe plaques for periury.

Can any face of braile hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie, darst thy skill at me,

Bruike me with scorn, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will with thee neuer more to dance,

Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.

O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songes,

Taffata phrases, silken termes precise,

Three-pl'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
 Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
 I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
 By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
 Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
 In russet yeas, and honest kerrie noes.

And to begin Wenche, so God helpe me lsw,
 My loue to thee is found, *sees* cracke or flaw.

Refa. *Sans, sans, I pray you.*

Ref. Yet I haue a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,

Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

Their Lords are visited, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Q. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ref. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ref. It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ref. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ref. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ref. Speake for your felices, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.

Q. The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Q. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Q. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies care?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Q. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect her.

King. Vpon mine Honor no.

Q. Peace, peace, forbear:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Q. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Refa.*

What did the Russian whisper in your care?

Ref. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this World: adding thereto moreover,

That he vould Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Q. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord

Moft honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ref. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
 you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princess I did giue,
 I knew her by this Iewell on her sleue.

Q. Pardon me fir, this Iewell did the weare,

And Lord *Beroume* (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ref. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a confent,

Knowing aforehand of our meriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,

Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick

That smiles his cheekes in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when shee's dispos'd;

Told

Told our intents before : which once disclosed,
The Ladies did change Favour; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of the.
Now to our perjurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis : and might not you
Foretall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betwene her backe fir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iesting merriely?
You put our Page out : go, you are aloud.
Die when you will, a fmocke shall be your throwd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Lenden iword.

Boy. Full merriely hath this braue manager, this care-
resse bene run.

'Ber. Lo, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Cl. O Lord fir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies come in, or no.

'Ber. What are there but three?

Cl. No fir, but it is vara fine,

For euerie one purfents three.

'Ber. And three times three is nine.

Cl. Not so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what
we know : I hope fir three times thrice fir.

'Ber. Is not nine.

Cl. Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it
doth amount.

'Ber. By loue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Cl. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your
liuing by reckning fir.

'Ber. How much is it?

Cl. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir
will shew where-vntill it doth amount : for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) Pompeius the great fir.

'Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cl. It pleased them to thinke me wortheie of Pompey
the great : for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

'Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Exit.

Cl. We will turne it finely off fir, we will take some
care.

King. Beroues, they will shame vs :
Let them not approach.

'Ber. We are shame-prooffe my Lord : and 'tis some
pollicie, to haue one shew worfe then the Kings and his
companye.

King. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents :
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring peris in their birth.

'Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

'Brag. Annoiued, I implore so much expence of thy

royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man serue God?

'Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

'Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they
say) to Fortune's delugan, I wish you the peace of minde
most royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;
He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* ; great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armades* Page *Hercules*,
the Pedant *Judas Macabrew* : And if these foure Wor-
thies in their first shew thrise, these foure will change
habites, and present the other fise.

'Ber. There is fise in the first shew.

King. You are deceiued, tis not so.

'Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy,

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fise fuch, take each one in's vaine.

King. The ship is vnder saile, and here the coma amain.

Enter Pompey.

Cl. I Pompey am.

'Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Cl. I Pompey am.

'Ber. With Libbards head on knee.

'Ber. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Cl. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.

'Du. The great.

Cl. It is great fir : Pompey surnam'd the great :

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweate :

And trauieling along this coast, I beere am come by chance,

And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of

France.

If your Ladiship would say thankses Pompey, I had done.

La. Great thankses great Pompey.

Cl. 'Tis not so much worth : but I hope I was per-
fect. I made a little fault in great.

'Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the
best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-
mander :

By East, West, North, & South, I spread my conquering might
My Scotchman plaine declares that I am *Alexander*.

'Bier. Your nole saies no, you are not :

For it stands too right.

'Ber. Your nole smels no, in this most tender smel-
ling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismayd :

Proceede good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-
mander.

'Bier. Most true, 'tis right : you were so *Alexander*.

'Ber. Pompey the great.

Cl. your seruant and *Captaine*.

'Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alexander*

Cl. O fir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alexander* the con-
queror : you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

this : your Lion that holds his Pollax fitting on a clofe stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-chie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Aljander*. There art not shall please you : a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon darst. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler : but for *Aljander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speake their minde in some other fort. *Exit Cu. Qu.* Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Cannu*, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrinpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Mannu* : *Quyniam*, he seemeth in minority, *Ergo*, I come with this Apologie. *Keepes some state in thy exit, and vanish.* *Exit Boy*

Ped. Iudas I am.
Dum. A Iudas?
Ped. Not *Iscarit* fir.
Iudas I am, yelped *Macabebus*.
Dum. *Iudas Macabebus* clipe, is plaine Iudas.
'Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

Ped. Iudas I am.
'Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas*.
Ped. What meane you fir?
'Boi. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.
Ped. Begin fir, you are my elder.
'Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.
Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.
'Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?

'Boi. A Citterne head.
'Dum. The head of a bodkin.
'Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Len. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.
'Boi. The pummell of *Cæsar*'s Faulchion.
'Dum. The car'd-bone face on a Flaake.
'Ber. S. Georges halfe cheek in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
'Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.
'Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.
'Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.
'Boi. Therefore as he is, an Affe, let him go :
And so adieu sweet *Iudas*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

'Dum. For the latter end of his name.
'Ber. For the Affe to the *Iudas* : glue it him. *Iudas* a way.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
'Boi. A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.
'Qu. Alas poore *Macabebus*, how hath hee benee baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

King. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

Len. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is best indue'd in the small.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

'Brag. The *Armipotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty, gaue *Hector* a gift.

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Len. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No cloues.

'Brag. The *Armipotent Mars* of *Launces* the almighty,

gaue *Hector* a gift, the haire of *Ilium* ;

A man fo breathed, that certaine he would fight : you

From morne till night, out of his *Paullion*.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Callamine.

'Brag. Sweet Lord *Lengauill* reine thy tongue.

Len. I must rather glue it the reine : for it runnes a-ginck *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

'Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,

Sweet chackes, beat not the bones of the buried :

But I will forward with my deuce ;

Sweet Royaltie bellow on me the fence of hearing.

Berowne fleppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

'Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boi. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

'Brag. This *Hector* farre surmounted *Hanniball*.

The partie is gone.

Cl. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone ; she is two moneths on her way.

'Brag. What meanest thou?

Cl. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Trojan, the poore Wench is cast away : she's quick, the child brags in her belly already : tis yours.

'Brag. Dost thou infamozise me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cl. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Laquenetta* that is quick by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

'Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey* : *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

'Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Cl. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man ; Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword : I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

'Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Cl. Ile do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

'Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower : Do you not see *Pompey* is vncauing for the combat : what meane

meane you? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Her. What reaſon haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt, I go woolward for penance.

By. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen ſince when, He be ſworne he wore none, but a diſclout of *Lagumetas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a ſauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.

Re. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mar. I am forric Madame, for the newes I bring is heaue in my tongue. The King your father

Re. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.

Re. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?

Re. *Byer* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame out ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Re. Prepare I ſay. I thank you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeouours and entreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If oer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthe Lord:
A heauie heart beares out a humble tongue.
Excuse me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great ſuite, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curſe of Loue:
The holy ſuite which ſaine it would conuince,
Yet ſince loues argument was ſiſt on ſoote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtifie it
From what it purpoſ'd: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo whoſome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Re. I vnderſtand you not, my griefes are double.

Her. Honelt plain words, beſt pierce the ears of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid ſoule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deſerued vs, ſhunning our honors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous
As Loue is full of vobefiſting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, ſkipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in ſubiect as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied object in his glance:
Which partie-coated preference of looſe loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue miſbecom'd our oaths and grauities.
Thoſe heauenlie eies that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

Re. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Favour, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant leſſe, and curſeſe,
As bumpaſt and as ſliding to the time:
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne falſhood, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madame, ſhew'd much more then leſſe.

Las. So did our lookes.

Reſa. We did not coſt them ſo.

Kin. Now at the laſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

Re. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is perſur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me.
Your oath I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome ſolitarie and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, vntill the twelve Celeftiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this aſſure ſinocable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If froſts, and ſalts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and laſt looe:

Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My woſull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To ſlatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The fodſome hand of death cloſe vp mine eie.
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Her. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Reſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:

Therefore if you my ſuor meane to get,
A twelue-month ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſecke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Ket. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thank you gentle wife?

Ket. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue-month and a day,

He make no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, He giue you some.

Dum. He serue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet I sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Lon. What Lies *Maria*?

Mari. At the tweluemonths end,
He change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. He stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mildresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:

What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue.

Ref. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sickle, and fill conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Ref. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whole influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iests prosperitie, lies in the care
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaf with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
He iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Lacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kir. Come fir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieesty vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that HeDor?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I will kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votaric, I haue vow'd to *Lagenetia* to holde the

Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. Bot most effect-
med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and
the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our
shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hicm*, Winter.

This *Per*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.

Per, begin.

The Song.

When Daffies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew;
And Ladie-smockes all silver white,
Do point the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes;
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Icicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit-to-wha.

A merrie note,

While greasie lone doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And cofing drownes the Parfons law;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marriars nose looks red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:

A merrie note,

While greasie lone doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall hours
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thiokes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.

Hip. Foure daies will quickly sleep themselves in nights
Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time;
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go Philostrate,

Scirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander,
and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lyfander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my child:
Thou, thou *Lyfander*, thou hast giueo her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With fauning voice, verses of fauning loue,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, coneeits,
Knackes, trifles, Noke-gaies, sweet meate (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubbornesse hardnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia*? be aduiz'd faire Maide,
To your father should be as a God;
One that compo'sd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are hut as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lyfander*.

The. In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his iudgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a preference heere to please my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the society of men.

Therefore faire *Hermia* question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To liue a barren sifter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that matter so their blood,
To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage,
Bot earthlier happie is the Rose distill'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

N

Her.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwielded yoke,
My soule consents not to giue foweraignty.

Lys. Take time to poue, and by the next new Moon
The feeling day betwixt my loue and me,
For euermaking bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to weed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianes* Altar to protest
For aie, austeritie, and single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*;
Let me haue *Hermias*; do you marry him.

Egeu. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And he is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deris'd as he,
As well possesst: my loue is more then his;
My fortunes eury way as fau're rank'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*;
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am below'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then profecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile asouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedari* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her loue: and he (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

Ths. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeu*, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeu* go along;
I must employ you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of something, needly that concerns your selues.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*
Momet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeame them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O eroffe! too high to be enuail'd to loue.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be engag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it flood vpon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to choise loue by anothers eye.

Lys. Or if there were a simpathe in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers haue bene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let vs teach our trill patience,
Because it is a custumarie crosse,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dremes, and sighes,
Withes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perfwasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennue, and the hath no childre,
From Athens is her houle remou'd seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houle to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meeete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obsequence for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth suales, and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Trojan vnder saile was seene,
By all the vovues that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thoo hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meeete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnfaie,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is Greene, when hawthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you fway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such skill.

Her. I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine
Her. Take comfort: I be no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will see this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lys. *Helena*, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phaebus* doth behold
Her silver visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graffe
(A time that *Lovers* flights doth still conceale)
Through *Athenas* gates, haue we deuic'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell fweild:
There my *Lysander*, and my felie shall meete;
And thence from *Athenas* turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe you *Lysander* we must sturue our fight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hel. How happy some, ore otherfome can be?
Through *Athenas* I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Loue can transpire to forme and dignity,
Loue looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues moude of any iudgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haile.
And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguild,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Loue is periu'd euery where.

For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he difsol'd, and shewes of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were beft to call them generally, man by man, according to the fcrip.

Qui. Here is the fcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athenas*, to play in our Entere-lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firft, good *Peter Quince*, lay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and fo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moft lamentable Comedy, and moft cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the fcrowle. Masters spread your felues.

Quince. Anfwere as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nick Bottom* are fet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himfelfe moft gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will ake some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will moue stormes; I will condeale in some meafure. To the refc yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all fplit the raging Rocks; and fhivering flacks fhall break the locks of prifon gates, and *Phibbus* carre fhall fhine from farre, and make and marre the foolifh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the refc of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condealing.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muft take *Thisbe* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisbe*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muft loue.

Flu. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you fhall play it in a Maske, and you may fpeake as fmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too: He fpeake in a monftrous little voyce; *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, ah *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisbe* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muft play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisbe*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you muft play *Thisbes* mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* gather; my felie, *Thisbes* father; *Snug* the Ioyner, you the *Lyons* part: and I hope there is a play fittid.

Snug. Haue you the *Lions* part written? pray you if be, glue it me, for I am flow of ftudie.

Quin. You may doe it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the *Lyon* too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke fay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you fhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheffe and the Ladies, that they would fhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers fonne.

Bottom. I grant you friends, if that you fhould fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more difcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggravate my voyce fo, that I will roare you as gently as any facking Doue; I will roare and twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyra-*

man is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summer day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crowns have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shall be dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Boton. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obsecrably and courageously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes ouke we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hill, ouer dale, through bush, through briar, Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euerie where, swifter then y^e Moons sphere; And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee, (green.

In their gold coats, spous you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours,
In those freckles, liue their fauours,
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euerie cowslips eare,
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For Oberon is pulsing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,
And ialous Oberon would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or Greene,
By fountain cleere, or spangled star light sheene,
But they do quarrell, that all their Elues for feare
Creep into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauiish spirit
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagere,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife chere,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no harme,

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night;
I leet to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a filly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips boile,
In very likenesse of a roasted crab;
And when the drinke, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the faddest tale,
Sometime for three foot shoole, misleake me,
Then flip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tallsour cries, and falls into a coffe,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and losse,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was neuer wasteth ere.
But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberon.

Fair. And heere my Mistris:

Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,

Proud Tytania.

Qs. What, ialous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.

I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qs. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know

When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,

And in the shape of *Corin*, late all day,

Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue

To amorous *Philida*. Why art thou heere

Come from the farthest steeps of *India*?

But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*

Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,

To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,

To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,

Glance at my credite, vvith *Hippolita*?

Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*?

Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night

From *Peregina*, whom he rauish'd?

And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith

With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope*?

Qs. These are the forgeries of ielousie,

And neuer since the middle Summers spring

Met vve on hill, in dale, forrest, or mead,

By pained fountaine, or by ruskie brooke,

Or in the beached margin of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,

But vvith thy braules thou hast disturbd our sport.

Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,

As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea

Contagious foggies: Which falling in the Land,

Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,

That they haue ouerborne their Continents.

The Oae hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine,

The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the Greene Corne

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And Crows are fatted vvith the murrion focke,

The

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the quaint Maees in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, waxes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And through this diftemperance, we see
The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old *Hermes* chinne and icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The chiding Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils,
Comes from our debate, from our diffention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changinge boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land boyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath shee gossip by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton wind;
Which shee with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land,
To fetch me triues, and retorne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But the being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Qu. Perchance till after *Thebes* wedding day.

If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, than me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdom. Fairies away!
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembrest
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meere-maid on a Dolphins backe,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Sphaeres,
To heare the Sea-maids musike.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine siime he tooke
At a faire Veball, throned by the West,
And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft

Quencht in the chaffe beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperill Votresse puffd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with looses wound,
And maidens call it, *Louse* in idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Lusitanian* can swim a league.

Puck. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ob. Haueing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing when she waking looks vpon,
(Be it on *Lyon*, *Beare*, or *Wolfe*, or *Bull*,
On meddling *Monkey*, or on bawle *Ape*)
Shall pursue it, with the foule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am insuible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as Steele. Lease you your power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speake you false?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your spanniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will swaine on you.
Vse me but as your spanniell; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, luse me; only giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be vsed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.
Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,

To leaue the City, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge; for that
It is not night when I doe see your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

N 3

For

For you in my respect are all the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to looke on me?

Dem. He run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the flory shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The Doue pursues the Griffin, the milde Hind
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleue,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. *Fye Demetrius!*
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my face;
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue so well.

Exit.
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he doe leaue this groue,
Thou shalt see him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannop'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight;
And there the snake throwes her ennmel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.

And with the iuyce of this Ile freeze her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: anoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pa. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall doe so, *Exit.*

Enter Queens of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with Keremise, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now sleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not fene,
Newts and blinde wormes doe no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomela with melody,*

*Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Newer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady eye,
So good night with Lullaby.*

a. Fairy. Weaning Spiders come not neere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence;
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worms nor Snayles doe no offence.
Philomela with melody, &c.

1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One also, stand *Cottinell.* *Shee sleepe.*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y^e woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*, finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth,
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much betwixt my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courttesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that with, the withers eyes be prest.
They sleepe.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approve
This flowers force in fluring love.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedens of *Athen* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping found,

On

On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty foule, he durst not lye
Neere this lacke-louse, this kill-curtise.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st it, let louse forbid
Sleepe his seate an thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesse is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefore she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no marriage, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
Whyt wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* spherie eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
Deade or sleepe? I fee no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good fir awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art,
That through thy beome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, Lys not so:
What though he loue you *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Raueson for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deferre this scorne?
I fear not enough, I fear not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, nor not neuer can,
Deferre a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eyes,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must conesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere;

For as a surfelt of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated most of those that did deceiue:
So thoo, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour *Helena*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*

Her. Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my breast.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent ate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
Lysander, what remoue'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not aye,
Either death or you lie hide immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient
place for our rehearsal. This greene plot shall be our
stage, this hauthorne brake our tiring house, and we will
do it in actioun, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and
Thisby, that will neuer please. Firft, *Piramus* must draw a
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How answere you that?

Snout. Berlakeen, a parolous feare.

Star. I beleue we must leaue the killing out, when
all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,
we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Piramus*
is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom* the
Wesuer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and fixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to confider with your selues, to
bring in God shield vs a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde
beast then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke
to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would
request

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Sawp the ioyner*.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thibby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke In the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Puck.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a cament of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the cament.

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thibby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that craney, shall *Piramus* and *Thibby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers foane, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here,

So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene?

What a Play toward? He be an auditor,

An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*; *Thibby* stand forth.

Pr. *Thibby*, the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pr. Odours fauours sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thibby* deare.

But hark, a voyce: say thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit. Pr.*

Puck. A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaide here.

Thib. Must I speake now?

Pr. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyfe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thib. Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Iouenall, and eke most lowly lew,
As true as truest hofe, that yet would neuer tyre,
He meete thee *Piramus*, at *Nimies* toombe.

Pr. Niaw toombe mao: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

Thib. O, as true as truest hofe, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pr. If I were faire, *Thibby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous, O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clowes all Exit.

Pak. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a hofe Ile be, sometime a bound: (bryer, A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like hofe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Affe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afear'd. *Enter Snout.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Affe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.*

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ling that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woolfell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throble, with his note so true,

The Wren and little quill.

Tyte. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,

The plainfong Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answer, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would giue a bird the hye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer fo?

Tyte. I pray thee gentle mortall, ling againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now-a-days. The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

Tyte. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not fo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

Tyte. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ling, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe;
And I will purge thy mortall profeness of fo,
That thou shalt liue like an aine spirit go.

Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tyte. Be

Tit. Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honic-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the Seric-Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise;
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moore-beames from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him Eluza, and doe him courtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartly; I beseech your worships name.

Ob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peaf. *Peaf.* *blissfome.*

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squab*, your mother, and to master *Peafed* your father. Good master *Peaf-blissfome*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance. To your name I beseech you sir?

Muf. *Mufhard-fede.*

Peaf. *Peaf-blissfome.*

Bot. Good master *Mufhard-fede*, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mufhard-fede*.

Tit. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moore me-thinks, lookes with a watric eye,
And when the weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.

Exit.

Enter King of Pharies, folus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doe on, in extremitie.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?

Puck. My Mistress with a monster in his loue,
Neere to her clofe and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dulle and sleeping hower,
A crew of patchers, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Thesfus* nuptiall day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren fort,
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Asses noie I fixed on his head.

Anon his *Thibis* most be answered,

And forth my Mimick comes: when they him spie,
As Wilde-greffe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffled-pated choughen, many in fort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:

So at his sight, away his fellows flye,
And at our stamp, here ore and ore one falls;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athen* calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted feare,
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lou'd an Ass.

Ob. This falls out better then I could deuise;
But haist thou yet lacht the *Athenian* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must be cyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand clofe, this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe?

Hr. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.

For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,
Being ore shoes in blood, plunge in the deepe, and kill
me too:

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue fallen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? He beleue as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moore
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him,
So should a mutherer looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your fearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer lookes as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Uenus* in her glimmering sphere.

Hr. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather glue his carkeaffe to my hounds.

Hr. Oot dog, out cur, thou dris't me past the bounds
Of maiden patience. Hast thou slaine him thou?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
Durst thou a looke vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worrne, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doobler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a milp'd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Hr. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Hr. A priuiledge, neuer to see me more;
And from thy hated preference part I see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce valno,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow;
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

Two louely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creft.
And will you rent our ancient loue afunder,
To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, at in scorne
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddess, nimphe, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) a affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue vnlovd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I doe, perforce, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my bukke,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete iell vp:
This sport well carried, shall be remedie.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then the entreate.

Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.

Hel. I loue thee, by my life I doe;

I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,

To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Egiptians*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to heareke loue;

Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?

What change is this sweete Loue?

Lys. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;

Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not iell?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*: I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue

A weak bond holds you; Ile not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while,

Since night you lou'd me; yet since night you left me.

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid

In earnest, shall I say?)

Lys. I, by my life;

And neuer did desire to fee thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no less,

That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

Her. O me, you hugler, you canker blossome,

You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,

And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeite, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why fo? I, that way goes the game.

Now I perceiue that she hath made compare

Betweene our staturs, she hath vrg'd her height,

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail'd with him.

And are you growne so high in his esteeme,

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:

I haue no gift at all in shrewdnesse;

I am a right maide for my cowardise;

Let her not strike me: you perchaps may thinke,

Because she is something lower then my selfe,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower? hark againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,

I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,

Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,

Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,

I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.

He followed you, for loue I followed him,

But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me

To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To *Arkes* will I heare my folly backe,

And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple, and how food I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who list that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No fir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,

She was a vizen when she went to schoole,

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,

You minims, of hindring knot-graffe made,

You bead, you scorne.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalfe that comes your seruices.

Let

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part, For if thou dost intend
Newer to little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now the holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheek by
iowle. *Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaueries willingly.

Puck. Beleue me, King of shadows, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an *Athenian* cies,
And so farre am I glad, it do did fort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou feest these *Louers* seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
The *flarrie Welkin* couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these teittie *Riuals* fo a fray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth e recepe;
Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* cie,
Whole liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his cie-bals role with wonted fight.
When they neat wake, all this derision
Shall ferme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to *Athena* shall the *Louers* wend
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to thy Queene, and beg her *Indies* Boy;
And thea I will her charmed cie releafe
From monstres view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora* harbingier;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies and foulds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselves daile from light,
And must for aye confort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another fort;
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Nephture*, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his faine greene streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblins, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander*, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is deild!
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Re. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. *Exit.*

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.

The villaine is much lighter heell'd then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye;

Soft places.

That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spite.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, who com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,

If euer I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way: faictnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hoodes, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athena* by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp furrowes cie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kinds makes vp foure.
Here he comes, curst and fid,
Cupid is a knauius lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further cawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe o pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heauens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe found,
Ile apply your cie gentle loue, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the fight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

And the Country Prouerb knowe,
That every man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shoue.
*Iacke shall haue Jill, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.*

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tit. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowy bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke muske rofes in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clow. Where's *Pease* blisse? *Peaf.*

Ready.

Clow. scratch my head, *Pease-blisse*. Wher's Moun-
taine *Cobweb*.

Cob. Ready.

Clow. Mounseur *Cobweb*, good Mounseur get your
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee,
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounseur bring mee
the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
action, Mounseur; and good Mounseur haue a care the
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouer-
flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounseur
Mustardseed?

Muf. Ready.

Cl. Giue me your nesfe, Mounseur *Mustardseed*.
Pray you leaue your courtiesse good Mounseur.

Muf. What's your will?

Cl. Nothing good Mounseur, but to help *Caulery*
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounseur, for
me-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tit. What wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet
loue.

Clow. I haue a reasonable good care in musicke. Let
vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Musicks Tongs, Rurall Musicks.

Tit. Or say sweete *Loue*, what thou desirest to eat.
Clow. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch
your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-
low.

Tit. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels board,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clow. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried
peafe. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.

Tit. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ioy so
Entrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*!

Seest thou this sweet fight?

Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.

For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet snouers for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.

And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;

Stood now within the pretty fouriet eyes,

Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,

And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,

I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,

Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent

To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe

This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.

And gentle *Fucke*, take this transformed scalpe,

From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;

That he awaking when the other doe,

May all to *Atbens* backe againe repaire,

And thinke no more of this nights accidents,

But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.

But first I will releaue the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see.

Dions bud, or Cupids flower,

Haue such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

Tit. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!

Me-thought I was enamoured of an Ass.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tit. How came these things to passe?

Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head!

Titania, musick call, and strike me dead

Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tit. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eyes
peepe. *(me)*

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with

And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in smity,

And will to morrow midnight, solemnly

Dance in *Debes* house triumphantly,

And blesse it to all faire posterity.

There shall the paires of faithfull Lovers be

Wedded, with *Debes*, all in lollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,

I doe heare the morning Lark.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence bid,

Trip we after the night shade;

We the Globe can compass soone,

Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tit. Come my Lord, and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

O

With

With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Theseus. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our obseruation is perform'd;
And since we haue the reward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musick of my hounds.
Vocouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vpon the Mountaines top.
And marke the musickall confusion
Of hounds and echo to conjunction.

Hippolita. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the grooves,
The skies, the fountaines, every region neere,
Seeme all one mutuell cry. I neuer heard
So musickall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thebaisian* Bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuocable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horoe,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thebais*;
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

Theseus. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Theseus. Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their
hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

Theseus. Good morrow friends: Is saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Lysander. Pardon my Lord.

Theseus. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Riual enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is in so farre from ielousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lysander. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Egeus. Enough, enough, my Lord; you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me;
You of your wife, and me of my consent;
Of my consent, that the should be your wife.

Demetrius. My Lord, faire *Helena* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them;
Fairst *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat vpon;
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*.
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I with it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

Theseus. Faire *Lovers*, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.

Egeus. I will ouer-bear your will;
For in the Temple, by ad by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come Hippolita.

Exit Duke and Lords.

Demetrius. These things seeme small & vndistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Helena. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Helena. So me-thinks:

And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Demetrius. It seemes to mee,

That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Helena. Yea, and my Father.

Helena. And *Hippolita*.

Lysander. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Demetrius. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and
by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottomus wakes.

Exit Lovers.

Clowne. When my coe comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*?
Flute the bellows-mender? Snout the tinker? Starveling?
Gods my life! Stolen hence, and left me asleepe;
I haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Ass,
if he goe about to capound this dreame. Me-thought I was,
there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-thought I had. But mao is but a patch'd foole,
if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the eare of mao hath not seen, mans
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceale, nor his
heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter
Quince* to write a ballad of this dreame, it shall be called
Bottomus Dreame, because it hath no bottom; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-
adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbe, Snout, and Starveling.

Quince. Haue you sent to *Bottomus* house? Is he come
home yet?

Starveling. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is
transported.

Thisbe. If

Thif. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you haue not a man in all *Athen*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

Thif. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athen*.

Quin. Yes, and the best person too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

Thif. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Sung the Ioyner.

Saug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thif. O sweet bully *Bottom*: thus hath hee lost fixpence a day, during his life; he could not haue scaup'd fixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him fixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, he be had. He would haue defered it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? *Quin.* *Bottom*, o most courageous day! O most happye houre!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumpe, meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let *Thif* haue cleane linnen: and let not him that plays the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And most deare *Actors*, eat no Onions, nor Garlike; for wee are to utter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: I away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, these louers speake of. *Thif.* More strange then true. I neuer may beleuee These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Louers and mad men haue such feething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason euer comprehends.

The Lunaticke, the Looer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One feare more diuels then vaine hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Looer, all as frantick, Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.

The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Vnknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapcs, And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some ioy, It comprehends some bringer of that ioy. Or in the night, imagining some feare, How easie is a buth suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told ouer, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More wittnesse than fancies images, And growes to something of great conftancy; But howfoeuer, strange, and admirable.

Enter louers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Thif. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth: Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, waite on your royall waikes, your boord, your bed.

Thif. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we haue, To weare away this long age of three houres, Between oor after supper, and bed-time? Where is our vsuall manager of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing houre? Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theseus*.

Thif. Say, what abridgement haue you for this evening?

What make? What musicks? How shall we beguile The lazie time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are ripe: Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

Lys. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

Thif. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the tipple *Buchanals*, Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?

Thif. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid When I from *Thibes* came last a Conqueror. *Lys.* The thrice three Moses, mourning for the death of learning, late decess'd in beggerie.

Thif. That is some Satire keene and criticall, Not forcing with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lys. A tedious breefe Scene of young *Piramus*, And his loue *Thif*; very tragical mirth.

Thif. Merry and tragical? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. And tragical my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus* Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw Reheart, I must confesse, made mine eyes water: But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter Neuer shed.

Thif. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athena* heere, Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now; And now haue toyed their vnbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptiall.

Thif. And we will heare it.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall,

Thif. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninias* tombe meete me straight way?

Thif. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged for
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betwene the two Neighbors.

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning.

Du. This is the filiest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst ere no worle, if imagination amend them.

Du. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Du. If wee imagine no worle of them then they of themselves, they may paie for excellent men. Here com two noble beafts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare the smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore) May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere, When Lion rough in wildcett rage doth roare.

Then know that I, one *Savv* the loyner am

A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:

For if I should as Lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beaft, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The verie best at a beaft, my Lord, y ere I saw.

Lif. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goofe for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goofe.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor: for the Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moss. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

Du. He should haue worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible, within the circumference.

Moss. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.

For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Du. I am vvarie of this Moone: I wvould he wvould change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in contrefite, in all reason, vve must say the time.

Lif. Proceed Moone.

Moss. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Tibby*.

Enter Tibby.

Thif. This is old *Ninias* tombe: where is my loue?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Tibby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Tibby*.

Du. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Wei mous'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lif. And so the Lioo vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pir. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames,

I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright!

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,

I trust to taste of truest *Thibbes* light.

But stay: O *spight*! but markes, poore Knight,

What dreadful soles is heere?

Eyes do you see! How can it be!

O dainty Ducke: O Deere!

Thy mantle good; what staind with blood!

Approch you Furies fell!

O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,

Quill, cruell, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,

Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Du. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, didst thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vilde hath heere deflow'd my deere:

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with chere.

Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound

The pap of *Piramus*!

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;

Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,

Tongue loseth thy light, Moone take thy flight,

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lif. Lefte then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and proue an Ace.

Du. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Tibby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Tibby.

Du. She will finde him by starre-light.

Heere she comes, and her pussion ends the play.

Du. Me thinkes thee should not vie a long one for such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be breefe.

Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Tibby* is the better. (cyea.)

Lif. She hath spyed him already, with thoe sweete

Dem. And thus the meane, *valet*.

Thif. Alleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?

O *Piramus* arise!

Speake, Speake. Quite dnmbe! Dead, dead! A tombe

Must couer thy sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheekes

Are gone, are gone: Louers make moone:

His eyes were Greene as Leekes.

O sisters three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his thred of silke.

Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword!

Come blade, my brest imbrue:

And farwell friends, thus *Thibbie* ends ;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betwene two of our company ?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse ; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thibbies* garter, it would haue bene a fine Tragedy : and so it is truly, and very notably discarg'd. But come, your Bergomask ; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.

Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morne,

As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.

This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity.

In nightly Reuels ; and new iollitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,

And the Wolfe beholds the Moone ;

Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary taske fore-done.

Now the wafted brands doe glow,

Whil't the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a throwd.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graues, all gaping wide,

Euery one lets forth his spright,

In the Church-way paths to glide.

And we Fairies, that do runne,

By the triple *Heates* teame,

From the presence of the Sunne,

Following darkeness like a dreame,

Now are frolicke ; not a Mouse

Shall disturbe this hallowd house.

I am sent with broome before,

To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,

By the dead and drowfie fier,

Euery Elfe and Fairie spright,

Hop as light as bird from brier,

And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. First rehearse this song by route,

To each word a warbling note.

Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,

Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now untill the break of day,

Through this bonie each Fairy stray.

To the best Bride-bed will we,

Which by vs shall blesst be ;

And the issue there create,

Euery shall be fortunate ;

So shall all the couples there,

Euery true in loue be ;

And the blots of Natures hand,

Shall not in their issue stand.

Neuer male, barellip, nor scarre,

Nor marke protigious, such as are

Despised in Mariuities,

Shall upon their children be.

With this field dew consecrate,

Euery Fairy take his gatt,

And each severall chamber blesse,

Through this Pallace with sweet peace,

Euery shall in safety rest,

And the owner of it blesse.

Trip away, make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,

Thinke but this (and all is mended)

That you haue but slumberd heere,

While these visions did appeare.

And this weake and idle theame,

No more yeelding but a dreame,

Centles, doe not reprehend.

If you pardon, we will mend.

And as I am an honest *Pucke*,

If we haue vnlearned lucke,

Now to scape the Serpents tongue,

We will make amends ere long ;

Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.

So good night vnto you all.

Giue me your hands, if we be friends,

And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.



The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salerins, and Salanio.

Antonio.

Nofooth I know not why I am fo fad,
It wearies me : yoo fay it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What fluffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne : and fuch a Want-wit fadnesse makes of
mee,

That I haue much ado to know my felfe.

Sal. Your minde is tofing on the Ocean,
There where your Argofies with portly faile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the fea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtle to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me fir, had I fuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I fhould be ftill
Plucking the graffe to know where fits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peere, and rode:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me fad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at fea.
I fhould not fee the fandie boure-glaffe runne,
But I fhould thinke of fhallows, and of flats,
And fee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in fands,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiffe her buriall : fhould I goe to Church
And fee the holy edifice of ftone,
And not bethinke me ftraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veffels fide
Would fcatter all her fpices on the freames,
Enrobe the roling waters with my filkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and fhall I leeke the thought
That fuch a thing bechaunc'd would make me fad ?
But tell not me, I know *Antonio*
Is fad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Antb. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trowed,
Nor to one place : nor is my whole eftate

Vpon the fortune of this prefent yeere :

Therefore my merchandize makes me not fad.

Sala. Why then you are in looke.

Antb. Fie, fie.

Sala. Not in looke neither : then let vs fay you are fad
Because yoo are not merry ; and 'twere as eafie
For yoo to laugh and leape, and fay you are merry
Because you are not fad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ftrange fellows in her time :
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of fuch vineger afpedt,
That they'll not fhew their teeth in way of fmile,
Though *Nefter* fwear the left be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sala. Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your moft ooble Kinfman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Fareyewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue ftaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne bufines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occafion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?)
Baff. Good figniors both, when fhall we laugh? fay,
You grow exceeding ftrange : muft it be fo?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on youn.

Exeunt Salerino, and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, fince you haue found *Antonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we muft meete.

Baff. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well fignior *Antonio*,
You haue too much refpect vpon the world :
They loofe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruelloufly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ftage, where euery man muft play a part,
And mine a fad one.

Grat. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liuer rather beate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why fhould a man whose bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire, out in Alabafter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the Iaudies

By

By being peevish? I tell thee what *Antonio*,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:
There are a sort of men, whose villages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willful silkenesse entertaine,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opulience
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am for an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge bark.
O my *Antonio*, I do know of thee
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
He tell thee more of this another time.
But sith not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgeon, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
He end my exhortation after dinner.

Ler. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wife men,
For *Gratiano* never let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the found of thine owne tongue.

An. Far you well, He grow a talker for this gear.
Gra. Thanks ifsilth, for silence is onely commendable
In a neat tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*
An. It is that any thing now.

Baf. *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deale of nothing,
more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two
graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall
seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them
they are not worth the search.

An. Well: I tel me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me I owe?

Baf. 'Tis not unknowne to you *Antonio*
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make money to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairly off from the great debt
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: I to you *Antonio*
I owe the most in money, and in loue,
And from your love I have a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest meenes
Lye all volock'd to your occasions.

Baf. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one thrust
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hood's prooffe,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a willfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the syne: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard lucke againe,

And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my vttermoost
Then if you had made waite of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Baf. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vnderuallwed
To *Cen's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from euery coast
Recoowned futors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont* *Cholcus* strand,
And many *Lajous* come in quest of her.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermoost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trull, or for my sake.

Exit.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerissa*, my little body is a wea-
rie of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:
and yet for ought I see, they are as tickle that sarfet with
too much, as they that starue with nothing: it is no final
happinesse therefore to be seated in the meane, super-
fluities comes sooner by white haire, but competence
lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were
good to doe, Chappels had bene Churches, and poore
mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Dioidee that
follows his owne instructions: I can easie teach twen-
tie what were good to be done, then be one of the twen-
tie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-
uise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper heapes ore a
colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip
ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple: but this
reason is not in fashion to choosie me a husband: O mee,
the word choosie, I may neither choosie whom I would,
nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daugh-
ter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Ner-
issa*, that I cannot choosie one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men
at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lot-
terie that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold,
siluer, and leade, whereof you choosie his meaning,

chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suiters that are already come?

Per. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leuell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Per. I thast a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Per. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not haue me, chooſe: if he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Philosopher when he grows old, being so full of vnmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a death head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: I God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounſier La Boune?

Per. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, if a Trassell ſing, he ſals straight a capriog, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I should neuer requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the young Baron of England?

Per. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & swear that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *Engliſh*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerſe with a dumble ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hofe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Per. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Engliſhmen*, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his ſortie, and ſaid vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germanie*, the Duke of Saxenies Nephew?

Per. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Caſket, you should reſuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you should reſuſe to accept him.

Per. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reinish-wine on the contrary Caſket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriffa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of

these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuite, vnleſſe you may be won by ſome other fort then your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caſkets.

Per. If I lue to be as olde as *Sibille*, I will dye as chaſte as *Diana*: vnleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doote on his verie abſence: and I wiſh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a *Veſecien*, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in companie of the Marqueſſe of *Mountferrat*?

Per. Yes, yes, it was *Baffanio*, as I thinke, ſo was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Lady.

Per. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praife.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers ſeeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a ſiſt, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Maſter will be here to night.

Per. If I could bid the ſiſt welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should ſtrive me then wiae me. Come *Nerriffa*, firra go before; whiles wee ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baffanio with Shyllocke the Jew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, well.

Baff. I fir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baff. For the which, as I told you, *Antonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baff. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwere.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Antonio* bound.

Baff. Your anſwere to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Baff. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand me that he is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an *Argoſie* bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I vnderſtand moreover vpon the *Ryalts*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures hee hath ſquanderd abroad, but ſhips are but boards, *Saylers* but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeces, and land theurers, I meane *Pyrats*, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baff. Be aſſured you may.

Ire. I

Shy. You shall not lease to such a bond for me, lie rather dwell to my necessity.

Ant. Why fear not man, I will not forfeit it, Within these two months, that's a month before This bond expires, I do expect returne Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are, Whole owne hard dealings teaches them suspect The thoughts of others: Praise you tell me this, If he should breake his daite, what should I gaine By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, Is not so estimable, profitable neither As flesh of Muttons, Beeces, or Goates, I say To buy his foorer, I extend this friendship, If he will take it, for if not adiew, Aod for my loue I prae you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Syluicke*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries, Giue him direction for this merrie bond, And I will goe and purge the ducats straites. See to my house left in the fearefull gard Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presentlie lie be with you.

Exit.

Ant. Hie thee gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turne Christian, he grows kinde.

Shy. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie, My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morchus a tawanie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrijsa, and their traine.
Fla. Cornets.

Mr. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed luerie of the burnisht sonne, To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred. Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne, Where *Phaebus* fire scarce thawes the ycles, Aod let vs make incision for your loue, To proue whose blood is redder, his or mine. I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare) The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue, Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In teames of chaste I am not solie led By nice direction of a maidens eies: Besides, the lottrie of my destenie Bars me the right of voluntarie choosung: But if my Father had not fascoted me, And heu'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you, Your selfe (renowned Prince) than good as faire As any commer I haue look'd on yet For my affection.

Mr. Euen for that I thanke you, Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets To trie my fortune: By this Symitare

That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince That won three fields of Sultan Solymán, I would ore-flare the sternest eies that looke: Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth: Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the teare Beare, Yea, mocke the Lion when he roares for pray To win the Ladie. But alas, the while If *Hercules* and *Lyebas* plaie at dice Which is the better man, the greater thow May turne by fortune from the weaker hawd: So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage, And so may I, blinde fortune leading me Misse that which on vnworthier may attaine, And die with grieving.

Port. You must take your chance, And either not attempt to chooe at all, Or sweare before you chooe, if you chooe wrong Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward In way of marriage, therefore be adu'd.

Mr. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mr. Good fortune then, To make me blest or curst 'ft among men.

Cornets. Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Cl. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from this lew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe, good Launcelet, or good Iobbe, or good Launcelet Iobbe*, vie your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, do not runne, scorne running with thy heeles: well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, *ha* saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the beaueus roufe vp a braue minde saies the fiend, and run: well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest maos sonne, or rather an honest womans soone, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my Maister, (who God bleffe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who falsing your reuerence is the diuell himselfe: certainly the Jew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard confidence, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Jew; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I prae you, which is the waie to Maister Jewen?

Len. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then land-blinde, high grauell blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I prae you which is the waie to Maister Jewen.

Len. Torne vpon your right hand at the next turning

niog, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indircitlie to the *Jewes* house.

Gob. Ba Gods fonties 'twill be a hard waile to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelot* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talka yoo of yong Maister *Launcelot*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Launcelot*?

Gob. No Maister fir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Launcelot*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelot*.

Laun. But I praise you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Launcelot*.

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, ant please your maistership.

Laun. *Ergo* Maister *Launcelot*, talke not of maister *Launcelot* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinoes, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceafed, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praise you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule alius or dead.

Laun. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke fir I am fand blinde, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might felia of the knowing mer it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, gius me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans fonna may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praise you fir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Praise you let's haue no more fooling about it, but gius mee your blessing: I am *Launcelot* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Laun. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jewes* man, and I am fura *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worship might be he, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philborie has on his taile.

Laun. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile grows backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost law him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd! how doost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my raft to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie *Jew*, gius him a present, gius him a halter, I am famish't in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, gius me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede gius rare new *Liuories*, if I serue

not him, I will run as far as God has anis ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Jew* if I serue the *Jew* anis longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so halted that supper be readie at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the *Liuories* to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, would't thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne fir, a poore boy.

Laun. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich *Jewes* man that would fir as my Father shall specifye.

Gob. He hath a great infection fir, as one would say to serua.

Laun. Indeeade the short and the long is, I serue the *Jew*, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifye.

Gob. His Maister and he (saying your worships reuerence) are scarce catercolins.

Laun. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Jew* hauing done me wrong, doth caufe me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifia unto you.

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doves that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

Laun. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my saife, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serue you fir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Styloche* thy Maister spake with me this daie, And hath prefar'd thee, if it be preferment To leaue a rich *Jewes* seruice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Gob. The old prooerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister *Styloche* and you fir, you haue the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire My lodging out, gius him a *Liuerie* More garded then his fellows: see it done.

Gob. Father in, I cannot get a scrucia, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italy* haue a fairer tabla which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wines, alas, fifteene wines is nothing, a *Jewes* widdowes sod nine maidens is a simple conuining in one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes; well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gree: Father come, I take my leaue of the *Jew* in the twinkling.

Exit Gratiano.

Bass. I praise thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in hafte, for I doe saffe to night My best esteemd acquaintance, his thee goe.

Laun. My best endeavors shall be done herein. *Exit La.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Laun. Yonder

Leon. Yonder fir he walkes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio.

Baf. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue a fute to you.

Baf. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not denie me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.

Baf. Why then you muſt : but heere thee *Gratiano*, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce, Parts that become thee happily enough, And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not fault; But where they are not knowne, why there they ſhow Something too liberal, pray thee take paine To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie Thy ſkipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wilde behauiour I be miſconſider'd in the place I goe to, And looſe my hopes.

Gra. Signor Bassanio, heare me, If I doe not put on a ſober habite, Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and then, Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely, Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen's Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillitie Like one well ſtudied in a ſad offence To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baf. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me By what we doe to night.

Baf. No that were pittie, I would intreate you rather to put on Your boldeſt ſuite of mirth, for we haue friends That purpoſe merriment : but ſir you well, I haue ſome buſineſſe.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt, But we will viſite you at ſupper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Iſſica and the Clowne.

Iſf. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo, Our houſe is hell, and thou a merrie diuell Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediousneſſe ; But ſir thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And *Lancelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee *Lorenzo*, who is thy new Maſters gueſt, Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecretly, And ſo farewell : I would not haue my Father See me talke with thee.

Cl. Aduce, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued ; but adue, theſe ſouldie drops doe ſomewhat drowne my manly ſpirit : adue. *Exit.*

Iſf. Farewell good *Lancelet*, Alacke, what hainous ſinne is it in me To be ſhamed to be my Fathers child, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners : O *Lorenzo*, If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this triſſe, Become a Chriſtian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salerio, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſinke away in ſupper time, Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returns all in an houre.

Gra. We haue not made good preparation.

Sal. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

Sal. 'Tis vile vnlawfe it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vnderooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres To furniſh vs ; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Leon. And it ſhall pleaſe you to break* vp this, ſhall it ſeeme to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Loue newes in faith.

Leon. By your leaue ſir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Leon. Marry ſir to bid my old Maſter the Iew to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iſſica* I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuately :

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maſke to night,

I am provided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Clowne.

Sal. I marry, he be gone about it ſtrait.

Sal. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratiano*s lodging Some houre hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo.

Exit.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Iſſica*?

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all, ſhe hath directed How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe, What gold and Iewels ſhe is furniſht with, What Pages ſuite ſhe hath in readineſſe : If ere the Iew her Father come to heauen, It will be for his gentle daughters ſake ; And neuer dare miſfortune croſſe her foot, Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe, That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iew ; And ſo goe with me, perſwade this as thou goeſt, Faire *Iſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit.

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge, The difference of old *Solyſocke* and *Baſſanio* ; What *Iſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmendue As thou haſt done with me : what ſhall *Iſſica* ? And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparel all out. Why *Iſſica* I ſay.

Cl. Why *Iſſica*.

Sol. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Cl. Your worſhip was want to tell me I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iſſica.

Iſf. Call you ? what is your will ?

Sol. I am bid forth to ſupper *Iſſica*, There are my Keyes ; but wherefore ſhould I go ? I am not bid for loue, they flatter me, But yet he goe in hate, to feede vpon The prodigall Chriſtian. *Iſſica* my girle, Looke to my houſe, I am right loath to goe, There is ſome ill a bruſing towards my reſt, For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Cl. I beſeech you ſir goe, my yong Maſter Doth expect your reproach.

Sol. So doe I his.

Cl. And they haue conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maſke, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe felt a bleeding on blacke monday

P

laſt,

left, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
shewofday was foure yeere in th'afternoone.

Sly. What are their maskes? heere you me *Ioffice*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber out you vp to the cafements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnished faces:
But stop my houles eares, I meane my cafements,
Let not the found of shallow fopperie eoter
My sober houle. By *Iacobi* staffe I swear,
I haue oo minde of feasting forth to eight t
But I will goe: I goe you before me firra,
Say I will come.

Cl. I will goe before fir.
Mistris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Sly. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.

Iof. His words were farewell mistris, nothiing else.

Sly. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snalle-flow in profit, but he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiee not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed porfe. Well *Ioffice* goe io,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid yoo, shut doores after yoo, fast binde, fast
finde,

A prouerbe neuer stale io thrifflie minde.

Iof. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croft,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loft.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
Desired vs to make a stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O two times faster *Venus* Pidgeons flye
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith voforfeited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntread againe
His tedious meafures with the vobated fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chafed then enioy'd.
How like a younger or a prodigall

The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth the returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged fillies,
Leaue, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait;
When you shall please to play the theues for wiuers
Ile watch as long for yoo then: approach

Here dwells my father lew. Hoas, who's within?

Ioffice about.

Iof. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

Iof. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knows
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou
art.

Iof. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am smooch asham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Iof. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodfooth are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,
And I should be obseur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet,
Euen in the looely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close eight doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* fest.

Iof. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducts, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no lew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.

For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as hath prou'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Ioffice.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Oor making mates by this time for vs stay.

Exit.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Antonio*?

Ant. Fie, fite, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night.

Exit.

Enter Portia with Morisco, and both their traines.

Per. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyce.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?

Per. The

How shall I know if I doe choofe this right.

Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince, If you choofe that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me fee, I will furay the infcriptions, bakke againe : What faies this leaden casket ?

Who choofeth me, muft giue and hazard all he hath. Muft giue, for what ? for lead, hazard for lead ? This casket threatens men that hazard all Doe it in hope of faire advantages :

A golden mine fhoopes not to fhewes of droffe, He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead. What faies the Silver with her virgin hoe ?

Who choofeth me, fhall get as much as he deferves. As much as he deferves ; pause there *Morabio*, And weigh thy value with an even hand,

If thou beft rated by thy estimation Thou fhould deferve enough, and yet enough May not extend fo farre as to the Ladie :

And yet to be afear'd of my deferving, Were but a weaka difabling of my felfe.

As much as I deferve, why that's the Ladie. I doe in birth deferve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding : But more then thefe, in loue I doe deferve.

What if I fhall'd no farther, but choife here ? Let's fee once more this faying graue'd in gold.

Who choofeth me fhall gaine what many men defire : Why that's the Ladie, all the world defires her :

From the foure corners of the earth they come To kiffe this fhine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deferts, and the vafte wildes Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now

For Princes to come view faire *Portia*. The waterie Kingdome, whole ambitious head

Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre To ftop the forraigne fpirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to fee faire *Portia*. One of thefe three contains her heauenly picture.

Is't like that Lead contains her ? twere damnation To thinke fo bafe a thought, it were too groffe

To rib her fearecloth in the obfcure graue : Or fhall I thinke in Silver the's Immor'd

Being ten times vnderualue'd to tride gold ; O finfull thought, neuer fo rich a leme

Was fet in worfe then gold ! They haue in England A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stamp't in gold, but that's infulpt vpon : But here an Angell in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliuier me the key : Here doe I choofe, and thirue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell ! what haue we here, a carrion death, Within whole emptye eye there is a written fcoule ; He reade the writing.

*All that glifters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told ;
Many a man his life hath fold
But my out fide to behold ;
Gilded timber doe wormes in fold :
Had you bene as wife as bold,
Young in limbe, in iudgement old,
Your anfwers had not bene in fold,
Fareyouwell, your fuitte is cold,*

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour loft, Then farewell beate, and welcome frait :

Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart To take a tedious leaue : thus loofers part.

Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance ! draw the curtaines, go ! Let all of his complexion choofe me fo.

Exeunt.

Enter Solanio and Salanio.

Fl. Cornets.

Sol. Why man I faw *Baffanio* vnder faye, With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;

And in their fhup I am fure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Jew* with outeries raifd the Duke. Who went with him to fearch *Baffanio* fhup.

Sol. He comes too late, the fhup was vnderfalle ; But there the Duke was giuen to vnderftand

That in a Gondilo were fene together *Lorenzo* and his amorous *Iuffica*.

Befides, *Antonio* certified the Duke

They were not with *Baffanio* in his fhup.

Sol. I neuer heard a paffion fo confuld,

So ftrange, outrageous, and fo variable,

As the dogge *Jew* did vetter in the ftreets ;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,

Fled with a Chriftian, O my Chriftian ducats !

Iuffice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter ;

A fcaled bag, two fcaled bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, ftole from me by my daughter,

And iewels, two ftones, two rich and precious ftones,

Stole by my daughter : iuffice, finde the girls,

She hath the ftones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sol. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,

Crying his ftones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day

Or he fhall pay for this.

Sol. Marry well remembered,

I reafon'd with a Frenchman yefterday,

Who told me, in the narrow leas that part

The French and Englifh, there mifericard

A reffell of our countrey richly fraught :

I thought vpon *Antonio* when he told me,

And wifht in fience that it were not his.

Sol. Yo were beft to tell *Antonio* what you heare,

Yet doe not fuddainly, for it may grieue him.

Sol. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,

I faw *Baffanio* and *Antonio* part,

Baffanio told him he would make fome fpeede

Of his returne : he anfwerd, doe not fo,

Slubber not bufineffe for my fake *Baffanio*,

But ftay the very riping of the time,

And for the *Jewes* bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of loue :

Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts

To courtfhip, and fuch faire offents of loue

As fhall conveniently become you there ;

And euen there his eye being big with teares,

Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,

And with affection wondrous fenfible

He wrung *Baffanio* hand, and fo they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,

I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out

And quicken his embraced heauenieffs

With fome delight or other.

Exeunt.

Enter Neriffa and a Seruitour.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain frait,

P 2

The

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia.
Flour. Cornets.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoy'd by oath to observe three things;
First, never to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choise,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these inuindions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse life.

Ar. And so haue I address me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: I gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which priuies not to 't's interior, but like the Marlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of meritt, let none presume
To weare an vndeferred dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer;
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be command'd that command?
How much low pleasantrie would then be glean'd
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnish'd: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a fcedule, I will read it:
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my desires?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more then a fooles head,
Is that my price, are my defects no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of oppos'd natures.

Ar. What is here?

The first seven times tried this,

*Seven times tried that iudgment is,
That did neuer choose amiss,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles aloue Ioue
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your bread:
So be gone, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooler head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keep my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the mouth:
O these deliberate fooler when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by definie.

Por. Come draw the cortaine Nerissa.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie the approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth fanfible ragrets;
To wit (besides commodes and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not feene
So likely an Embassador of loue.

A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how cosily Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids Poit, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius,

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sol. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Antiboni*
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye
buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest wo-
man of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue the wept
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of
talk, that the good *Antiboni*, the honest *Antiboni*; that
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sol. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost
a ship.

Sol. I

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sal. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the diuell cross the my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now *Shylucke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylucke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings he flew withall.

Sal. And *Shylucke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sal. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference betwene thy flesh and hers, then betwene let and luorie, more betwene your bloods, then there is betwene red wine and renneth: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had anie losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrupt, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vnto come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vfuror, let him looke to his bonds, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forsake, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To haite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me halfe a million, laugh't at my losses, mock't at my gaires, scorn'd my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, demetions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, sobiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is? If you prick me doe we not bleed? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his hoofe, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vlesse the diuell himselfe turne Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genoua? hath thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curfe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-

ous jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the iewels in her care: would she were heart at my foute, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no fighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* is I heard in Genoua?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, it is true, is it true? *Tub.* I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genoua.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoua, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Anthonio*s creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choofe but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, those torturers me *Tuball*, it was my Turkie, I had it of *Leab* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a wilderness of Monnies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forieit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meeete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Per. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two

Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while, There's something tells me (but it is not loue) I would not loose you, and you know your selfe, Hate counsailes not in such a qualitie; But leaſt you should not vnderstand me well, And yet a mai deu hath no tongue, but thought, I would detain you here some month or two Before you venture fur me. I could teach you How to choofe right, but then I am forsworne, So will I neuer be, so may you misse me, But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne, That I had bene forsworne: Behow your eyes, They haue ore-lookt me and deuic'd me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours, And so all yours; O these naughtie times Put vs betweene the owners and their righta. And so though yours, nor yours (proue it fo) Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I. I speake too long, but 'tis to please the time, To ich it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

P 3

Bass. Let

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.
Por. Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None but that vnto treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my love :
There may as well be amitie and life,
Twene snow and fire, as treason and my love :
Por. I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.
Por. Well then, confesse and live.
Bass. Confesse and loose

Had bene the verie form of my confession :
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance :
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerrissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And wat'rie death-bed for him : he may win,
And what is musique than ? Than musique is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch : So it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creep into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse preface, but with much more love
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, paid by howling *Trey*
To the Sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanians wiues :
With beared vilages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit : Goe Hercules,
Live thou, I live with much more dismay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicke.

*A Song the subtil Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head :
How knight, how nourished,
It is engend'ed in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies,
In the cradle where it lies :
Let vs all ring fancies knell.
He begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the shew of euill ? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grossenesse with faire ornament :
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts :

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As flayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward feareth, haue lyvers white as milke,
And these assume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looko on beaustie,
And you shall see 'tis porchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it :
So are those crisped snake golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon suppos'd fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea : the beaustious scarfe
Vailing an Indian beaustie : In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common dredge
Twene man and man : but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse mooves me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, Ioy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despair :
And shuddring feare, and Greene-eyed ielousie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excess,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit.

Bass. What finde I here ?
Faire Portia counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come so neere creation ? moue these eies ?
Or whether riding on the bala of mine
Seeme they in motion ? Here are fewer'd lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre
Should sonder such sweet friends : here in her haire
The Painter fuch the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of meo
Faster then gnats in cobwebs : but her eies,
How could he see to doe them ? hauing made one,
He thinks it should haue power to scale both his
And leaue it selfe vnfinisht : Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth run this shadow
In vnderpinning it, lo farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the substance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and summrie of my fortune.

*You that choose me by the view
Chance as faire, and choose as true :
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and feele no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And beld your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kisse.*

Bass. A gentle scroule : Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies :
Hearing applaus and vniuersall shout,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.

So thrice faire Lady stand I eene so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Per. You see my Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious to my selfe,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that one to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme is grosse,
Is an vntioned girle, vnchool'd, vnpractis'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouverneur, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but euen,
This house, these seruants, and this fame my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I gie them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or gie away,
Let it preface the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Madam, you haue bereft me of all wordes,
Onely my blood speaks to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where euer something being blent together,
Turnes to a wide of nothing, fue of ioy
Expresst, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O thea be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue flood by and scene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honour meane to solemnize
The bargain of your faith: I doe beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank you Lordship, you gaue got me ooe.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermissioo,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune flood vpon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here vntill I sweet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oaths of loue, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one here
To haue her loue: I prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her mistresse.

Per. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And doe you *Gratiame* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and flake downe?

Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport, and flake downe.

But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?

What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Ioffica, and Salerio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my oew interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my vrie friends and Countrimoe
Sweet *Portia* welcome.

Per. So do I my Lord, they are iotirely welcome.

Ler. I thank you honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreaste mee past all faying nay
To come with him aloog.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Sigoior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sickie my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yood stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Antonio*;
I know he vvill be glad of our successe,
We are the *Jesuits*, we haue won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had vreo the fleece that hee hath lost.

Per. There are some shrewd cootoots in yood fame
Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanio's* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this fame paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,
Heere a fewe of the vopleasant'it wordes
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my looe to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Rao in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I vv as worse thea ootthing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere frieod,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolia, from Mexico and England,
From Liabon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plys the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perwaded with him,
But none can drue him from the enuious ples
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

Ioff. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Gow*, his Countrey-men,
That he would rather haue *Antonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Antonio*.

Per. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deereft friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romans honour more appeares
Then any that draws breath in Italie.

Per. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Per. What, no more?

Pay him fixe thousand, and deface the bond:
Double fixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer shall you lye by *Portia's* side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will lye as maids and widowes, come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clerid betwixt you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Per. O louel dispatch all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haile; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposed twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio,
and the Lawyer.

Jew. Lawyer, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the foole that lends out money gratis.
Lawyer, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok*.

Jew. He haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughtily Lawyer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Jew. He haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
He haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
He not be made a foft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
He haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Jew.

Sal. It is the most impeinentable curie
That euer kept with me.

Ant. Let him alone,

He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He feeskes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made more to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:

For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the City
Consisteth of All Nations. Therefore goe,
These grieues and losses haue so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well Lawyer, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I goe not.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portia.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send release,
How deere a loser of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Per. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and write the dimetogether,
Whole soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*
Being the bosome loser of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,

The

The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heree,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

Lorenz. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Isifia*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Isif. I with your Ladship all hearts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: faryouwell *Isifia*. *Exeunt.*

Now *Balthasar*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And wite thou Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cofins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Traneel, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall thinke *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betwene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minling steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of fringes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fought sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And with for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twentie of thesepemie lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Abooue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
Which I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that?

If thou wert once a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which flayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore hastes away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowse and Isifia.

Clowse. Yes truly; for looke you, the fienes of the Fa-

ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise
you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and fo
now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of
good chere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is
but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is
but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Isifia. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowse. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the lewes daughter.

Isif. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, fo the
fins of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clowse. Truly then I feare you are damned both by fa-
ther and mother: thus when I shun *Stilla* your father, I
fall into *Charibdi* your mother; well, you are gone both
waies.

Isif. I shall be san'd by my husband, he hath made me
a Christian.

Clowse. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-
ans enow before, 'ne as many as could wel liue one by a-
nother: this making of Christians will raise the price of
Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not
shortlie haue a rather on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Isif. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere
he comes.

Loren. I shall grow ious of you shortly *Lancelet*,
if you thus get my wife into corners?

Isif. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorens*, *Lancelet*
and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee
in heauen, because I am a lewes daughter: and hee saies
you are no good member of the common wealth, for
in conuerting lewes to Christians, you raise the price
of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commoo-
wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes be-
lie: the Moore is with childe by you *Lancelet*?

Clowse. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is
indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I
thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into fo-
lence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely
but Parrats: goe in firra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowse. That is done fir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner.

Clowse. That is done to fir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer thao fir?

Clowse. Not so fir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellows, bid them couer the table, serue in the
meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clowse. For the table fir, it shall be seru'd in, for the
meat fir, it shall be couered, for your coming in to
dinner fir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall go-
uerne. *Exit Clowse.*

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are futed,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many foolles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ft thou *Isifia*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Iss. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord Bassanio live an vpright life
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen here on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Euen such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Is. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?

Is. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how farr are thou speak't among other things,
I shall digest it?

Iss. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, to please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
Vocabable of pittie, voyd, and empty
From any drim of mercie.

Ant. I haue heard

Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of him.

Da. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.

Sol. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Da. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so to
That thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of age, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remore more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:
Forgiue a mytie of the principall;
Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses
That haue of late so huddled on his backe,
Enow to preesse a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiseration of his state
From braslie bofomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborn Turkes and Tarters neuer traied

To offices of tender carities,
We all expect a gentle answer Iew?

Iew. I haue posselt your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it anwerd?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducats
To haue it bair'd? What, are you anwerd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Figge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anwer:
As there is no firme reason to be renderd
Why he cannot abide a gaping Figge?

Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare Antonio, that I follow thus
A loosing suite against him? Are you anwerd?
Bass. This is no answere thou vnfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answere.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.

Iew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpente sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:

You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his vsual height,
Or euen as well vs question with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing must hard,
As seeke to soften that, then which must harder?
His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, vfe no farther meanes,
Bot with all brieft and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.

Bef. For thy three thousand Ducats heere is his.

Iew. If euerie Ducat in five thousand Ducats
Were in five parts, and euerie part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Da. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendering none?

Iew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?

You haue among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your Affes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abiect and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallatts
Be season'd with such Viands you will answere

The

The flaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me; 'tis upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it?

Du. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,
Vnlesse *Bellaris* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere staves without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.

Bass. Good cheere *Antonio*. What man, courage yet!
The law shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted vnder of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellaris*?

Ner. From both.

My Lord *Bellaris* greets your Grace.

Bass. Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh law
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Ase beare halfe the keenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inextercable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me weeper in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals insule themselves
Into the trunckes of men. Thy currish spirit
Goernd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnballow'd dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Woluish, bloody, steu'd, and rauenous.

Jew. Till thou canst rake the feale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellaris* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him courteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellaris* Letter.

YOUR Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receipt of your
Letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your mes-
senger came, in liuing visitation, was with me a yong Do-
ctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with
the cause in Controuersie, betwene the Jew and *Antonio*
the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is
furnished with my opinion, which bettered with his owne lear-
ning, the greatestest vnderest I cannot enough commend, comes

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in
my fled. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment
to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knowe so
yong a body, with so old a head. I haue him to your gracious
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellaris* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellaris*?

Per. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.

Per. I am enformed throughly of the cause.

Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Jew?

Du. *Antonio* and old *Slylocke*, both stand forth.

Per. Is your name *Slylocke*?

Jew. *Slylocke* is my name.

Per. Of a strange nature is the fate you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he says.

Per. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.

Per. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Per. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It dropeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then thewe likest Gods
When mercie seasons iustice. Therefore Jew,
Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
To mitigate the iustice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needs giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.
Sly. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Per. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the somme, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
We'ret once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell duell of his will.

Per. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a President,

And

And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

Jew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel*.

O wife young *Judge*, how do I honour thee.

Per. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Jew. Heere 'tis most reuerend Doct^r, heere it is.

Per. *Sylu*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heauen:

Shall I lay perurie vpon my foule?

No not for Venice.

Per. Why this bond is forfeit,

And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claime

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Neereff the Merchants heart; be mercifull,

Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.

It doth appeare you are a worthy *Judge*:

you know the Law, your exposition

Hath bene most found. I charge you by the Law,

Whereof you are a well-deferring pillar,

Proceede to judgement: By my soule I sweare,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court

To gie the judgement.

Per. Why then thus it is:

you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Jew. O noble *Judge*, O excellent yong man.

Per. For the intent and purpose of the Law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Jew. 'Tis verie true: O wife and vpright *Judge*,

How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Per. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his breast,

So fizes the bond, doth it not noble *Judge*?

Neereff his heart, those are the very words.

Per. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the flesh?

Jew. I haue them ready.

Per. Haue by some Surgeon *Sylu* on your charge

To stop his wounds, least he should bleed to death.

Jew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Per. It is not so exprest; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Jew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Per. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

An. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.

Greue not that I am false to this for you:

For heerein fortune shewes her life more kinde

Then is her custome. It is still her vice

To let the wretched man out-lie his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow

An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance

Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:

Commend me to your honourable Wife,

Tell her the proceffe of *Antonio*'s end:

Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Loue:

Repent not you that you shall loofe your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt.

For if the *Jew* do cut but deepe enough,

He pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Baj. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would loofe all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.

Per. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,

I would she were in heauen, so could

Intreat some power to change this curriish *Jew*.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,

The wife would make else an vquieit house. (ter

Jew. These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh-

Wood any of the stocke of *Barrabas*

Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.

We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Per. A pound of that fame merchants flesh is thine,

The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

Jew. Most rightfull *Judge*.

Per. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,

The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned *Judge*, a sentence, come prepare.

Per. Tarry a little, there is something else,

This bond doth giue thee heere no lot of blood,

The words expresse are a pound of flesh:

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate

Vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O vpright *Judge*,

Marke *Jew*, o learned *Judge*.

Shy. Is that the law?

Per. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:

For as thou vrgeest iustice, be assur'd

Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned *Judge*, mark *Jew*, a learned *Judge*.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian goe.

Baj. Heere is the money.

Per. Soft, the *Jew* shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,

He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O *Jew*, an vpright *Judge*, a learned *Judge*.

Per. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more

But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much

As makes it light or heauy in the substaunce,

Or the deuision of the twentieth part

Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne

But in the estimation of a haire,

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* *Jew*,

Now infidell! I haue thee on the hip.

Per. Why doth the *Jew* pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

Baj. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

Per. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,

He shall haue meely iustice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,

I thanke thee lew for tesching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Per. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,

To be taken so at thy perill *Jew*.

Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:

He stay no longer question.

Per. Tarry

Por. Tarry lew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seekes the life of any Citizen,
The party gailt the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priue coffe of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriud against the very life
Of the defendant: and thus hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me reheast.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Antoniou's*,
The other halfe comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for *Antoniou*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life
When you do take the meanes whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Antoniou*?
Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vife, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he diest posselt
Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall do this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced hereat.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, feare the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more. *Exit.*
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth.

Duk. I am forry that your leysure serues you not:
Antoniou, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde, you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Haue by your wifedome bene this day acquitted
Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted our and abuse
In loue and seruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me wheo we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloves, hee weare them for your sake,
And for your loue hee take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, hee take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinks I haue a minde to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see fir you are libellal in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.

Por. That Iuse serues many men to faue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exit.*

Ant. My L. *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wifes commendement.

Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Antoniou's* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grat.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flee toward *Belmont*, come *Antoniou*. *Exit.*

Enter Portia and Nerriffa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Skylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would speake with you to

He see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him fware to keepe for euer.

Per. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-fwear them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good fir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iffica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no nuyse, in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Iff. In such a night
Did *Thibbe* fearfully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Iff. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Ejion*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iffica* steale from the wealthy Jewe,
And with an Vnthrif Loue did ranne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Iff. In such a night
Did young *Lorens* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iffica* (like a little throw)
Slander her Loue, and he forgave it her.

Iff. I would out-night you did no body come:
But haake, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messinger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mef. A friend. (friend?)

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you

Mef. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My *Mistresse* will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, the doth stay about
By holy crossees where the kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mef. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it is my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iffica*,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the *Mistresse* of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Cl. Sola, did you see M. *Lorens*, & M. *Lorens*, sola,
Lor. Leauo hollowing man, heere. (sola.)

Cl. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Cl. Tel him ther't a Poet come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere
morning sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you
Within the house, your *Mistresse* is at hand,
And bring your musike forth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleeps vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the founds of musicke
Creep in our eares soft filines, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
Sit *Iffica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly elose in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your *Mistresse* eare,
And draw her home with musicke.

Iff. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musike.

Play musike.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhanded colts,
Fetching mad boundes, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but heare prechance a trumpet sound,
Or any syre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuell stand,
Their swage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did iaine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught to flockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musicke for time doth change his nature,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.

Enter Portia and Nerrija.

Per. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (dte?)

Ner. When the moone glorie we did not see the can

Per. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musike, haake. Musicke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house.

Per. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sound much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Per. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark

When

When neither is attended : and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goofe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Mufitian then the Wren ?
How many things by feafon, feafon'd are
To their right praife, and true perfection :
Peace, how the Moore fleeps with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd ?

Muficke ceafes.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd of *Paria*.

Per. He knows me as the blinde man knows the
Cockow by the bad voice ?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home ?
Per. We have bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which fpeed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Mefſenger before
To fignifie their coming.

Per. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Giue order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorena*, *Iſſica* not you.

A Tucket ſounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feere you not.

Per. This night methinks is but the daylight ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Baſſanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.*

Baſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſence of the funne.

Per. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Baſſanio* fo for me,
But God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Baſ. I thinke you *Medem*, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,
To whom I am fo infinitely bound.

Per. You ſhould in all fence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Per. Sir, you are verie welcome to our houſe :
It muſt appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathling curteſie.

Gra. By yonder Moore I ſwear you do me wrong,
Infault I gae it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue ſo much at heart.

Per. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That the did giue me, whoſe Poetic was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife ; *Loue me, and leave mee nat.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poetic or the valew
You ſwore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would wear it til the houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould heve bene reſpectiue and heave kept it.
Gae it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke had nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he lioe to be a man.

Nerriſſa. I, if e Woman lioe to be a men.

Gra. Now by this hand I gae it to e youth,
A kinde of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Per. You were too blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wifes firſt gift,
A thing ſtucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And ſo riotted with faith vnto your ſelfe.
I gae my Loue a Ring, and made him ſweere
Neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands :
I dare be ſworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in ſaith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cauſe of greefe,
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left head off,
And Iwene I loſt the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gae his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deſeru'd it too : and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke ſome paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither men nor matter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Per. What Ring gae you my Lord ?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.

Baſ. If I could edde a lie vnto e fault,
I would deny it : but you ſee my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Per. Euen fo voide is your falſe heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I ſee the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe ſee mine.

Baſ. Sweet *Portia*,

If you did know to whom I gae the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gae the Ring,
And would conſcious for what I gae the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would ſhake the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure ?

Per. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthineſſe that gae the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring :
What man is there ſo much vnreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to heve defended it
With any termes of Zeale : wented the modeſtie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremony :
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleuee,
He die for't, but ſome Woman had the Ring ?

Baſ. No by mine honor *Medam*, by my ſoule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did reſuſe three thouſand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away :
Euen he that had held vp the verſie life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweete Lady ?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and curteſie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much beſmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by theſe bleſſed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthe Doctor ?

Q. 2

Per.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
 Since he hath got the iewel that I loued,
 And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
 I will become as liberrall as you,
 Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
 No, not my body, nor my husbands bed;
 Know him I shall, I am well fure of it.
 Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
 If you doe not, if I be left alone,
 Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
 Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduised
 How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
 For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you,
 You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Forgive me this enforced wrong,
 And in the hearing of these manie friends
 I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
 Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
 In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
 And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but heare me.
 Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
 I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
 Which but for him that had your husbands ring
 Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
 My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
 Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,
 And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord Bassanio, sweare to keep this ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon Bassanio,
 For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
 For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
 In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
 In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
 What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amas'd;
 Heere is a letter, read it at your leysure,
 It comes from Padua from Bellario,
 There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,
 Nerrissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere
 Shall witness I set forth as foone as you,
 And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
 Entred my house. Antonio you are welcome,
 And I haue better newes in store for you
 Then you expect: vnlesse this letter foone,
 There you shall finde three of your Argosies
 Are richly come to harbour so dainlie.
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
 Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
 When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
 For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
 Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now Lorenzo?

My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.

There doe I giue to you and Iffica
 From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift
 After his death, of all he dies possesse'd of.

Lor. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
 Of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning,
 And yet I am fure you are not satisfied
 Of their coents at full. Let vs goe in,
 And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
 And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
 That my Nerrissa shall be sworne on, is,
 Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
 Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
 But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
 Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
 Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
 So fore, as keeping safe Nerrissas ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember Adam, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou fift, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse. My brother Iaguz he keeps at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) Railes me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his hories are bred better, for besides that they are faise with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerey hir'd: bot I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his donghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlando. Goe a-part Adam, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp.

Oliver. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliver. What mar you then for?

Orlando. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idleness.

Oliver. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlando. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such pecury?

Oliver. Know you where you are sir?

Orlando. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom sir?

Orlando. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwix vs: I haue as much

of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neuer to his reuerence.

Oliver. What Boy. {this.

Orlando. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orlando. I am no villaine: I am the youngest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pild out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me goe I say.

Orlando. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a peasant, obseuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows frang in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Adam. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Oliver. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word. Ex. Orlando.

Oliver. Is it eene fo, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your rancenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles the Dukes Wraffler heere to speake with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wruffling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Mounfier Charles: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the olde Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or foure losing

Q 3

Lords

Lords haue put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Of. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cel. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosin so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Of. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cel. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood of England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Of. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cel. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in diguist against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Of. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to diffwade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as liue thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by payson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cel. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, he giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, he neuer wrastle for prize more: and so God geue your worship.

Exit.

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my foole (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kinde the boy thither, which now hee goe about.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Cosin, be merry.

Rof. Deere *Celia*; I shew more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lo'f't mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst becoe still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rofe*, my deare *Rofe*, be merry.

Rof. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let mee see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport eyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Rof. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Rof. I would wee could doe so: for her benefites are mightily misplaced, and the bowshotfull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that the makes faire, the scarce makes honest, & those that the makes honest, the makes very illfauouredly.

Rof. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to shout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Rof. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who percelueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesse, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone, for alwaies the dullnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wit. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your farber.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Cl. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you *Rof.*

Ref. Where learned you that oath foole?

Cl. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cl. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ref. I marry, now vnmaale your wifedome.

Cl. Stand you both forth now! stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cl. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Cl. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight (swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cl. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Cl. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Ref. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Cl. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cl. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wite men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the 'Beu.

Enter le Beau.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.

Cl. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shall we be newes-cram'd.

Cl. All the better: we shall be the more Marketable. *Bon-jour Monsieur le Beau*, what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princeesse, you haue lost much good sport.

Cl. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ref. As wit and fortune will.

Cl. Or as the definies decrees.

Cl. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Cl. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ref. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

Ref. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are coming to performe it.

Cl. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Cl. *Le Beau.* There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cl. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preface.

Ref. With hils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull dole ouer them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

Ref. Alas.

Cl. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.

Cl. Thus men may grow wifer every day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cl. Or I, I promise thee.

Ref. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cofin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cl. Yonder sure they are coming. Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ref. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Euen he, Madam.

Cl. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin!

Are you ereft hither to see the wrastling?

Ref. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leave.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such odde in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moue him.

Cl. Call him hether good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so: He not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeesse calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ref. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princeesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cl. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue scene cruell proofe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduerture would counsel you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ref. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one shame that was neuer gracious: if I kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: only in the world I fill vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Ref. The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you.

Cl.

Col. And mine to eke out here.

Ref. Fare you well; praise heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Col. Your hearts desires be with you.

Cher. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so defrom to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Cher. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after : you should not have mockt me before : bot come your waies.

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Col. I would I were insensible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Wrastle.

Ref. Oh excellent yong man.

Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Seate.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie :

What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did finde him still mine enemye :

Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deede, Hadst thou descended from another house : But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

Exit Duk.

Col. Were I my Father (Cose) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to *Frederick*.

Ref. My Father lov'd Sir Roland as his soule, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne, I should have given him teares vnto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Col. Gentle Cosen,

Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him : My Fathers rough and enuious disposition Sticks me at heart : Sir, you have well deferr'd, If you doe keepe your promises in love ; But Iully as you have exceeded all promise, Your Mistris shall be happie.

Ref. Gentleman,

Weare this for me : one out of suites with fortune That could giue more, and that which here stands vp Shall we goe Cose?

Col. I : fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp Is but a quintine, a meere liueliesse blocke.

Ref. He calle vs back : my pride fell with my fortunes, Ile aske him what he would : Did you call Sir? You have wrastled well, and oerthroweae More then your enemies.

Col. Will you goe Cose?

Ref. Haue with you : fare you well.

Exit.

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpō my toong? I cannot speake to her, yet she vrge'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poure Orlando! thou art oerthrowne Or Charles, or something weaker matters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you To leaue this place ; Albeit you have deferr'd High commendation, true applause, and loue ; Yet such is now the Dukes condition, That he misconfiers all that you haue done :

The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir ; and pray you tell me this, Which of the two was daughter of the Duke, That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we lodge by manners,

But yet indeede the taller is his daughter, The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,

And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle

To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues

Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters :

But I can tell you, that of late this Duke

Hath tane displeasure gainst his gentle Neece,

Grounded vpon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her vertues,

And pittie her, for her good Fathers fake ;

And on my life his malice gainst the Lady

Will sodainly breake forth : Sir, fare you well,

Hereafter in a better world then this,

I shall desire more loue and knowledg of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,

From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.

But heauenly *Rosaline*.

Exit

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Col. Why Cosen, why *Rosaline* : *Cupid* haue mercie, Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Col. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon curs, throw some of them at me ; come lame mee with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two Cofens laid vp, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Col. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my chilles Father : Oh how full of briars is this working daye.

Col. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Col. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Col. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wrastler then my selfe.

Col. O, a good wish vpon you : you will trie in time in

in dispiht of a fall; but turning these iests out of service, let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a so-daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowlands youngest sonne?

Ref. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerele.

Cl. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his Sonne deerele? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate him, for my father hated his father deerele; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cl. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ref. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him Because I doe. Lookes, here comes the Duke.

Cl. With his eyes full of anger.

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ref. Me Vncle.

Duk. You Cosen,

Within these ten daies if that thou best find So neere our publike Court as twentie miles, Thou diest for it.

Ref. I doe beseech your Grace

Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:

If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer so much as in a thought vberne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,

If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ref. So was I when your highnes took his Dukedome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my pouerthe is treacherous.

Cl. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we flaid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cl. I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rose at an instant, leard, d, plaid, eate together,
And wherefore we went, like *James Swans*,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duk. She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, & seeme more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irrevocable is my doome,
Which I haue putt vpon her, she is banisht.

Cl. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duk, &c.

Cl. O my poore *Rosalinde*, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will gine thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more gric'd then I am.

Ref. I haue more cause.

Cl. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banisht me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Cl. No, hath not? *Rosalinde* lacks then the loose
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore deuil with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out
For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cl. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Ardene*.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
Beautie prouoketh thee too soone then gold.

Cl. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of ymber smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And neuer stir asailants.

Ref. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtellus vpon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele haue a swathing and a marshall outside,
As manie other mannish cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cl. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ref. Ile haue no worse a name then *Iames owne Page*,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganymed*.
But what will you by call'd?

Cl. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Athena*.

Ref. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our traualle?

Cl. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuise the fittest time, and fittest way
To hide vs from pursue that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke Senior: Anyens, and two or three Lords
like Foresters.*

Duk. Sen. Now my Coc-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete

Then

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his praefises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether *Adam* would't thou haue me go?

Ad. No matter whether, fo you come not here.

Orl. What, would't thou haue me goe beg my food,
Or with a bafe and boiftrous Sword enforce
A theuifh liuing on the common roade?
This I muft do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will fubieft me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. Bot do not fo: I haue five hundred Crownes,
The thriflie hire I giued vnder your Father,
Which I did ftoore to be my fufter Nurfe,
When feruice fhould in my limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in cornen throuwe,
Take that, and hee that doth the Rauens feede,
Yes proudly caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your Ieruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am ftrong and luftie;
For lo my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquor in my blood,
Nor did not with vnbaifull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakneffe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luftie winter,
Froftie, but kindly: let me goe with you,
He doe the feruice of a younger man
In all your bufineffe and neceffities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The conftant feruice of the antique world,
When feruice fweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fafhion of thefe times,
Where none will fweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their feruice vpp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not fo with thee:
Bot poore old man, thou prun't a rotten tree,
That cannot fo much as a bloffome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weeke goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages fpent,
Weele light vpon fome fetled low content.

Ad. Mafter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laft gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From feauentie yeeres, till now almoft fourefcore
Here liued I, bot now liue here no more
At feauentie yeeres, many their fortunes keeke
But at fourefcore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Mafters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celis for Aliena, and
Crownes, alias Touchstone.*

Ref. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my fpirits?

Cel. I care not for my fpirits, if my legges were not
wearie.

Ref. I could finde in my heart to difgrace my mans
apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I muft comfort

the weaker veffell, as doublet and hofe ought to fhew it
felfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Cel. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you: yet I fhould beare no crosse if I did beare
you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purfe.

Ref. Well, this is the Forreft of *Arden*.

Cel. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers moft
be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ref. I, be fo good *Touchstone*. Look you, who comes
here, a young man and an old io folemne talke.

Cel. That is the way to make her fcorne you fill.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew't how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly guffie: for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guffie,
Though in thy youth thou waft as true a louer
As euer figh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As fure I thinke did neuer man loue fo:
How many actions moft ridiculous,

Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fanfatie?

Cor. Into a thoufand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue fo hartly,
If thou remembreft not the flightie folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haft not lou'd.

Or if thou haft not fat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Miftis praife,
Thou haft not lou'd.

Or if thou haft not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my paffion now makes me,
Thou haft not lou'd.

O *Phoebe*, *Phoebe*, *Phoebe*.

Exit.

Ref. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they woodd,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Cel. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
broke my fword vpon a ftone, and bid him take that for
comming a night to *Lane Smile*, and I remember the kif-
fing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
of a peafcod inftead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giuing her them againe, fild with weeping
teares, wearie thefe for my fake: wee that are true Lo-
uers, runne into ftrange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, fo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ref. Thou fpeak'ft wifer then thou art ware of.

Cel. Nay, I fhall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my fhins againe it.

Ref. *Ioue*, *Ioue*, this Shepherds paffion,
Is much vpon my fafhion.

Cel. And mine, but it growes fomething ftale with
mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queftion yon'd man,
If hee for gold will giue vs any ftoode,
I fhall almoft to death.

Cel. Holla: you Clowne.

Ref. Peace foole, he's not thy kinfman.

Cor. Who calls?

Cel. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elfe are they very wretched.

Ref. Peace

Ref. Peace I say; good even to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ref. I prethee Shephard, if that loue or gold
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
 Bring vs where we may rest our felices, and feed:
 Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
 And faints for succour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
 And with for her sake more then for mine owne,
 My fortunes were more able to releue her;
 But I am shephard to another man,
 And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
 By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
 Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
 By reason of his absence there is nothing
 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ref. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-
 while.
 That little cares for buying any thing.
Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
 And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cor. And we will mend thy wages:
 I like this place, and willingly could
 Waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me, if you like vpon report,
 The foote, the profit, and this kinde of life,
 I will your very faithful Feeder be,
 And buy it with your Gold right fudainly.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Anyens, Iaquus, & others.
Song.

*Vnder the greene wood tree,
 who loues to lye with mee,
 And takes his merrie Note,
 vnto the sweet Bird's throte:
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Heere shall he see no enemie,
 But Winter and rough Weather.*

Iag. More, more, I pre'thee more.
Any. It will make you melancholly Monsieur Iaquus
Iag. I thank it: More, I pre'thee more,
 I can fucke melancholly out of a song,
 As a Wazell fuckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.
Any. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
 you.
Iag. I do not desire you to please me,
 I do desire you to sing.
 Come, more, another stanza: Cal you'em stanza's?
Any. What you will Monsieur Iaquus.
Iag. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
 nothing. Will you sing?
Any. More at your request, then to please my selfe.
Iag. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, lie thanke

you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter
 of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
 me thinks I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
 the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that will not
 hold your tongues.

Any. Wel, lie end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
 the Duke will drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
 day to looke you.

Iag. And I haue bin all this day to anoid him:
 He is too disputeable for my companie:
 I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
 Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.
 Come, warble, come.

Song. *Altogether beere.*
Who dath ambition flourish,
and loues to lue i'th Sunne;
Seeking the food he cotes,
and pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see i'th.

Iag. He giue you a verse to this note,
 That I made yesterday in deslight of my Inuention.

Any. And lie sing it.

Any. Thus it goes.

If it do come to pass, that any man turne Affe:
Leaving his words and eage,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grasse foode as he,
And if he will come to me.

Any. What's that Ducdame?

Iag. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a cir-
 cle. He goe sleepe if I can: if I cannot, lie raile against all
 the first borne of Egypt.

Any. And lie goe seeke the Duke,
 His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
 O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
 And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.
Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
 Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
 If this vncouth Forrest yield any thing sauage,
 I will either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy power.
 For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
 At the armes end: I will heere be with thee presently,
 And if I bring thee not something to eat,
 I will giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
 Wel said, thou look'st cheereily,
 And lie be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
 In the bleake aire. Come, I will beare thee
 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
 For lacke of a dinner,
 If there lye any thing in this Desert.
 Cheereily good Adam.

Exeunt
Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lovers.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone heere,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheres:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

1. Lord. He issues my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Jaques. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortuoe in good termes,
In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I): no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sawes, very wifely, it is ten a clocke:

Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggas:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,

And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare

The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:

And I did laugh, faine intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Jaques. O worthis Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And layes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it and in his braiue,
Which is as drie as the remainder basket

After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With obseruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Jaques. It is my owly suite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wife. I must haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the wide,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They must laugh: And why fir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wifely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme fenfelisse of the bob. If not,
The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandering glances of the foole.

Inueit me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleafe the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldest do.

Jaques. What, for a Countess, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mischeuous foule fin, in chiding fin:
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As fenfull as the brutish thing it selfe,
And all th'imboos'd foies, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foie hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

Jaques. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein take any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meane do ebbe.

What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I say the Citie woma beares
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meoue her,
When such a one as thee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That faves his brauerie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but thereto fuites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclaim'd of any man. But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Jaques. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

Jaques. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem'st to be empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first, the thorny point
Of bare distress, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this suite,
Till I, and my affaires are answer'd.

Jaques. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you haue?
Your gentleness shall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin fauour heere,
And therefore pot I on the countenance
Of sterne commandment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houre of time:

If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer beene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:

If euer fate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,

And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bluss, and hide my Sword.

R

Duke

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have scene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath gentlenesse:
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake culs, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out.
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou see'st, we are not all alone vnhappy:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Scene
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their *Entrances*,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His *Acts* being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes;
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ilealos in honor, foderall, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes feure, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shift
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloeon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hofe well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke thanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans eury thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen,
and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cosen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so kindly, as mans ingratitude
Thy touch is not so heere, because thou art not fiene,
although thy breath be rude.*

*Haig bo, sing beigh bo, unto the greene bolly,
Most friendship, is foyning; most Lewing, more folly:
The haig bo, the bolly,
This Life is most iolly.*

*Freine, freine, thou bitter skie that dost not bright so night
as benefitts forget:*

*Though thou the waters warpe, thy fying is not so foorpe,
as freind remembred not.*

Haig bo, sing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whispe'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cause, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wherefore he is,
Seeke him with Candell: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of doores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verve, in witnesse of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night forsey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere aboue
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth fway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile character,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall fee thy vertue witned eury where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on eury Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressed thee. *Exit.*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life M^r Touchstone?
Cl.

Clow. Truly Shepherd, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is naught. I respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well : but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well : but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well : but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepherd ?

Ger. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse it ease he is : and that hee that wants munny, meane, and content, is without three good friends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne : That good pasture makes fat sheepe : and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne : That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or come of a very dull kindred.

Clw. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher : Was't ever in Court, Shepherd ?

Ger. No truly.

Clw. Then thou art damn'd.

Ger. Nay, I hope.

Clw. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Ger. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clw. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer saw'st good manners : if thou neuer saw'st good maners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation! Thou art in a parlous state shepherd.

Ger. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behavious of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtiesse would be vnclenlie if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clw. Instance, briefly : come, instance.

Ger. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

Clw. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the greasie of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow : A better instance I say : Come.

Ger. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clw. Your lips will feeble them the sooner. Shallow again : a more founder instance, come.

Ger. And they are often tar'd ouer, with the surgery of our sheepe : and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clw. Most shallow man : Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed : learne of the wife and perpend : Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie vnclenlie fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepherd.

Ger. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clw. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man : God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Ger. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I came that I eate: get that I weare ; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happinesse : glad if other mens good content with my harme : and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

Clw. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be dawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth

to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else how thou should'st scape.

Ger. Heere comes young *Mistard*, my new Mistriffes Brother.

Enter Mistard.

Rof. From the east to westerne Inde,

no iuvel is like *Rosalinde*,

Hir worth being mounted on the winde,

through all the world heares *Rosalinde*,

All the pictures fairest *Linde*,

are but blacke to *Rosalinde* :

Let no face bee kept in mind,

but the faire of *Rosalinde*.

Clw. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together ; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right Butter-womans ranke to Market.

Rof. Out Foole.

Clw. For a talke.

If a Hart doe lache a *Hinde*,

Let him seeke out *Rosalinde* :

If the Cat will after *kinde*,

so be sure will *Rosalinde* :

Wintred garments must be *linde*,

so must slender *Rosalinde* :

They that reape must sheafe and *binde*,

then to eate with *Rosalinde*.

Sweetest nut, hath *swetest* rinde,

such a nut is *Rosalinde*.

He that *swetest* rose will *finde*,

must *finde* *Lauris* prickles, & *Rosalinde*.

This is the verie false gallop of Verbes, why doe you iosekt your selfe with them?

Rof. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clw. Truly the tree yeelds bad fruit.

Rof. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler : then it will be the earliest fruit i'th countrey : for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clw. You haue said : but whether wisely or no, let the Farrest iudge.

Enter Celis with a writing.

Rof. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this *Desert* bee,

for it is vnpeople'd? *No!*

Tengen Ile hang an euerie tree,

that shall ciuill sayings *bee*.

Some, bew brieve the *Life* of man

runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span,

buckles in his summe of age.

Some of violated vowes,

ruine the soules of friend, and friend;

But vpon the fairest bowes,

or at euery sentence end ;

Will I *Rosalinda* write,

teaching all that reads, to know

The quintessence of euery spirit,

haue would in little *bow*.

Therefore haue Nature charg'd,

that one bodie should be fill'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd

Nature presently disfill'd

*Helens cheeks, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maifitie:
Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucretia's Modestie.
Thou Rofalinde of manie parts,
by Heavens Symde was drin'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches deereft prind.
Heaven would that thee thefe gifts fhould haue,
and I to live and die her flave.*

Ref. O moft gentle Iopiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parifhioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue putience good people.

Cl. How now bucke friends: Shepheard, go off a little: I go with him firrah.

Cl. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with fcrip and fcrippage. *Exit.*

Cl. Didft thou heere thefe verfes?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for fome of them had in them more feete then the Verfes would beare.

Cl. That's no matter: the feet might beare 7 verfes.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themfelues without the verfe, and therefore flood lame-ly in the verfe.

Cl. Bot didft thou heere without wondering, how thy name fhould be hang'd and carued vpon thefe trees?

Ref. I was feuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer fo berim'd fince *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irifh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cl. T'ro you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cl. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ref. I pre'thee who?

Cl. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaine may bee remou'd with Earth-quake, and fo encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cl. Is it poffible?

Ref. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moft petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cl. O wonderful, wonderfull, and moft wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my completion, doft thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hofe in my difpofition? One inch of delay more, is a South-fea of difcourage. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and fpeake fpace: I would thou couldeft flammer, that thou might'ft power this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottlet: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cl. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cl. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will fend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me ftey the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cl. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraftlers heeles, and your heart, both in an infant.

Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: fpeake fadde brow, and true maid.

Cl. I faith (Cos) tis he.

Ref. Orlando?

Cl. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what fhall I do with my doublet & hofe? What did he when thou faw'dft him? What fayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he afke for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when fhalt thou fee him againe? Answer me in one word.

Cl. You muft borrow me Gargantuas mouth firft: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages fize, to fay I and no, to thefe particulars, is more then to anfwer in a Catechifme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freely, as he did the day he Wraftled?

Cl. It is as eafie to count Atomes as to refolue the propofitions of a Louer: but take a tafte of my finding him, and relieth it with good obferuance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ref. It may vnel be cal'd Loues tree, when it droppes forth fruit.

Cl. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cl. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to fee fuch a fight, it vuell becomes the ground.

Cl. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnfeafonably. He was furnifh'd like a Hunter.

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cl. I would fing my fong without a barthen, thou bring'ft me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I muft fpeake: I fweet, fay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaquen.

Cl. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ref. 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my felfe alone.

Orl. And fo had I: but yet for fafhion fake

I thanke you too, for your focietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do defire we may be better ftrangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Loue-fongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verfes with reading them ill-faouorely.

Iaq. *Rofalinde* is your loues name?

Orl. Yes, Iuft.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleafing you when she was chriften'd.

Iaq. What fature is the of?

Orl. Juft as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are full of prety anfwers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wines, & cond thẽ out of rings

Orl. Not fo: but I anfwer you right painted cloths,

from whence you haue ftudied your queftions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Atalanta's* heeles. Will you fitt downe with me, and wee two, will raille againft our Miftreis the world, and all our miferie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my felfe againft

against whom I know most faults.

Lag. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best virtue is I am wearie of you.

Lag. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Lag. There I shall see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Lag. Ile tarry no longer with you, farewell good friend Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ref. I will speake to him like a fawcie Lackie, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? (reiter.)

Ref. I pray you, what 'ist a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fighting euerie minute. and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no means sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withall?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of twen years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowne: for the one sleepest easily because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he feels no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wastefull Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withall?

Ref. With a theefe to the gallies: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who stales it still withall?

Ref. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe between Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwell you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shepherdesse my fister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you nauie of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ref. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our young plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their barkes; hangs Odes vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsell, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: hee taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ref. A leane cheek, which you haue not: a blew eie and funken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a younger brothers reuennew) then your hose should be vnbutton'd, your bonnet vnband, your sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoe vntied, and euerie thing about you, demonstratiue a carelesse defolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your accoutrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other. (I Loue.)

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleuee *Ref.* Me beleuee it? You may assoone make her that you Loue beleuee it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women still giue the lie to their consciences. But in good faith, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speake?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ref. Loue is meereley a madness, and I tel you, deserves as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsell.

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, Greene, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: I would now like him, now loath him: I then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I druse my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, w was to forswear the full stream of youth, and to liue in a nooke meereley Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a found sheeps heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and wooe me.

R 3

Orl.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tell me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ref. Nay, you must call mee *Rejaisid*: Come sister, will you go? Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cleone, Audrey, & Jaques:

Cle. Come apace good *Audrey*, I will fetch vp your Gosses, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Cle. I am heere with thee, and thy Gosses, as the most capricious Poet honest *Gild* was among the Gosses.

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then love in a thatch'd hoofe.

Cle. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honestie in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Cle. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most fainings, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they swear in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you with then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Cle. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Cle. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a swace to Sugar.

Jaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Cle. Truly, and to cast away honestie vpon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an vnclane dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddess I am foule.

Cle. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Jaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Cle. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone:

No, no, the noblest Dreere hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single man therefore blest? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Cle. I will not take her on guist of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: Ile giue her.

Cle. Good euen good Mr what ye call't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddill you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd?

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Cle. As the Ose hath his bow fir, the horie his curb, and the Falcon her beia, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons hill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

Jaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Waincot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Cle. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leaue my wife.

Jaq. Goe thou with mee,

And let me counsell thee.

Ol. Come sweete *Audrey*,

We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey: Farewel good Mr *Oliver*: Not O sweet *Oliver*, O braue *Oliver* leaue me not behind thee: But winder away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rejaisid & Celina.

Ref. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Ref. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, Therefore weepe.

Ref. His vaine haire

Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses:

Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

Ref. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:

Your Chessmen was euer the onely colour:

Ref. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie, As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cl. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana* : a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religionlike, the very yce of chastity is in them.

Refs. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cl. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ref. Doe you thinke so ?

Cl. Yes, I thinke he is not a pickie purse, nor e horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as conceale as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in loue ?

Cl. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ref. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cl. Was, is not is : besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmers of false reckonings, he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him : he askt me of what parentage I was ; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando* ?

Cl. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speaks braue words, sweares braue oaths, and breaks them brauely, tilts trauers stward the heart of his loue, as a puiant Tilter, y' spins his horse but on one side, breaks his stiffe like a noble goose ; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes heere ?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Mester, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue, Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistresse.

Cl. Well : and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid Betwene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red gloue of scorne end prowd disdain, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will merke it.

Ref. O come, let vs remoue, The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue : Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say He proue a buis actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phoebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phoebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phoebe* Say that you loue me not, but say not so In bitternesse ; the common executioner Whose heart th'accus'd'n't fight of death makes hard Feels not the axe vpon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon : will you serner be Then he that dies end liues by bloody drops ?

Enter Rosalind, Celio, and Corin.

Ph. I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee : Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye, 'Tis pretty sure, end very probable,

That eyes that are the fraill, and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers. Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee : Now counterfeit to wound, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers : Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scarre of it : Leane vpon a rush The Cicatrice and capable impresseure Thy palme some moment keepe ; but now mine eyes Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phoebe*, If euer (as that euer may be neere) You meet in some flesh cheek the power of fancie, Then shall you know the wounds invisible That Loues keene arrows make.

Ph. But till that time Come not thou neere me : and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not, As till that time I shall not pitty thee.

Ref. And why I pray you who might be your mother That you insult, exult, and all at once Ouer the wretched ? what though you heu no beauty As by my faith, I see no more in you Then without Candle may goe darke to bed : Must you be therefore prowd and pittifull ? Why what means this ? why do you looke on me ? I see no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures sale-works : 'Tis my little life, I thinke the meanes to tangle my eyes too : No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it, 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream That can entame my spirits to your worship : You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine, You are a thousand times a properer man Then the e woman. 'Tis such foolies as you That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children : 'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her, And out of you she sees her selfe more proper Then any of her lineaments can show her : Bot Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees And thanke heaven, fasting, for a good mans loue ; For I must tell you friendly in your care, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets : Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer. So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Ph. Sweet youth, I pray you chide e yere together, I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees false in loue with your foulness, & shee'll Fall in loue with my enger. If it be so, as fast As the answers thee with frowning lookes, ile fence Her with bitter words : why looke you so vpon me ?

Ph. For no ill will I beare you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee, For I am siller then vowes made in wine : Besides, I like you not : if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by : Will you goe Sister ? Shepheard ply her hard :

Come

Come Sister : Shepherdesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd to fight as hee.
Come, to our flocke,

Exit.

Phe. Dead Shepherd, now I find thy law of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lov'd not at first fight;

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah! what faist thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

Phe. Why I am lorry for thee gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be :

If you doe sorrow at my grieffe in loue,

By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieffe

Were both extermin'd:

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighborly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were countessesse!

Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,

But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me

I will endure; and Ile employ thee too :

But doe not looke for further recompence

Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So bold, and so perfect is my loue,

And I in such a poeury of grace,

Tbat I shall thinke it a most pteuous crop

To glean the broken eares after the man

That the maine haruest reapes: loofe now and then

A scatterd smile, and that Ile lue vpon. (while?)

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,

And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds

That the old *Carlar* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,

'Tis but a pteuif boy, yet he talke well,

But what care I for words? yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that heare:

It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,

But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;

Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster then his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:

He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:

His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,

A little riper, and more lustie red

Then that mist in his cheekes: 'twas iust the difference

Between the constant red, and mingled Damask.

There be some women *Silvius*, had they markt him

In parcels as I did, would haue gone neere

To fall in loue with him: but for my part

I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet

Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,

For what had he to doe to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,

And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:

I maruell why I answer'd not againe,

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:

Ile write to him a very tainting Letter,

And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius*?

Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it straight:

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,

I will be bitter with him, and passing short;

Goe with me *Silvius*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celio, and Jaques.

Leg. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholick fellow.

Leg. I am so: I doe loue it better theso laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselues to euery moderne censure, worse then drunkards.

Leg. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a pothe.

Leg. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantastical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the fundrie coteemplation of my trauels, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I fere you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue scene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Leg. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trausille for it too.

Orl. Good day, and bappinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

Leg. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verbe.

Ros. Farewell Mounseur Traueller: looke you lipe, and weare strange suites; dislike all the benefites of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natuities, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a lover? and you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be said of him that *Capid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come oo more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaille.

Orl. Of a Snaille?

Ros. I, of a Snaille: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioyecture I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: w' such as you are faine to be beholding to your wises for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker : and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Ref. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cl. It pleases him to call you so : but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Ref. Come, wooe me, wooe mee : for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent : What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Ref. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were graue'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ref. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistress?

Ref. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistress, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ref. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite :

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ref. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ref. No faith, die by Attorney : the poore world is almost fix thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause : *Tristram* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the paternees of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Herc* had turn'd Nun ; if it had not bin for a hot Midfomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was drown'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Herc* of Cefus. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ref. By this hand, it will not kill a flie : but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming-on disposition : and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Rosalind*.

Ref. Yes faith will I, fridays and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Ref. I, and twentie fuch.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ref. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing : Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs : giue me your hand *Orlando* : What doe you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cl. I cannot say the words.

Ref. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cl. Goe too : will you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosalind*?

Orl. I will.

Ref. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Ref. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ref. I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ref. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue possesst her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

Ref. Say a day, without the euer : no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed : Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiuers : I will be more ialous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey : I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry : I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Ref. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wife.

Ref. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this : the wifer, the waywarder : make the doores vpon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement : shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole : stop that, 'twill fie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wilt?

Ref. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiuers wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

Ref. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there : you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue : O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a soule.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalind*, I will leaue thee.

Ref. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Ref. I, goe your waies, goe your waies : I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse : that flattering tongue of yours wonne me : 'tis but one cast away, and so come death : two o' clocke is your houere.

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ref. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houere, I will thinke you the most pathetical breake-promise, and the most hollow louter, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may bee choien out of the greife band of the vnfaithfull : therefore beware my ceasoure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind* : so adieu.

Ref. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try : adieu. Exit.

Cl. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate : I

prate : we must have your doublet and hose pluckt ower your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Ref. O coz,coz,coz : my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue : but it cannot bee sounded : my affection hath an vnknowne bottome,like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poore affection in, in runs out.

Ref. No, that fawne wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue : Ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando* : Ile goe finde a shadow, and figh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Inques and Lords, Forresters.

Inq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Inq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory ; haue you no fong Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Inq. Sing it : 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall be borne that killd the Deare?

His Leather skin, and borne to weare :

Then sing him borne, the rest shall beare this burthen ;

Take thou no forme to weare the borne,

It was a cresser ere thou wast borne,

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,

It is a thing to laugh to scorne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ref. How say you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,
Enter Silvius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe : looke who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phoebe*, did bid me give you this :
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which the did vfe, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure ; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ref. Patience her selfe would fustle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all :
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix : 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Sheheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phoebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand : I verily did thinke
That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands:
She has a hufwiues hand, but that's no matter :
I say the neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ref. Why, tis a boyterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers : why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian : womens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vwords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance : will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet :
Yet heard too much of *Phoebe*es crueltye.

Ref. She *Phoebe* me : marke how the tyrant wvrites.

Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*

That a maidens heart hath thus turn'd?

Can a woman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ref. *Read.* *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*

Wast thou with a woman's heart?

Did you euer heare such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did wote me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the forme of your bright eye

Haue power to raise such love in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect?

Would they worke in milke aspect?

Whiles you chid me, I did loue,

How then might your prayers moue?

He that brings this love to thee,

Little knowes this Love in me :

And by him scale up thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and kinde

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or els by him my love deuie,

And then Ile staine bene to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Sheheard.

Ref. Doe you pity him? No, he deserues no pity :
wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an in-
strument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be en-
dur'd. Well, goe your way to her ; (for I see Loue hath
made thee a fume (snake) and say this to her ; That if the
loue me, I charge her to loue thee ; if she will not, I will
neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her : if you bee a
true louer hence, and not a word ; for here comes more
company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliver.

know)

Olia. Good morrow, faire ones : pray you, (if you
Where in the Purlieu of this Forrest, stands

A

A sheep-coat, fence'd about with Olive-trees.

Cl. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oriers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall favour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe siller: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cl. It is no house, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
He lends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ref. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cl. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhath befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke vvhath object did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bowes were moist with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
A greene and gilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but doainly
Seeing Orlando, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This scene, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cl. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnatural
That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnatural.

Ref. But to Orlando: did he leaue him there
Food to the fock'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, oobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his lust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurting
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cl. Are you his brother?

Ref. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cl. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue;
Who led me instantly vnto his Cae,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalind*.
Briefe, I recover'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He lent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this blood, vnto the Shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cl. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cl. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ref. I would I were at home.

Cl. Wee'll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a ma?

You lacke a mans heart.

Ref. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, firra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeit'd,
I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeit'd:
heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony
in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ref. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ref. So I doe: but faith, I should haue beene a woman by right.

Cl. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
homewards: good fir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe

How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ref. I shall devise something: but I pray you commend
my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the
olde gentlemen saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile
Mar-text. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the
Forrest laves claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee
in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Cl. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by
my

my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Cl. Good eu'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee bee cover'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Five and twentie Sir.

Cl. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, fir.

Cl. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I fir, I thanke God.

Cl. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. 'Faith fir, so, so.

Cl. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so:

Art thou wife?

Will. I fir, I have a prettie wit.

Cl. Why, thou faist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do fit.

Cl. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No fir.

Cl. Then learne this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drinke being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he fir?

Cl. He fir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the society: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberie into bondage: I will deale in payson with thee, or in battinado, or in Steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry fir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Cl. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. It's possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?

And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddineffe of it in question; the pauerie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine confending: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: It shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I

Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*, for looke you,

Heere comes my *Rosalind*.

Ros. God loue you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had bene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know wher you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cyress* Thrafonicall bragge of I came, saw, and overcome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauineffe, by how much I shall thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceits: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you arcenether do I labor for a greater efficacy then may in some little measure draw a beleeue from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three yeare olde conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalind* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know in to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not incontinent to you,

to

to fet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'th thou in sober meanings?

Ref. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rejafind* if you will.

Enter Silvanus & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ref. I care not if I haue: it is my studie To seeme desightfull and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithful shepheard, Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rejafind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rejafind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,

All made of passion, and all made of wilthes,

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And so am I for *Rejafind*.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Ref. Why do you speake too, Why blame you meet to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.

Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolves against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will fantasie you, if euer I fantasie'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you loue *Rejafind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clewene and Audrey.

Cle. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

And. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y^e world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met honest Gentleman.

Cle. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a fong.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or faying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y^e faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horie.

Song.

It was a Lover, and his lass,

With a boy, and a be, and a boy noma,

That s'e'e the greene corse field did passe,

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.

When 'Birds do sing, they ding a ditty, ding.

Sweet Louers loue the spring,

And therefore take the present time,

With a boy, & a be, and a boy noma,

For loue is crown'd with the prime.

In spring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,

With a boy, and a be, & a boy noma:

Those prettie Country folks would lie.

In spring time, &c.

This Correll they began that morn,

With a boy and a be, & a boy noma:

Hew that a life was but a Flower,

In spring time, &c.

Cle. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y^e note was very vtunablen
1. *Pa.* you are decei'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Cle. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish fong. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrey*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celio.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleuee Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleuee, and sometimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rejafind, Silvanus, & Phebe.

Ref. Patience once more, whilst our cōpass is vrg'd: You say, if I bring in your *Rejafind*, You will bestow her on Orlando heere?

Du. Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Ref. And you say you will haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

Ref. You say, you'll marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ref. But if you do refuse to marrie me, You'll giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ref. You say that you'll haue *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

S

Ref.

Ref. I have promis'd to make all this matter even :
 Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
 You yours *Orlando*, to receive his daughter :
 Keepe you your word *Phoebe*, that you'll marrie me,
 Or else refusing me to wed this shepherd :
 Keepe you your word *Silvius*, that you'll marrie her
 If she refuse me, and from hence I go
 To make these doubts all even.

Exit Ref. and Celio.

Du. Sr. I do remember in this shepherd boy,
 Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
 Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :
 But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
 And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies, by his vncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great Magician.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Jag. There is fire another flood towards, and these
 couples are coming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
 of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
 Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jag. Good my Lord, bid him welcome : This is the
 Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
 the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
 purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady,
 I haue bin politick with my friend, smooth with mine
 enemy, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
 quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Jag. And how was that tane vp ?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
 the fennel cause.

Jag. How fennel cause ? Good my Lord, like this
 fellow.

Du. Sr. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like : I preffe
 in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives
 to sweare, and to forswear, according as marriage binds
 and blood breakes : a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing
 sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take
 that that no man else will : rich honestie dwells like a mi-
 ser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-
 ster.

Du. Sr. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

Clo. According to the foolies bolt sir, and such dulcet
 disfeases.

Jag. But for the seventh cause. How did you finde
 the quarrell on the seventh cause ?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seven times remoued : (beare your
 bodie more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir : I did dislike the
 cut of a certaine Courtiers beard : he sent me word, if I
 did his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it
 was : this is call'd the retort courtious. If I sent him
 word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word
 he cut it to please himselfe : this is call'd the quip modest.
 If againe, it was not well cut, he disliketh my indgment :
 this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well
 cut, he wold answer I spake not true : this is call'd the
 reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold
 say, I lie : this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome :
 and so for lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

Jag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well
 cut ?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not giue me the lye direct : and so wee mea-
 sur'd twis, and parted.

Jag. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of
 the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke : as you
 haue bookes for good manners : I will name you the de-
 grees. The first, the Retort courtious : the second, the
 Quip-modest : the third, the reply Churlish : the fourth,
 the Reproofe valiant : the fifth, the Counterchecke quar-
 relsome : the sixt, the Lye with circumstance : the se-
 uenth, the Lye direct : all these you may auoid, but the
 Lye direct : and you may auoid that too, with an If. I
 knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell,
 but when the parties were met themselves, one of them
 thought but of an If ; as if you saide so, then I saide so :
 and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is
 the onely peace-maker : much vertue in if.

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord ? He's as good
 at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Sr. He vicia his folly like a stalking-horse, and vn-
 der the pretensation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celio.

Sill Musick.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen,
 When earthly things made euen
 attune together.

*Good Duke receive thy daughter,
 Hymen from Heauen brought her,*

Thou brought'st her better.

*That thou might'st ioyne his hand with his,
 Whose heart was ioyne'd to hisome is.*

Ref. To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.
 To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

Du. Sr. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Ph. If fight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ref. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he :

Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he :

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not thee.

Hy. Peace beas : I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioyne in *Hymen* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you, no crosse shall part ;

You and you, are hart in hart :

You, to his loue must accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather :

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your selues with questioning :

That reason, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

*Wedding is great Iones crowne,
 O blisfull bond of hoord and bed :*

'Tis Hymen peoples curie towne,

High wedlocke then be honored :

Honor, high honor and remouce

To Hymen, God of euery Towe.

'Du. Sr. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
 Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Ph.

Ph. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.Br. Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du.Sc. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere vvere well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euerie of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

Lg. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.Br. He hath.

Lg. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deserued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two monthes victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measures.

Du.Sc. Stay, *Legues*, stay.

Lg. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
He say to know, at your abandon'd case. *Exit.*

Du.Sc. Proceed, proceed: wee'll begin these sights,
As we do trust, they'll end in true delights. *Exit.*

Rof. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good playes prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniuere you, and he begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your fimping, none of you hates them) that betwene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I deside not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make cut'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

S 2





THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophers Sly.

Begger.



Le pheeze you inisith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Silics* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror* : therefore *Pauca pallabri*, let the world slide : *Sella*.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere : go by *S. Ieremie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answer him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy : Let him come, and kindly.

Falles asleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Le. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, *Brach Meriman*, the poore Curie is imbut, And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd *brach*, Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Huaf. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, He cried vpon it at the meereft losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Ecce* were as fleet, I would esteeme him worth a dosen such : But sup them well, and looke vnto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huaf. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

1.Hu. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image : Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet cloathes : Rings put vpon his fingers : A most delicious banquet by his bed, And braue attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1.Hu. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choofe.

2.H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatter'ing dreame, or worthles fancies.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left :
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my vntown pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he vsakes,
To make a dulcet and a heuently sound :
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor vvil command :
Let one attend him vvith a filuer Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer : the third a Disper,
And lay wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a coftly suite,
And make him what apparel he will weare :
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horie,
And that his Ladie mournes at his decaie,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, lay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord :
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sir,
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1.Huaf. My Lord I warrant you we will play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

Enter Scraingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neerer
Now fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

1.Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our
dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name : but sure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Snicko. I thinke 'twas *Soe* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-yeing of this odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you first,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go first, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him dress'd in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obediace:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himselfe with honourable adion,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by their accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly cartesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this sequen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans giuft
To raise a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close couel'd)
Shall in despite enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a servingman.

I know the boy will wile vspare the grace,
Voice, gate, and adion of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will flay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my preference
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

*Enter alight the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,
Bajon and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.*

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1.Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

2.Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con-
ferues?

3.Ser. What raiment will your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophers Sly*, call not mee Honour nor
Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue
me any Conferues, giue mee conferues of Beefe: nere ask
me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: no
no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more kete then
shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o-
uer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.

Oh that a mightie man of such difcent,
Of such possession, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chri-
stopher Sly*, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a
Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a
Beare-herd, and now by present profession a Tinker.
Aske *Marriss Hacker* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if thee
know me not: if the say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for
sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingt knaue in Christen
dome. What I am not bestraght: here's—

3.Man. Oh this is it that makes your Ladie mourne.

2.Man. Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns you
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. (house)

Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence thee abied lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Myselfe*

And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,

Softer and sweeter then the lullabill bed

On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we will bestrow the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,

Their harnesses studded all with Gold and Pearle.

Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will foure

Above the morning Larkes. Or wilt thou hunt,

Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1.Man. Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as
As breathed Stags: I sceter then the Roe. (swift)

2.M. Dost thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee strait

Adonis painted by a running brooke,

And Citherea all in fedges hid,

Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,

Euen as the wauing fedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Jo*, as the was a Maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3.Man. Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,

And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,

So workmanlike the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:

Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,

Then any woman in this waining age.

1.Man. And til the teares that the hath shed for thee,

Like enuious floods ore-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world,

And yett she is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?

Or do I dreme? Or haue I dream'd till now?

I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:

I smel sweet sauours, and I feelee soft things:

Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slye.

Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight,

And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

5 3

2. Man

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightiness to wash your hands:

Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time.

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Lecter,
Because she brought flooe-lugs, and no feal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *Man.* Why fir you know no house, nor no such maide
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Sirpes Sir*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Grece,
And *Peter Turps*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more fuch names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer was.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loofe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I hope it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alce Madam, or Iose Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept aboue some fifteene yeere or more.

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:

Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physicians haue exprefely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honor Players bearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frensie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-

tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

Beg. What, household stuffe?

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'll see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucenth, and his man Triane.

Luc. *Triane*, since for the great desire I had

To see faire *Padua*, ourstrie of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardis*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie servant well approv'd in all,
Heere let vs breathe, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gau me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffike through the world:
Vincenno's come of the *Bestinoli*,
Vincenno's sonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:

And therefore *Triane*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I apply, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be achieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with facitie seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. *My Pardon*, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so devote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ovid*; be an out-cast quite abur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practise Rhetorick in your common talke,
Musicke and Poetic vife, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysicks
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure tane:

In briefe fir, studie what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Triane*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biandello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine & Bianca,
Gremio a Pantolone, Horatio sister to Bianca.

Luc. *Triane*, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, out to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Beaofe

Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gra. To court her rather. She's to rough for mee,
 There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you fir, is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Her. Mates maid, how meane you that?
 No mates for you,

Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I faith fir, you shall neuer neede to feare,
 I wis it is not halfe way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
 To combe your nodde with a three-legg'd stoole,

And paint your face, and vse you a foole.

Her. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gra. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush! marke, heres some good pastime toward;
 That wench is starker mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucas. But in the others silence do I see,

Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.

Pence Tranio.

Tra. Well said M^r, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good

What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in,

And let it not displeafe thee good *Bianca*,

For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girlie.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
 and she knew why.

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,

On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou must heare *Minerva* speak.

Her. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,

Sorrie am I that our good will effects

Bianca's griefe.

Gra. Why will you mew her vp

(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,

And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resould:

Go in *Bianca*.

And for I know the taketh most delight

In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keepe within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,

Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,

Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,

I will be very kinde and liberal,

To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,

And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,

For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*.

Exit.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What shall I be appointed hours, as though

(Belike) I knew not what to take,

And what to leave? Ha.

Exit.

Gra. You may go to the diuels dam: your gulfe is
 so good here's none will holde you: Their loue is not
 so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,
 and fast it fairly out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
 Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if
 I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that
 wherein the delights, I will with him to her father.

Her. So will I signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray
 Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd
 parte, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both that
 we may yet againe haue access to our faire Mistis, and

be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect
 one thing specially.

Gra. What's that I pray?

Her. Marrie fir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gra. A husband: a diuell.

Her. I say a husband.

Gra. I say, a diuell: Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though
 her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be
 married to hell?

Her. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience &
 mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
 good fellows in the world, and a man could light on
 them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gra. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
 with this condition: To be whipt at the hie croffe euerie
 morning.

Her. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
 apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
 it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by help-
 ing *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, wee let his
 youngest free for a husband, and then haue too't afresh:
 Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes
 fastest, gets the King: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the
 best horse in *Padua* to begin his woiing that would tho-
 roughly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
 house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambu. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray fir tel me, is it possible

That loue should of a folsaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,

I neuer thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I stood looking on,

I found the effect of Loue in idleness,

And oow in plainnesse do confesse to thee

That art to me as secret and as deere

As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,

If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrlie:

Coonsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:

Aidst me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,

Affection is not rated from the heart:

If loue haue touch'd you, naught remains but so,

Redime te captum quem pecunia minime.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,

The rest will comfort, for thy counsels found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longely on the maide,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,

Such as the daughter of *Agnor* had,

That made great *Iue* to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan stond.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how his sister

Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,

That mortal cares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to moue,

And with her breath the dead perfume the syre,

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him frō his trance:

I pray awake fir: if you loue the Maide,

Bend thoughts and wits to atcheuee her, Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,

That til the Father rid his hands of her,

Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,

And therefore haue he closely mew'd her vp,

Because

Because she will not be annoy'd with suiters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he :
But art thou not aduiz'd, he took some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our Inventions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid ;
That's your deuise.

Luc. It is : May it be done ?

Tra. Not possible : for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vinceniz's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Vist his Countreimen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Baptista*, content thee : for I haue it full.

We haue not yet bin feene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguishing'd by our faces,
For man or master : then it followes thus ;

Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted ;
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,

I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Naplesian*, or meaneer man of *Pisa*.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee : take my Coniord hat and cloake,

When *Biandello* comes, he waies on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So haue you neede :

In breefe Sir, fith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting :

Be seruicable to my sonne (quoth he)

Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,

I am content to bee *Lucentio*,

Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* looues,
And let me be a slave, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose fadaine fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biandello.

Heere comes the rogue. *Sirra*, where haue you bin ?

Bian. Where haue I bene ? Nay how now, where
are you ? Master, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your
clothes, or you stolne his, or both ? Pray what's the
newes ?

Luc. *Sirra* come hither, 'tis no time to left,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to faue my life,

Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,

And I for my escape haue put on his :

For in a quarrell since I came a shore,

I kill'd a man, and feare I was decried :

Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes :

While I make way from hence to faue my life :

You vnderstand me ?

Bian. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a lot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bian. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next with af-
ter, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptista's* yongest daugh-
ter. But *sirra*, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad-
uise you vfe your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
panies : When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio* but in

all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go :

One thing more refts, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these woemen : if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighy.

Exeunt. The Profersters about flie.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the
play.

'*Beg.* Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely ;
Comes there any more of it ?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

'*Beg.* 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
Ladie : would 'twere done. *They flie and make.*

Enter Petrucchio, and his man Gramio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,

To see my friends in *Padua* ; but of all

My best beloued and approved friend

Hortensio : & I trow this is his house :

Heere *sirra Gramio*, knocke I say.

Gra. Knocke sir ? whom should I knocke ? Is there
any man ha's rebus'd your worship ?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Gra. Knocke you heere sir ? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,

And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Gra. My M^r is growne quarrelsome :

I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worl.

Petr. Will it not be ?

'Faith sirrah, and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gra. Helpe mistress helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you : sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter ? My olde friend
Gramio, and my good friend *Petrucchio* ? How do you all
at *Verona* ?

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray ?
Conuatti li core bene trouato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla misra casa bene uenuto multo bonorata signi-
or mio Petrucchio.*

Rise *Gramio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Gra. Nay 'tis no matter fir, what he leges in Latine.

If this be not a lawful cause for me to leaue his seruice,
looke you fir : He bid me knocke him, & rap him found-
ly fir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vfe his master's
foe, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe
out ? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not *Gramio* come by the worl.

Petr. A fencelesse villaine : good *Hortensio*,

I had the rasfall knocke vpon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gra. Knocke at the gate ? O heuens : spake you not
these words plaine ? *Sirra*, Knocke me heere : rappe me
heere : knocke me well, and knocke me soundly ? And
come you now with knocking at the gate ?

Petr. *Sirra* be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

Hor. *Petrucchio* patience, I am *Gramio's* pledge :

Why this a heauie chance twiar him and you,

Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Gramio* :

And tell me now (sweet friend) what hapiee game

Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from olde *Verona* ?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen through y world,

To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Anon my father is deceas'd,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiae and thrive, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thoo'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet I promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And I'll not with thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woeing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and throw'd
As *Socrates Zenippe*, or a worse!

She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wiae it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you fir, hee tels you flatly what his
minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him
to a Puppet or an Aglet babe, or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases
as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, fo
monie comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, since we are steep thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp at best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And throw'd, and froward, fo beyond all measure,
That were my fate farre worse then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. *Hortensio* peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she hide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her mme is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceas'd father well:
I will not sleepe *Hortensio* till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you will accompanie me thither.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and the knew him as wel as I do, she would
thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee
may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or fo: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll raile in his rope
trickes. He tell you what fir, and the stand him but a lit-
tle, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir
with it, that shee shal haue no more eies to see withall
then a Cat: y you know him not fir.

Hor. Tarry *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,

For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:
He hath the iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearft,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shal haue access to *Bianca*,
Till *Katherina* the Curst, haue got a husband.

Gru. *Katherina* the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master
Well scene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuce at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vnspiesed court her by her selfe.

Enter *Gremio* and *Lucentio* disguised.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-
folkes, how the yong folkes lay their heads together.
Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace *Gremio*, it is the riuall of my Loue.
Petruchio stand by a while.

Gremio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you fir, he haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberallitie,
He mend it with a Largeesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie well perus'd;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.

Luc. What are I reade to her, he pleads for you,
As for my patron, stand you fo assur'd,
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you: vnlesse you were a scholler fir.

Gru. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Ass he is.
Petr. Peace firra.

Hor. *Gremio* mum: God giue you signior *Gremio*.
Gru. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promise to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behaviour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promitt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our *Mistress*,
So shal I no whit be behinde in dotie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.

Gru. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.
Gru. And that his bags shal proue.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
He tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chauce I met

Vpon

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yes, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, fo told him, is well:

Hortensio, have you done all her faults?

Petr. I know he is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me fo, friend? What Countreyman?

Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Batensio* sonne:

My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

Gre. Oh fir, such a life with such a wife, were stranger:

But if you haue a stomacke, too? a Gods name,

You shal haue me affilting you in all.

But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

Petr. Will I liue?

Gre. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?

Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?

Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,

Rage like an angry Boate, chafed with sweat?

Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?

And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?

Haue I not in a pitched battell heard

Loud larms, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?

And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As wil a Chaffe-nut in a Farmers fire.

Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

Gre. For he feares none.

Gre. *Hortensio* hearken:

This Gentleman is happily artiu'd,

My minde prefumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,

And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.

Gremio. And fo we wil, provided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as fure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braut, and Bindello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold

Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bian. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?

Tra. Euen he *Bindello*.

Gre. Hearke you fir, you meane not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her fir, what haue you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides fir, at any hand I pray.

Tranio. I loue no children fir: *Bindello*, let's away.

Lor. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a tutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be fir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why fir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But fo is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'l know,

That she's the choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chofen loue of Signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen

Do me this right: heare me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more tutors haue, and me for one.
Faile *Lady* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucenio* shal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.

Lor. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.

Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptista* daughter?

Tra. No fir, but heare I do that he hath two:

The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Petr. Sir, fir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more theu *Alcidas* twelue.

Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)

The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of tutors,

And will not promise her to any man,

Vntill the elder sister first be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tranio. If it be so fir, that you are the man

Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:

And if you breake the ice, and do this feat,

Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,

For our access, whose fall shall be to haue her,

Will not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,

And since you do professe to be a tutor,

You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,

Please ye we may contriue this afternoon,

And quaffe carowles to our Mistresse health,

And do as aduersaries do in law,

Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gre. *Bian.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,

Petrucio, I shal be your *Ben venuto*.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of mee,

That I disdain: but for these other goods,

Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,

Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,

Or what you will command me, wil I do,

So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy tutors beere I charge tel

Whom thou lou'st best: see thou diffeble not.

Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men alioe,

I neuer yet beheld that special face,

Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare

Ile please for you my selfe, but you that haue him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,

You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do eniue me fo?

Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue

You haue but iested with me all this while:

I prethee sister *Kate*, vntie my hands.

Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her
Enter

Enter Bapista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this insolence?

Bianca stand aside, poore gyrie she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a disellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did the crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my fight? Bianca get thee in. Exit.

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see

She is your treasure, the must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greued as I?
But who comes heere.

Enter Grene, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruccio with Tranio, with bis bag
bearing a Late and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Bapista.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Grene: God saue
you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter,
cal'd Katerina, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd Katerina.

Gre. You are too blint, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior Grene, giue me leaue.

I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is Licio, borne in Mantua.

Bap. Yare welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katerina, this I know,
She is not for your tune, the more my grieue.

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Petruccio is my name, Antonio's sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saining you tale Petruccio, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? Bapista, you are meruyl-
lous forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior Grene, I would faine be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue bene
More kindly beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at Rome, as cunning
in Greeke, Latine, and other Languages:
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is Cambio: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Grene:
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,
Me thinks you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your coming?

Tru. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe as vtor to your daughter,
Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:

Nor is your firme resolute vnknewne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

Tru. Of Pisa sir, sonne to Vincentio.

Bap. A mightie man of Pisa by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir!
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Pet. Signior Bapista, my businesse asketh haste,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreas'd,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widow-hood, be it that the suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betwene vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their furie.
Though little fire grows great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappy words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with bis head broke.

B pa.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Her. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musid-an?

Her. I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier, Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Her. Why no, for the hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her the mistooke her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)

Frets call you thefe? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:

And with that word she strooke me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,

While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,

And twangling lacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,

As had she studied to misse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wenche,

I loue her ten times more then ere I did,

Oh how I loog to haue some chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so difcomfited.

Proceed in practise with my younger daughter,

She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes:

Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,

Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Momet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes,

Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,

She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:

Say that she frowne, Ile say the lookes as cleere

As morning Roses newly waist with dew:

Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,

Then Ile commend her volubility,

And say the vttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:

If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day

When I shall aske the banns, and when be married.

But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katherine.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heere.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,

And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,

Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,

For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,

Heariog thy mildnesse prais'd in every Towne,

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether

Remoue you heere: I knew you at the first
You were a mouse.

Pet. Why, what's a mouselike?

Kat. A ioynt's foolie.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kate. No such lade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,

For knowing thee to be but young and light.

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,

And yet as heauie as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be, should: beate.

Kate. Well tane, and like a bousard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shall a bousard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a bousard.

Pet. Come, come you *Walse*, y'faith you are too
aogie.

Kate. If I be walsish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a *Walse* does weare
his sting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tooget?

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie.

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loose your armes.

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herauld *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Cress, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A combe-like Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craven

Pet. *Nay* come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so
lowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not
lowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too young for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with care.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. *Nay* heere you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so,

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers,

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a fcoone,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be croffe in talke:

But thou with mildnesse enterst a'th' thy woerers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?

Oh fland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petr. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Petr. Am I not wise?

Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.

Petr. Marry for I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed :

And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes : your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nil you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trays.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other household *Kates* :
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will have *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petrucchio*, how speed you with my
Petr. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps)

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kate. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing lacke,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Petr. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of her :
If she be curst, it is for policie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Dove,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will proue a second *Griffill*,
And *Romane Lucrece* for her chastitie :
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Hee see thee hang'd on sonday first. (sift.)

Gre. Hark *Petrucchio*, the faies thee'll see thee hang'd

Tra. Is this your speed? nay this godnight our part.

Petr. Be patient gentlemen, I chosoe her for my selfe,

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twaine being alone,

That she shall first be curst in company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to beleuee.

How much she loves me : oh the kindest *Kate*,

Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse

Shee v'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twinke shee won me to her loue.

Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see

How tame when men and women are alone,

A meacocke wretch can make the curliest shrew :

Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Penice*

To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day ;

Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

'Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your hands,

God send you ioy, *Petrucchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra*. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Petr. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,

I will to *Penice*, sonday comes apace,

We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petrucchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,

And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. Twan a commodity lay fretting by you,

'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the sea.

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:

Bot now *Baptista*, to your younger daughter,

Now is the day we long haue looked for,

I am your neighbour, and was fater first.

Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more

Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fric,

Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will conclude this strife

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

That can assure my daughter greatest dowry,

Shall haue my *Bianca* loue.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City

Is richly furnished with plate and gold,

Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands :

My hangings all of *straw* tapestry :

In luury eoffers I haue stufst my crownes :

In Cyprus chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,

Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions boist with pearle,

Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke :

Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs

To house or house-keeping : then at my farme

I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,

Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,

And if I die to morrow this is hers,

If whilst I liue she will be onely mine.

Tra. That only came well in : fir, list to me,

I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,

If I may haue your daughter to my wife,

He leaue her houses three or foure as good

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one

Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,

Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere

Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.

What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,

My Land amounts not to so much in all :

That she shall haue, besides an Argosie

That now is lying in *Marcellus* roade :

What, haue I choskt you with an Argosie?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse

Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliaffes

And twelue fite Gallies, these I will assure her,

And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I haue offered all, I haue no more,

And she can haue no more then all I haue,

If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world

By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-ried.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,

And let your father make her the assurance,

T

Shee

Shew is your owne, else you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

Tra. That's but a caull : he is olde, I young.

Gra. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,

On sonday next, you know

My daughter *Katherine* is to be married :

Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance :

If not, to Signior *Gremio* :

And so I take my leave, and thanke you both. *Exit.*

Gra. Adieu good neighbour : now I feare thee out :

Sirra, young gamester, your father were a foole

To give thee all, and in his wyning age

Set foot vnder thy table : tis a toy,

As olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I haue fac'd it with a eard of too :

'Tis in my head to doe my master good :

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincenzo*,

And that's a wonder : fathers commonly

Doe get their children : but in this case of wooing,

A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,

Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment

Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is

The patronesse of heavenly harmony :

'Then giue me leaue to haue prerogative,

And when in Musick we haue spent an houre,

Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Ass! that neuer read so farre,

To know the cause why musick was ordain'd :

Was it not to refresh the minde of man

After his studies, or his vsuall paine?

Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,

And while I pause, serue in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,

To stricke for that which resteth in my choice :

I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,

He not tied to howres, nor pointed times,

But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,

And to cut off all strife : heere sit we downe,

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,

His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.

Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be neuer, tunc your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam : *Hic ibat Simois, hic est fgeria tellus, hic fluerat Priami regis Celsa fons.*

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincenzo* of *Pila*, *Sgeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic fluerat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regis*, bearing my port, *celsa fons* that we might beguile the old *Pantalowne*.

Hort. Madam, my Instrumēt's in tune.

Bian. Let's heare, oh sic, the treble iarras.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tunc againe.

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conser it. *Hic ibat f-mas*, I know you not, *hic est fgeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic fluerat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regis pre-fume not, Celsa fons*, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the bafe.

Hort. The bafe is right, 'tis the bafe knaue that iars.

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,

Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,

Pedagoge, He watch you better yet!

In time I may beleue, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Exidris*

Was *Aax* cald so from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleue my master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,

But let it rest, now *Licio* to you :

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may go waik, and giue me leaue a while,

My Lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal sir, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be decou'd,

Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrumēt,

To learne the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of Art,

To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectfull,

Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,

And there it is in writing fairly drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamoth long agoe.

Hort. Yet read the gamoth of *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Gasmouth* I am, the ground of all accord :

Art, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion :

Beate, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

Closet, that loues with all affection :

D folre, ooe *Cliffe*, two notes haue I,

Elami, shew pittie or I die.

Call you this gamoth? tut I like it not,

Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice

To charge true rules for old inuocations.

Enter a Messenger.

Nick. Mistrisse, your sister prays you leaue your

And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp, (books,

You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Mistrisse then I haue no cause to stay.

Hort. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,

Methinks he lookes as though he were in loue :

Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on euery fable :

Seize thee that Lish, if once I finde thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day

That *Katherine* and *Petrucio* should be married,

And yet we heare out of our soone in Law :

What will be said, what mockery will it be?

To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends

To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?

What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

No

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forthwith be forth
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-braine rudenby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haile, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a frantick foole,
Hiding his bitter iells in blunt behevour,
Aod to be noted for a merry man;
He'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, end proclame the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Petrucio*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petrucio's* wife
If it would please him come and merry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petrucio* meanes but well,
What ever fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withell he's bonest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vexe a very feint,
Much more a shrew of impetient humour.

Enter Bindello.

Bin. Mester, mester, newes, and such newes as you
neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bin. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petrucio's*

Bap. Is he come? (comming?)

Bin. Why no fir.

Bap. What then?

Bin. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bin. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bin. Why *Petrucio* is comming, in a new hat and
an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches three turn'd; a
paire of bootes that haue bene candle-cases, one buck-
led, another lac'd; an olde rusty sword tene out of the
Towne Army, with a broken hilt, and chepeleffe: with
two broken points; his horse hip'd with an olde mo-
thy fiddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides posselt
with the glanders, and like to mofe in the chine, trou-
bled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full
of Windgalls, sped with Spains, railed with the Yel-
lowes, peit cure of the Fumes, flarke spoyl'd with the
Stagers, begnawne with the Bots, Wand in the backe,
and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a
half-checke Bitte, & a headball of sheepes leather, which
being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been
often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth five
times peec'd, and a womens Crupper of velore, which
hath two letters for her name, fairely fet down in studs,
and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bin. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world *Cepari-*
son'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and
a kersey boot-hose on the other, garted with a red and
blew listan old het, & the humor of forty fancies prickt
in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell,
& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen's Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor prickt him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoeuer he comes.

Bin. Why fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bin. Who, that *Petrucio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petrucio* came. (backe.)

Bin. No fir, I say his horse comes with him on his

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bin. Nay by *S. Lowy*, I hold you a penny, & horse and
a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petrucio and Gramio.

Petr. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome fir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I with you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?

How does my father? gentles methinks you frowne,

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some Comet, or vnusuell prodigie?

Bap. Why fir, you know this is your wedding day:

Firft were we sad, fearing you would not come,

Now fadder that you come so vnprovided:

Fix, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemne festiuell.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import

Heth all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,

Sufficieth I am come to keepe my word,

Though in some part inforced to digresse,

Which at more leysure I will so excuse,

As you shall well be satisfied with all.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,

The morning weeres, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,

Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Petr. Not I, beleue me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will marry her. (words,

Petr. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a lovely kisse. *Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,

We will perswade him he is possible,

To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. He after him, end fee the event of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But fir, Loue concerneth vs to edde

Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe

As before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man what ere he be,

It skills not much, wee'll fit him to our torne,

And he shall be *Francisco* of *Pisa*,

And make assurance heere in *Padua*

Of greeter summes then I hope promised,

So shall you quietly enioy your home,

And merry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Lac. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster

Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:

'Twere good me-thinkes to steele our marriage,

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,

He keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

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And

And watch our vantage in this busineffe,
Wee'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Misolo*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Licio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gra. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gra. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groomer indeed,
A grumling groomer, and that the girl shall finde.

Tra. Curther then *the*, why 'tis impossible.

Gra. Why hee's a deuil, a deuil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deuil, a deuil, the deuil damme.

Gra. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Douce, a foole to him:

He tell you fir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore fo loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest fell all the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gra. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many
ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth
he, as if he had bene aboard carowling to his Mates after
a storme, quoth off the Muscadell, and threw the fops
all in the Seasons face: having no other reason, but that
his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
him fops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the
Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla-
morous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and
after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad mar-
riage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min-
strels playe.

Musicks playe.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thioke to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my busineffe,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my felfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Gra. Let me intreat you.

Petr. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Petr. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Petr. I am content you shall intreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you loue me stay.

Petr. *Gremio*, my horse.

Gra. I fir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
horses.

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my felfe,
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your booties are greene:
For me, I'll not be gone till I please my felfe,
'Tis like you'll pious a iolly frier's groomer,
That take it on you at the first fo roundly.

Petr. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leasure.

Gra. I marry fir, oow it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If he had not a spirit to resist.

Petr. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowle full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, the must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shoe is my goods, my chattells, she is my house,
My household stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxen, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
He bring mine action on the prouddest he
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Gremio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theues,
Rescue thy Mistress if thou be a man:
Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
Hee buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt P. & K.*

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. *(Sings.)*

Gra. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her felfe, she's madly mated.

Gra. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though *Bride & Bride-
For* to supply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast)

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Gremio.

Gra. Fire, fire on all tired lades, on all mad Maisters,
& all soule waies: was euer man fo beaten? was euer man
fo raide? was euer man fo weary? I am fene before to
make a fire, and they are coming after to warme them:
now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes
might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my
mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire
to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my
felfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I
will take cold: Hollo, hollo *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls fo coldly?

Gra. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou shalt
slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no
greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curio*.

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Gramio*?

Gr. Oh I *Curio* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is the so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gr. She was good *Curio* before this frost; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my selfe fellow *Curio*.

Gr. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

Cur. Am I but three inches? Why thy horse is a foot and so long am I at the lea. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complaine on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Gramio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gr. A cold world *Curio* in every office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready, and therefore good *Gramio* the newes.

Gr. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gr. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, the rushes strew'd, the cobwebs swept, the seruingers in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire within, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready, and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gr. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistress false out.

Cur. How?

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Gramio*.

Gr. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gr. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gr. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listning: now I begin, Inprimis we came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistress.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and the vnder her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how the was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse vpon her, how hee beat me because her horse stumbled, how hee waded through the dirt to plucke him off me: how hee swore, how the praid, that neuer praid before! how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obliuion, and thou returne vneexperie'd to thy graue.

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

Gr. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Isejeph*, *Nicholas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Sungerjop* and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtlee with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horie-taile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gr. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistress.

Gr. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gr. Thon it seemes, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fve seruingers.

Gr. Why the comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Gramio*.

Phil. How now *Gramio*.

Isej. What *Gramio*.

Nick. Fellow *Gramio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gr. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gr. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.

You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes!

What! no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gr. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudge

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these rascall knaues with thee?

Gramio. *Nathaniel's* coatte sir was not fully made,

And *Gabriel's* pumpes were all vnpink't i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,

And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,

Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex.Ser.*

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter seruants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.

Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

It was the Prior of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heete: what hou.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Truillio*? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:

One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquaint'd with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?

Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:

you horson villaine, will you let it fall?

T 3

Kate

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A horlon beetle-headed flap-eared knao:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you have a stomacke,
Will you give thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?

1. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meste:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vmanner'd slauces.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders chollier, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did flye,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollierickes,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for companie.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter* didst ever see the like.

Peter. He kila her in her owne humor.

Gramis. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Servingant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railles, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I polittickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And til the stoop, the must not be full gorge'd,
For then the neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch the Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
Shee eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night shee slept not, nor to night shee shall not:
As with the meate, some vnderfused fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile sing the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:
I, and amid this horlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, the shal watch all night,
And if the chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her fill awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
And thos Ile curse her mad and headstrong humor:
That she knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lifo*, that mistress *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Her. Now Mistress, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolute me that?

Her. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue fit Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweet decree ptoose Mistress of my heart.

Her. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh disfighful Loue, vnconfort womekind,
I tel thee *Lifo* this is wonderfull.

Her. Mislike no more, I am not *Lifo*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that cometh to line in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sit, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightnesse,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

Her. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfaide oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beasty the doth court him.

Her. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdaunful Haggard,
And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bleesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne mee?

Tra. Mistress you haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lifo*.

Tra. I'faith hee' haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee' I tane her.

Bianca. Hee sayes so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biandello.

Bian. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Will serue the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biandello*?

Bian. Master, a Mercantint, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance fully like a Father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
He make him glad to see me *Vincenzo*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*.
As if he were the right *Vincenzo*.

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaille you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countryman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? he that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis meruaille, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,

For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.

Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,

This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,

First tell me, haue you euer bene at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,

Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincenzo*?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bian. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,

This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincenzo*.

His name and credit that you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,

Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
you vnderstand me sir: so that you stay

Till you haue done your business in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer

The patron of my life and libertie.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,

This by the way I let you vnderstand,

My father is heere look'd for euerie day,

To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage

'Twixt me, and one *Baptista* daughter heere:

In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,

Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gr. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marrie me to famish me?

Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,

Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,

If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:

But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,

Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,

Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:

With oathes kept waking, and with bawling fed,

And that which spighte me more then all these wants,

He does it vnder name of perfect loue:

As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate

'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.

I prethee go, and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be holtsome foode.

Gr. What say you to a Neats foote?

Kate. 'Tis paining good, I prethee let me haue it.

Gr. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

Gr. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

Gr. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

Gr. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gr. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

Blast him.

That feed'd me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you

That triumph thus vpon my misery:

Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweetening all a-mort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Petr. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.

Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.

I am sure sweet Kate, this kindeesse merites thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou loust it not:

And all my paines is forth to no purpose.

Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it stand.

Petr. The poorest seruice is repaide with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thank you sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, see you are too blame:

Come Mistress Kate, Ile beare you companie.

Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou lovest mee:

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:

Kate eate apace: and now my homie Loue,

Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,

And reuell it as brauely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Roffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:

With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brow'r,

With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'r,

What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leisure,

To decke thy bodie with his raffling treface.

Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let vs see thefa ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you fir?

Pet. Heere is the cap your Worshipp did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded oo a porrenger,

A Velvet dish : Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A koacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap :

Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. He haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlewomeo weare such caps as thefe.

Pet. When you are gentile, yoo shall haue one too,
And not till thea.

Hor. That will not be in haft.

Kate. Why fir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,

And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,

Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,

And If you cannot, best you flop your cares,

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,

And rather then it shall, I will be free,

Euen to the vttermoost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou faist troe, it is paltre cap,

A custard coffen, a bubble, a filken pie,

I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,

And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I : come Tailor let vs see't.

Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?

Whats this? a sleue? 'tis like demel canoon,

What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?

Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and flish and flash,

Like to a Censur in a barbers shoppe :

Why what a deuil name Tailor call'st thou this?

Hor. I see thees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tail. You bid me make it orderlie and well,

According to the fashon, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and so : but if you be remembered,

I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,

For you shall hop without my custome fir :

Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashon'd gowne,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable :

Belike you meane to make a poppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a poppet of thee.

Tail. She faies your Worshipp meanes to make a

puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance :

Thou lyest, thou thred, thou chimble,

Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naille,

Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou :

Brau'd in mine owne hoofe with a skaine of thred :

Away thou Ragge, thou quantie, thou remnant,

Or I shall fo be-mete thee with thy yard.

As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'n thou liu'st :

I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worshipp is decei'd, the gowne is made

Iust as my master had direction :

Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

Grumio. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio. Marrie fir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Grumio. Thoo hast fac'd many thioga.

Tail. I haue.

Grumio. Face not mee : thou hast brau'd manie men,
braue not me : I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say
vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did
not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashon to tellify.

Pet. Reade it.

Grumio. The note lies in's thraote if he say I said so.

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Grumio. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-
tome of browne thred : I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tail. With a small compast cape.

Grumio. I confesse the cape.

Tail. With a trunke sleue.

Grumio. I confesse two sleues.

Tail. The sleues curiously cot.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Grumio. Error i'th bill fir, error i'th bill? I commanded
the sleues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and
that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-
med in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
where thou should'st know it.

Grumio. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, gise
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then bee shall haue no
oddes.

Pet. Well fir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Grumio. You are i'th right fir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vfe.

Grumio. Villaine, not for thy life : Take vp my Mistress
gowne for thy masters vfe.

Pet. Why fir, what's your conceit in that?

Grumio. Oh fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Mistress gowne to his masters vfe.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thoo wilt see the Tailor paid:

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,

Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words :

Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,

Euen in thefe honest meane habiliments :

Our purfes shall be proud, our garments poore :

For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunoe breakes through the darke't clouds,

So honor peareth in the meane't habit.

What is the lay more precious then the Larke ?

Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Ezle,

Because his painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worfe

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountest it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,

Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,

And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walke oo foote,

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some feuen a clocke,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you fir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be feuen ere I go to horie :

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You are still crossing it, first let's alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Her. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dress'd like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiv'd,

Signior Baptista may remember me

Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genna*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Peggsu*,

Tis well, and hold your owne in any case

With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biandello.

Ped. I warrant you : but fir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him : first *Biandello*,

Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you :

Imagine 'twere the right *Vincenzo*.

Biand. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But ha't thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.

Biand. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,

And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptista* : set your countenance fir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio : Pedant bowed and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met :

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son ! fir by your leave, huaing com to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*

Made me acquainted with a waighy case

Of looe betwene your daughter and himselfe :

And for the good report I heare of you,

And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him : to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good fathers care

To haue him matcht, and if you please to like

No worfe then I, vpon some agreement

Me shall you finde readie and willing

With one consent to haue her so bestow'd :

For curious I cannot be with you

Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well :

Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here

Doth loue my daughter, and the loueth him,

Or both diffemble deeply their affections :

And therefore if you say no more then this,

That like a Father you will deale with him,

And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done,

Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best

We be affid and such assurance tane,

As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know

Pitchers haue eares, and I haue nianic seruants,

Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,

And happilie we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodgings, and it like you,

There doth my father lie : and there this night

Weele passe the bosome priuately and well :

Send for your daughter by your seruant here,

My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presentlie,

The worst is this that at so slender warning,

You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :

Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie

straight :

And if you will tell what hath hapned,

Lucentio Father is arriv'd in *Padua*,

And how she's like to be *Lucentio* wife.

Biand. I praise the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit.

Tra. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,

Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,

Come fir, we will better it in *Pija*.

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biandello.

Biand. *Cambio*.

Luc. What saist thou *Biandello*?

Biand. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?

Luc. *Biandello*, what of that?

Biand. Faith nothing : but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biand. Then thus : *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biand. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Biand. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Biand. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance : take you assurance of her, *Cum prauilegio ad Impremendum solum*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses :

If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,

But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear't thou *Biandello*?

Biand. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an afternoon as shee went to the Garden for Parsley to stufte a Rabbit, and so may you fir : and so adew fir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appudix.

Exit.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented :

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt :

Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her :

It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her.

Exit.

Enter Petrucchio, Kate, Hortentio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers :

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne : it is not Moonlight now.

Petr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Petr. Now by my mothen sonne, and that's my selfe,

It

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Eoermore croft and croft, nothing but croft.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please;
And if you please to call it a roth Candle,
Heereforth I vowe it shall be for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.

Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay thou say'st: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be for *Katherine*.

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should
And not vnluckily against the Bias: (run,
But soft, Company is coming here

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle *Mistress*, where away:
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What flars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him.

Kate. Yong bodding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable flars
A lots thee for his loely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
That haue bin so bedazzled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke oo seemeth Greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandfire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauestlest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry *Mistress*,
That with your strange encounter much amaze me:
My name is call'd *Vincenio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio* gentle Sir.

Petr. Happily meet, the happier for thy sonnes:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may tottle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, she is of good echeeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may besetme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me embrace with old *Vincenio*,

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arrival be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauiolers to breake a leift
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriement hath made thee ielous. *Exeunt.*
Hort. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Thee hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be watoward. *Exit.*

*Enter Biandello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
is out before.*

Biand. Softly and swiftly Sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I file *Biandello*; but they may chance to neede
thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*

Biand. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my mistress as soone as I can.

Gra. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio
with Attendants.*

Petr. Sie heres the doore, this is *Lucentio*'s house,
My Father beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you Sir.

Vin. You shall not choise but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke
lowder.

Padua looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within Sir?

Ped. He's within Sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee
shall neede none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in
Padua: doe you heare Sir, to leaue friolous circumstances,
I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is
come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and
here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I Sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentlemen: why this is flat kna-
uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Padua. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleaue a meanes
to cofen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenaunce.

Enter Biandello.

Bi. I haue seene them in the Church together, God
send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-
ster *Vincenio*: now wee are vndone and brought to no-
thing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bi. I hope I may choise Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot
mee?

Biand. Forgot you, no Sir: I could not forget you, for
I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you ootorious villaine, didst thou neuer
see thy Mistress father, *Vincenio*?

Sist. What

Bian. What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie fir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Ist so inderde. *He beates Biandello.*

Bian. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedro. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior Baptista.

Petr. Free the Kate let's stand aside and see the end of this controverfie.

Enter Pedro with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my servant?

Vin. What am I firnay what are you fir; oh immortal Goddess; oh fine villaine, a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone; while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my servant spend all at the vaicourtie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a fober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man; why fir, what comes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father; oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in Bergamo.

Bapt. You mistake fir, you mistake fir, praise what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him vp eoer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Awake, awake mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior *Vincutio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*: oh he hath morderd his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knave to the laile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be forth coming.

Vin. Carrie me to the laile!

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bapt. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be conitachd in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right *Vincutio*.

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tra. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bapt. Awake with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biandello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haile and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

Bian. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forswear him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biandello, Tranio and Pedro as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*

Vin. Lives my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bapt. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincutio*,

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes blec'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deeuie vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,

That sic'd and braoed me in this matter so?

Bapt. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue

Made me exchange my Rate with *Tranio*,

While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I haue arriv'd at the laist

Vnto the wished haven of my blisse:

What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;

Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile sit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the laile.

Bapt. But doe you heare fir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villaine. *Exit.*

Bapt. And I to found the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My eake is doug, but Ile in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the strette?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo fir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praise thee Loue staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*. *Exeunt.*
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincutio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biandello Gremio, and Widow;

The Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our larring notes agree, And time it is when raging warre is come,

To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne;

My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,

While I with selfesame kindeesse welcome thine:

Brother *Petrucchio*, sister *Katerina*,

And thou *Hortensio* with thy louing *Widow*

Faith with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Banket is to close our stomakes vp

After our great good cheere: I praise you sit downe,

For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and este.

Bapt. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petrucchio*.

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hort. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be afraid.

Petr. You are verie sensible, and yet you misse my sense:

I meane *Hortensio* is afraid of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.

Petr. Roundlie repelid.

Kat. Mistress, how meane you that?

Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.

Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensius* that?

Her. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.

Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round, I praie you tell me what you meane by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands forrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you.

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Her. To her Widdowe.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Her. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinks to Hortensius.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Beleeue me fir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an haffie witted bodie,

Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistress Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe a-gaine.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you hane began: Hane at you for a better left or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shif my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your Bow. You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh fir, *Lucenio* slip me like his Gray-hound, Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Maister.

Petr. A good swift simile, but something curiish.

Tra. 'Tis well fir that you hunted for your selfe: 'Tis thought your Deere doe hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

Her. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse: And as the left did glance awaie from me, 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse Ionne *Petruchio*, I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore fir assurance, Let's each one fend vnto his wife, And he whose wife is most obedient, To come at first when he doth fend for her, Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Her. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twentie crownes,

Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound, But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Her. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.

Her. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Bindello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

Bis. Igoe.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Bindello.

How now, what newes?

Bis. Sir, my Mistress sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God fir your wife fend you not a worfe.

Petr. I hope better.

Her. Sirra *Bindello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bianca.

Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Her. I am afraid fir, doe what you can

Enter Bindello.

Yours will not be entreated: I Now, where's my wife?

Bian. She saies you hane some goodly left in hand, She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worfe and worfe, the will not come:

Oh wilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Gremio*, goe to your Mistress,

Say I command her come to me.

Exit.

Her. I know her answer.

Petr. What?

Her. She will not.

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my holiday here comes *Katerina*.

Kat. What is your will fir, that you fend for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensius* wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come, Swinge me them fourthly vnto their husbands: Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Her. And so it is: I wonder what it bode.

Petr. Marrie peace it bode, and loose, and quiet life, An awfull rule, and right supremacie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*:

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes, Another dowrie to another daughter, For she is chang'd as the had neuer bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet, And show more signe of her obedience, Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katerina, that Cap of yours becomes you not, Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a fillie passe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your dutie faire *Bianca*, Hath cost me five hundred crownes since sapper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dotie.

Petr. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come,

Mid. Come, come, your mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Mid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that thretning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
It blots thy beaurie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budde,
And in no fence is meeete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beaurie,
And while it is so, nont so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy foveraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil't thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuishe, fallen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebelle,
And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse pist compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vae your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee
Kate.

Lac. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Lac. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

Pet. Come Kate, wee'll to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst
Shrow.

Lac. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.

V v





ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafeu, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Rof. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subiection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you fir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to yoo, whose worthinesse would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Shiftions Madam, vnder whose practise he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the procelle, but onely the loosing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortal, and death should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous fir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd still, if knowledge could be set vp against mortallitie.

Rof. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Rof. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vnckeane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derides her honestie,

and atcheues her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheekes. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue—

Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive griefe the enemy to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemy to the griefe, the excessive makes it soone mortall.

Rof. Madam I desire your holie wishes.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father in manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then vfe: and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence, But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farewell my Lord,
'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Adulce him.

Laf. He cannot want the best

That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen blesse him: Farewell *Bertram*.

R. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be seruants to yoo: be comfortable to my mother, your Mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like? I haue forgot him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*.

I am vnstone, there is no sioing, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, That I should loue a bright particular starre, And think to wed it, he is so aboue me In his bright radiance and colaterall light,

Must

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for love. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him euerie houre to fit and draw
His arch'd browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and trick of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his fake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward,
Yet these fist euils fit to fit in him,
When Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisdom waighting on superfluous follie.

Par. Sawe you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you haue some staine of souldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vsfold to vs some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginie from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginie beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your City. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rational encrease, and there was neuer Virgin gone, till virginite was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee said in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mother; which is most insalubrious disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murdereth it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheefe, consumes it selfe to the very paying, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-love, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten years it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do so, to loose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but vnsuteable, inst like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it looks ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:

There shall your Maister haue a thousand loues,
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitor, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humilitie:
His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcetts
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptions christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:
I know not what he shall, God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and be is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I with well, 'tis pittie.

Par. What's pittie?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne, Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes, Might vwith effects of them follow our friends, And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer Returns vs thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parrolles,

My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little Helles farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur Parrolles, you were borne vnder a charitable starre.

Par. Vnder Mars I.

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder Mars.

Par. Why vnder Mars?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you must needs be borne vnder Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,

When feare proposes the falsitie:

But the composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Parolles. I am so full of businesse, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a Courtiers counsell, and vnderstand what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou diest in thine vnthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy praiers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends: Get

V a

Get

Get thee a good husband, and vfe him as he vfes thee : So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our felues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fatd skye
Gives vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow deliquies, when we our felues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue fo hys,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest spell in fortune, Nature brings
To loyne like, likes; and kisse like nature things.
Impossible be strange attempts to thofe
That weigh their paines in fence, and do foppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deuiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will oot leaue me.

Exit

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
diuers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senays* are by th'cares,
Huse fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1. Lo.G. So tis reported fir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaine vouch'd from our Cousin *Aufria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our deereft friend
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo.G. His loue and wifedom
Approv'd fo to your Maiefty, may please
For ampleft credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

2. Lo.E. It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. Lo.G. It is the Connt *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haist
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiefties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall foundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our soldierfhip: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Displed of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age teale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day fo our yong Lords: but they may leif
Till their owne fcorne returne to them voosoted
Ere they cao hide their leuitie in honor:
So like a Courtier, coteempt nor bitterneffe

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it felfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his homilitie,
In their poore praife he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonftrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance fir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then oo his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would swaies fay,
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plaufiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grastd them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not lioe,
Thia his good melancholly oft began
On the Cataftrophe and heele of paffime
When it was out: Let me not lioe (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger fpirits, whose apprehenfiue fees
All but new things difaine; whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose confancies
Expire before their fashions: this he with'd.
I after him, do after him with too:
Since I nor was nor honic can bring home,
I quickly were difsolued from my hie
To giue fome Labourers room.

2. Lo.E. You'r loued Sir,

They that least lend it you, shall lacke you firft.

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ift Count
Since the Phytician at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some fix moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me oot
With feuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leifure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maiefty.

Exit

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Serward, and Clowne.

Count. I will now heare, what fay you of this gentle-
woman.

Ser. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your con-
tent, I with might be found in the Kalender of my paff
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foale the clearnesse of our defernings, whenof our felues
we publish them.

Count. What does this knaue heere? Get you gone
firra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do oot all be-
leeue, 'tis my fownesse that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough
to make fuch knaueries yours.

Clow. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore
felow.

Count. Well fir.

Clow. No maddam,
'Tis not fo well that I am poore, though manic
of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladieships good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and w will doe as we may.

Con. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Cl. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Con. In what case?

Cl. In *Isbells* case and mine owne: service is no heritage, and I thinke I shall neuer have the blessing of God, till I have issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blessing.

Con. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Cl. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driven onely the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell drives.

Con. Is this all your worshipp reason?

Cl. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Cl. I have bene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Con. Thy marriage sooner than thy wickednesse.

Cl. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wiew sake.

Con. Such friends are thine enemies knawe.

Cl. Y^e are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and gives mee leave to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend, he that kisses my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbas* the Puritan, and old *Poyssam* the Papist, how somere their hearts are sever'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Con. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knawe?

Cl. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next wale, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde.

Con. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speake.

Con. Sirra tell my gentewoman I would speake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Cl. Was this faire case the cause, quoth she, Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*, Fond done, done, fond was this King *Prisms* ioy, With that she sigh'd as she stood, *And* gave this sentence then, among nine had if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Con. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the fong sirra.

Cl. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath' fong: would God would serve the world fo all the yeere, wee finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might have a good woman borne but ore cuerie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Con. Youle begone sir knawe, and doe as I command you?

Cl. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit.

Con. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentewoman indircly.

Con. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then shee demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie stranger sense, her matter was, shee loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: I Love no god, that would not extend his might oneslie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault or rasome afterward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it.

Con. You have discharg'd this honestie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleuee nor misdoubt: I praeie you leave mee, stail this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellem.

Old Con. Euen so it was vrith me when I was yong: If euer we are natures, these are ours, this thorne Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne, It is the show, and scale of natures truth, Where loues strong passion is imprint in youth, By our remembrances of daies forgon, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none, Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol. Con. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Con. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother, That you start at it? I say I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of those That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene Adoption strives with nature, and chiefe breeds A native slip to vs from forraine feedes: You nere oppress me with a mothers groane, Yet I expresse to you a mothers care, (Gods mercie maiden) doe it curd thy blood To say I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this distempred messenger of wet?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

—Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.

Old Cos. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Refilion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name;
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.

Ol Cos. Nor I your Mother.

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeepe my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauens,
So I were not his sister, eant no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old Cos. Yes *Hellie*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So striue vpon your pulfe; vbat pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse: I now I see
The mistrie of your louelineffe, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all fence 'tis grosse:
You looe my sonne, inuention is aham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies
See it so grossly shewne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ift so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forwaere't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auail
To tell me truelie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cos. Do you looe my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Cos. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you looe him Madam?

Cos. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose it
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knees, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I looe your
Sonne;

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is loud of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet neuer know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemperate Sine.
I still poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to looke still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deereft Sine,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
With chastity, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot chuse
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her searsh implies,
But riddle like, liues sweetly where she dies.

Cos. Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,
To goe to *Paré*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cos. Wherefore'tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall fousaigntie: and that he wil'd me
In heede full't reueration to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inelusive were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approv'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Cos. This was your motive for *Paré*, was it, speake!

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to thinke of this;
Else *Paré*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conseruation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.

Cos. But thinke you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receive it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearn'd Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe.

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great't
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
By th'luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'd venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.

Cos. Doo't thou beleue't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Cos. Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, be state at home
And praise Gods blessing into thy attempt:
Begin to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers young Lords, taking leaue for
the Florentine warres; Count, Rosse, and
Parrelles. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell young Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiue'd,
And is enough both.

Lord G. 'Tis our hope fir,

After

After well entred fouldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallady
That doth my life beseege: I farewell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the fionnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thofe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laft Monarchy) fee that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The braueft queftant shrinks: finde what you feeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I fay farewell.

L.G. Health at your bidding ferue your Maiefty.

King. Thofe girls of Italy, take heed of them,
They lay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you ferue.

Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1. *Lo.G.* Oh my sweet Lord, you will stay behind vs.

Perr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

2. *Lo.E.* Oh 'tis braue warres.

Perr. Most admirable, I haue fenne thofe warres.

Refill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Perr. And thy minde stand too't boy,
Steale away brauely.

Refill. I fhall stay here the for-harfe to a fmocke,
Crecking my fhooes on the plaine Mafuray,
Till honour be bought vp, and no fword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, I'll feale away.

1. *Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.

Perr. Commit it Count.

2. *Lo.E.* I am your accessory, and fo farewell.

Ref. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. *Lo.G.* Farewell Captaine.

2. *Lo.E.* Sweet Mounfieur Parolles.

Perr. Noble *Hernes*, my fword and yours are kinne,
good fparkes and luftrous, a word good mettals. You
fhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
Spurio his ficutrice, with an Embleme of warre here on
his finifter cheek; it was this very fword entrench'd it:
I say to him I liue, and obferue his reports for me.

Lo.G. We fhall noble Captaine.

Perr. Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will
ye doe?

Refill. Stay the King.

Perr. Vfe a more fpacious cetermonie to the Noble
Lords, you haue reftrein'd your felfe within the Lift of
too cold an adieu: be more expreffive to them; for they
were themfelves in the cap of the time, there do mofter
true gate; eat, fpeake, and moue vnder the influence of
the moft receiue'd farrre, and though the deuill leade the
meafure, fuch are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.

Ref. And I will doe fo.

Perr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prouee moft fi-
newie fword-men. *Exant.*

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. He fee thee to stand vp. *(pardon,*

L.Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to afke me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could fo stand vp.

King. I would I had, fo I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-croffe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmities?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foae could reach them: I haue fenne a medicine
That's able to breath life into a fione,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With fprightly fire and motion, whose fimple touch
Is powerfull to arayfe King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctur he: my Lord, there's one arrin'd,
If you will fee her: now by my faith and honour,
If feriously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue ipoke
With one, that in her feae, her yeeres, profiffion,
Wifedome and confancy, hath amaa'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeneffe: will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her bufinesse?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May fpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, lie ft you,

And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his fpeciall nothing euer prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Helten.

King. This hafte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,

This is his Maiefty, fty your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitors
His Maiefty feldome feares, I am *Cressida* Vnele,
That dare leaue two together, far you well. *Exit.*

King. Now faire one, do's your bufines follow vs?

Hel. I my good Lord,

Gerard de Narben was my father,
In what he did profefse, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I fpare my praifes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on'a bed of death,
Many receipts he gaue me, chiefly one,
Which as the defiret ifue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He had me ffore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: I more deare I haue fo,
And hearing your high Maiefty is toucht
With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneffe.

King. We thanke you moiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our moft learned Doctours leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ranfome nature
From her inaydible eftate: I fay we muft not
So flaine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our path cure malladie
To empericks, or to diuifer fo
Our great felfe and our credit, to esteeme
A fencelefse helpe, when helpe path fence we deeme.

Hel. My

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intresting from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful :
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I give,
As one neere death to those that with him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your selfe gainst remedie :
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great fouds haue flowne
From simple fources : and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great' beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises : and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hell. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that squars our guesse by shewes:
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeuours giue consent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impostrer, that proclaim
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hopt'st thou my cure?

Hell. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd her sleepey Lampes
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe :
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudencie,
A strumpets boldnesse, a diuerged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maidens name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With wilde tortue, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speake
His powerfull sound, within an organ weak :
And what impossibility would stay
In common sence, fence faues another way :
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperacie,
Sweet practise, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hell. If I breake time, or finch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpietied let me die,

And well deferu'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

King. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it euen?

King. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hell. Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogancie
To choose from forth the royall blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state :
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

King. Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolvd Patient, on thee still relye :
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust :
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest.
Giue me some helpe heere ho, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Floriso. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Cleuene.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Cleuene. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you spe-
ciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to
the Court?

Cle. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-
ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court : hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say no-
thing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap : and in-
deed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the
Court, but for me, I haue an answer will serue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all
questions.

Cle. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes,
the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn but-
tocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answers serue fit to all questions?

Cle. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attur-
ney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as
Tubs ruth for Toms fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-
tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,
the Cuckold to his horse, as a folding queane to a
wringling knaue, the Nons lip to the Friens smoothe,
nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answer of such fitnesse for
all questions?

Cle. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-
stable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size,
that must fit all demands.

Cle. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it : heere it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no
harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could : I will bee a
foole in question, hoping to bee the wifer by your an-
swer.

Lady.

La. I pray you fir, are you a Courtier?

Cl. O Lord fir, there's a simple parting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore friend of yours, that loves you.

Cl. O Lord fir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke fir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Cl. O Lord fir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt fir as I thinke.

Cl. O Lord fir, spare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord fir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord fir, is very sequest to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Cl. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord fir: I fee things may serue long, but not serue euer.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Cl. O Lord fir, why there't serueth well agen.

La. And end fir to your businesse: giue *Helien* this, And vrge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my soone, This is not much.

Cl. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you vnderstand me.

Cl. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my leages.

La. Haft you agen.

Exeunt

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, enforcing our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ref. And so 'tis.

Ol. Laf. To be relinquish't of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Gales* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellows.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gaue him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twice a man affur'd of a——

Ol. Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would haue said, the verie fame.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect——

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vie to

be made, then alone the recourty of the king, as to bee
Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Helien, and attendants.

Par. I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King.

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a maide the Better whil' I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helien*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court, Sit my preseruer by thy patients side, And with this healthfull hand whose banisht fence Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue The confirmation of my promis'd giuft, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing, Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I haue to vifibly franke election make, Thou hast power to choofe, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris; Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtsils, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well: Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

See address't her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, rethor'd the king to health.

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest

That I proteit, I simply am a Maide:

Please if your Maistie, I haue done already:

The bloudes in my cheekes thus whiffer mee;

We blush that thou shouldst choofe, but be refused;

Let the white death sit on thy cheekes for euer,

Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,

Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,

And to impetall loue, that God most high

Do my sighes steame: I Sir, will you heare my suite?

1. *La.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanke fir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw Amef-ace for my life.

Hel. The honor fir that flames in your faire eyes,

Before I speake too threateningly replies:

Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboute

Her that so vrishes, and her humble loue,

2. *La.* No better if you please.

Hel. My with receiue,

Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would fend them to 'th Turke to make Eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,

Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:

Blessing vpon your vovues, and in your bed

Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of lce, they'le none haue

have heere : sure they are bastards to the English, the Frenchere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your life a sonne out of my blood.

4. Lord. Faire one, I thinke not so.

Ol. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be't not an asse, I am a youth of fourtene : I have knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live Into your guiding power : This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, shee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, give me leave to vfe The helpe of mine owne eyes.

King. Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sick-ly bed.

Ber. But follows it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well : Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge : A poore Phisitians daughter my wife? Diidaine Rather corrupt me euer.

King. Tis onely this thou disdainst in her, the which I can build vp : strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinctiōn: yet stands off In differences lo mightie. If she bee

All that is vertuous (I saue what thou dislik'st)

A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st

Of vertue for the name : but doe not so :

From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede.

Where great additions (well's, and vertue none,

It is a dropp'd honour. Good a lone,

Is good without a name! Vilence is so :

The propertie by what is in, should go,

Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,

In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire :

And these breed honour : that is honours forme,

Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,

And is not like the fire : Honours thrise,

When rather from our acts we them derise

Then our fore-goes : the meere words, a flau

Debold'st of euerie tombe, on euerie graue :

A lying Trophee, and so oft is dumbe,

Where dust, and damnd obliuion is the Tombe.

Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?

If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,

I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee

Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will strive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strive to choise.

Hel. That you are well rekor'd my Lord, I'me glad :

Let the rest go.

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat

I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,

Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,

That dost in vile misprision shackle vp

My loue, and her desert : that canst not dreame,

We poisoning vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know,

It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where

We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt :

Obeie Our will, which trauailes in thy good :

Beleue not thy disdain, but presentlie

Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,

Or I will throw thee from my care for euer

Into the flaggens, and the carelesse lapse

Of youth and ignorance : by both reuenge and hate

Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,

Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit

My fancie to your eyes, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late

Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base t is now

The prai'd of the King, who fo ennobled,

Is as 'twere borne fo.

King. Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise

A counterpoise : If not to thy estate,

A balance more repeat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King

Smile vpon this Contralt : whose Ceremonie

Shall seeme expedit on the now borne briefe,

And be perform'd to night : the sollemn Feast

Shall more attend vpon the coming space,

Expecting absent friends. As thou loo'st her,

Thy loue's to me Religious : else, do'st erre.

Exeunt

Paroles and Lafw say behind, commen-

ting of the wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his re-

cantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? My Master?

Laf. I : Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode

without bloudie succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Russillon*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man : Counts masiter is of

another stile.

Par. You are too old sir : Let it satisfie you, you are

too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man : to which

title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a

prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of

thy trauell, it might passe : yet the scassies and the ban-

nerets about thee, did manifoldlie disswade me from

beleueing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now

found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not yet art

thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' ourt

scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vp-

on thee.

Laf. Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least

thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on

thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee

well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through

thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord's defer'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, ev'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wifer.

Laf. Eo'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vasa-tion.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy fake, and my poore doing eternall : for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord : Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conveni-ence, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——He beate him, and if I could but meet him again.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you : you haue a new Mitris.

Par. I most vaineely beseech your Lordshippe to make some reueration of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboute in my master.

Laf. Whol God.

Par. I fir.

Laf. The deuil it is, that's thy master. Why doest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dolt make hose of thy sleeves? Do other seruants go? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'd beate thee : mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and every man should beate thee : I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

Par. This is hard and vnderferued measure my Lord.

Laf. Go too fir, you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true trauelier : you are more fawcie with Lordes and honourable perfonages, then the Commision of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth a soother word, else I'de call you knaue. I leave you. *Exit*

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then : good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Rof. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rofall. Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Rof. O my Parrelles, they haue married me : Ile to the Tuscan warres, and neuer bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot : too'th warres.

Rof. There's letters from my mother : What th'im-por-t, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne : too'th warres my boy, too'th warres :

He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,
That hugges his kicke wicke heere at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Marja* fierie steed : to other Regions,
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't lades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Rof. It shall be so, Ile send her to my hoofe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled : Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnith me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike : To morrow
To the darke house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio bold in thee, art sure?

Rof. Go with me to my chamber, ad aduce me.

Ile send her straight away : To morrow,

Ile to the warres, she to her single forrow.

Par. Why these bolts bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard

A yong man married, is a man that's mard :

Therefore away, and leaue her brauely : go,

The King has done you wrong : but hush 'tis so. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Cl. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well : but thanks be giuen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world : but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

Cl. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly : the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parrelles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope fir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them fill. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Cl. Marry you are the wifer man : for many a mans tongue shakes out his matters vndoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Cl. You should haue said fir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue : this had bene truth fir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

Cl. Did you finde me in your selfe fir, or were you taught to finde me?

Cl. The search fir was profitable, and moch foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A

A verie serious businesse call's on him :
The great prerogative and rite of loue,
Which at your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint :
Which want, and whose delay, is frett'd with sweets
Which they disill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming hoore oreflow with ioy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,
And make this haist as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I shall report it fo.

Hel. I pray you come farrh.

Exit Par.

Exit

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinke's not him a
soldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant appoeffe.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke
for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and
transgrest against his valour, and my state that way is
dangerous, if I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pur-
sue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done fir.

Laf. Pray you fir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I fir, hee fir's a good worke-
man, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is thee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'll haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Giuen order for our horfes, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Trauailer in something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vles a
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-
taine.

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betwene my Lord and
you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deferred to run into my
Lords displeasure.

Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and
spurs and all : like him that leapt into the Custard, and
out of it you'll runne againe, rather then suffer question
for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut : the foule
of this man is his clothes : Trust him not in matter of
heauie consequence : I haue kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to deferre at my hand, but
we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For present parting, onely he desires
Some priuate speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Hel*en at my coorse,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much vnstedfast : This drives me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather mufe then aske why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
I'll be two daies ere I shall fee you, so
I leaue you to your wifeedom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient seruant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue fild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe : my haist is verie great. Farewell :
Hie home.

Hel. Pray fir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthe of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine : and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much : nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,
Strangers and foca do funder, and not kiffe.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haist to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme :
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a truppe of Soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy fecmes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part : blacke and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cofin France
Would in fo loft a businesse, that his bolome
Against our borrowing prayeth.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guesse.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.
French G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee :
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them settle : you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,
To morrow to'th the field. *Flourish.*

Enter Countesse and Cleuere.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Cl. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-
rie melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

Cl. Why he will looke vpon his boote, and sing :
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
his teeth, and sing : I know a man that had this tricke of
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes
to come.

Cleue. I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court.
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an
old man loues money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere ?

Cl. In that you haue there. *exit*

A Letter.

*I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the
King, and vnder me : I haue wedded her, not bedded her,
and I purpose to make her not eternall. You shall haue I am
runne away, know it before the report come. If there be
death enough in the world, I will bold a long distance. My
duty to you. Your unfortunate sonne,*

Bertram.

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Cleuere.

Cleue. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within be-
twene two fouldiers, and my yong Ladie.

Lad. What is the matter.

Cl. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought
he would.

Lad. Why should he be kill'd ?

Cl. So say I Madame, if he runne sway, as I heare he
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they
come will tell you more. For my part I only heare your
sonne was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not say so.

Lad. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you ?

French G. Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo-
rence,

We met him thitherward, for thence we came :
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.

*When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,
that I am father too, then call me husband ; but in such a (then)
I write a Neuer.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

Lad. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen ?

1. G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie
for our paines.

Old Lad. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moiety : He was my sonne,
But I do waish his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he ?

French G. I Madam.

Lad. And to be a fouldier.

French G. Such is his noble purpose, and belceau't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claims.

Lad. Returne you thither.

French E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,
'Tis bitter.

Lad. Finde you that there ?

Hel. I Madame.

French E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which
his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife :

There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and the deserues a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourly Mistresse. Who was with him ?

French E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman : which I
haue sometime knowne.

Lad. Parrelles was it not ?

French E. I my good Ladie, hee.

Lad. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.

French E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

Lad. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
neuer winne the honor that he loofes : more Ile intreate
you

X

you written to bearealong.

Fren.G. We serue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neede?

Hed. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife :
Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,
Then halt thou all againe : poore Lord, is't I
That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smooke Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire
That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord :
Who euer shoots at him, I fet him there.
Who euer charges on his forward brest,

I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected : Better 'twere
I met the ruine Lyon when he roard

With sharpe constraint of hunger : better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,
Whence honor bot of danger winnes a scarre,
As oft it looses all. I will be gone :

My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angles offic'd all : I will be gone,

That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To confole thine care. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile seale away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*,
drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolies.

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence
Vpon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet
Wee'l strue to beare it for your worthy sake,
To thy extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mistress.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me bot like my thoughts, and I shall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her :
Might you not know the would do, as the has done,
By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

*I am S. Iagues Pilgrim, thither gone :
Ambition lost hath bin in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon
With faintest vow my faults to haue amended.*

*Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,
My dearest Mother your deare soune, may bin,
Blesse him at home in peace. Write I from farre,
His name with newall feruor sanctifie :
His taken labours bid him me forgive :
I bin disfighfull I am sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foot to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the beeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and me,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to fet him free.*

Ah what sharpe slings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so : had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Ser. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue bene ore-tane : and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall
Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Vnlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to beare
And loues to grant, reprocue him from the wrath
Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light : my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feele it, fet downe sharply.
Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that thee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue : which of them both
Is deereft to me, I haue no skill in fence
To make distinction : prouide this Messenger :
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exeunt*

A Tucket asfarre off.

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, *Violenta*
and *Mariana*, with other
Guitens.

Widow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the City,
We shall loose all the fight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable seruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'st Commander,
And that with his owne hand he slew
The Dukes brother : we haue lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way : haake,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And suffice our selues with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is so rich
As honestie.

Widow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue bene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria

Mar. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parvelles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entisements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath benee seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that disswade succcession, but that they are limed with the twiggies that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Helen.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To *S. Iagues la grande*.

Where do the *Palmer* lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the *S. Francis* here beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march a farre.*

Wid. I marrie list. Harke you, they come this way:

If you will tarrise holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,

I will conduſt you where you shall be lodg'd,

The rather for I thinke I know your honestie

As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leasure.

Wid. You came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countiman of yours

That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Ruffillan*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the care that beares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from *France*

As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,

Reports but courtly of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parvelles*.

Hel. Oh I beleue with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane

To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing

Is a referred honestie, and that

I haue not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poore Lady,

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detestful Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wherefore she is,

Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her

A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her

In the vnlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Ruffillan, Parvelles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddess forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,

That *Eskalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he too'd his wife: if he were honest

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that fame knawe

That leads him to these places: were I his Ladie,

I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke an-apes with scarfe. Why is hee

melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Looke our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he

has spyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtsie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring

you, Where you shall hoit: Of inioyn'd penitents

There's foure or fve, to great *S. Iagues* bound,

Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide

To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me. and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,

Worthy the note.

But. Wee'l take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

Enter Count Ruffillan and the Frenchmen,

as at first.

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him
haue his way.

Cap.G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

Cap.E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre

Deceiued in him.

Cap.E. Beluee it my Lord, in mine owne direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him

as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite
and endlesse *Lyas*, an hourly promise-breaker, the

owner of no one good quality, worthy your Lordships
entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, least repoying too
farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some

great and trustie businesse, in a maine danger, faile
you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try
him.

Cap.G. None better then to let him fetch off his
drumme, which you heare him so confidently vnder-
take to do,

E.E. I with a troop of Florentines will sodainly sur-
prise

X a

prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will blinde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adventures, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my Iudgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not lohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him sticke off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks forly in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme? Is't but a drumme? A drum so loth. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disister of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not haue prevented, if he had bene there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor we had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might haue bene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of seruice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic lacet*.

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your myserie in stratagem, can bring this Instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his gratefulnesse, even to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now flumber in it.

Par. He about it this euening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant, And to the possibility of thy souldiership, Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I looe not many words.

Exit

Cap.E. No more than a fish loues water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to do't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discourtesies, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so serioussly hee dooes addresse himselfe vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imboss him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we caue him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord *Lafeu*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verie night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twiggies, He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap.E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her By this same Coscombe that we haue 't'h winde Tokens and Letters, which she did send, And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature, Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Exeunt

Enter Helen, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not thee, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be false, I was well borne, Nothing acquainted with these businesse, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I with you.

First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband, And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken, Is so from word to word: and then you cannot By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow, Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you, For you haue shew'd me that which well approves Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold, And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre, Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe When I haue found it. The Count he woos your daughter,

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beautie, Refuse to carrie her: let her in fine consent As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it: Now his important blood will naught denie, That thee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares, That downward huth succeeded in his house

From

From sonne to sonne, some foure or five discents,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she comes as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him so encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chaffly absent: after
To marry her, he adds three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,
That time and place with this deceit so lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnworthinesse: it nothing steeds vs
To chide him from our eues, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night

Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or sixe other
soldiers in ambuſh.

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge
corner: when you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible
Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your
selues, no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand
him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must pro-
duce for an Interpreter.

1. Sol. Good Capitaine, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lord E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not
thy voice?

1. Sol. No sir I warrant you.

Lord E. But what linde wolfe hast thou to speake to vs
againe.

1. Sol. E'n soch as you speake to me.

Lord E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th
aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all
neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euery one
be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speake
one to another so we seeme to know, is to know straight
our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and
good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme
very politicke. But couch ho, heere hee comes, to be-
guile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear
the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill
be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue
done? It must bee a very plausible invention that carries
it. They beginne to smooke mee, and disgraces haue of
late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue
is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars

before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of
my tongue.

Lord E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue
was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake
the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I
must glue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in ex-
ploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say,
came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not
glue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put
you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe ano-
ther of *Baignet* Mule, if you prattle mee into these
perillea.

Lord E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and
be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serue
the turne, or the bracking of my Spanish sword.

Lord E. We cannot afford you fo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in
stratagem.

Lord E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lord E. Hardly serue.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the
Citadell.

Lord E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lord E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be
beleueed.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I
would swear I recover'd it.

Lord E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarm within.

Lord E. *Throca mouusius, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, willianda par corbe, cargo.*

Par. O ranfome, ranfome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Bokos throumulo bokos.*

Par. I know you are the *Musks* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
He discouer that, which shall vndo the Florentine.

Int. *Bokos warwado*, I vnderstand thee, & can speake
thy tongue: *Kereybento* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
seuenteene poyards arc at thy byosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manha reuania dulcis.

Lord E. *Oforbidulobos voluerue.*

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hoodwink at thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to saue thy life.

Par. O let me lye,

And all the secrets of our campe lie shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, lie speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acords linta.*

Come on, thou are granted space.

A short Alarm within.

Exit

Lord E.

L.E. Go tell the Count *Ressillon* and my brother,
We have caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (muffled)

Sol. Capitaine I will.

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our felues,
Informe on that.

Sol. So I will fir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

Exit

Enter *Bertram*, and the Maide called
Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Forrybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled *Goddess*,

And worth it with addition : but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quick fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now : for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife,

Ber. No more a'that :

I prethee do not strive against my vowes :
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loves owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.

Dia. I for you serue vs

Till we serue you : But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thornes to pricke our felues,
And mocke vs with our barrenesse.

Ber. How haue I sworne.

Dia. 'Tis not the many othes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true :
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high't to witness : then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by loves great attributes,
I lou'd you deere, would you beleue my othes,
When I did loue you ill ? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your othes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnfeild
At left in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it :

Be not so holy cruell : Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my fecke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it begins, shall so perseuer.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a fesse,
That we'll forsake our felues. Giue me that Ring.

Ber. He lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord ?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loofe.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loofe. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yes my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window :

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee :
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd :
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deede.
Adieu till then, then faile not : you haue wonoe
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

Dia. For which, I lue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may go in the end.

My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like othes : He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead : therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I lue and die a Maid :
Only in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cofo him that would vniuilly winne.

Exit

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Soldiours.

Cap. G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap. E. I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som
thing in't that stings his nature : for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euellasting
displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty
to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am
the graue of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath peruerued a young Gentlewoman
heere in *France*, of a most chaste renown, & this night
he steales his will in the spoyle of her honour : hee hath
giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinks himselfe
made in the vnchaste composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our
felues, what things are we.

Cap. E. Merely our owne traitours. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale
themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends : so
he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility
in his proper streame, ore-flows himselfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meane damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters
of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue
his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight : for hee is dieted to
his houre.

Cap. G. That approaches apace : I would gladly haue
him see his company snatched, that hee might take

a measure of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap.G. In the mean time, what heare you of these Warres?

Cap.E. I heare there is no ouerture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he trauele higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid fir, so should I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to *Saint Iago le grand*; which holy vnderking, with most austere sanctimonie she accompsisht; and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a pray to her griefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this iustificd?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, euen to the point of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her offence to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the vertue.

Cap.E. I am heartily surrie that hee'l bee gladd of this.

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses.

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your matter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street fir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendation to the King.

Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartness, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, it's not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesse, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue conglued with the Duke, done my adieu with his neerely buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betwene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your

Lordship.

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue betwene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, has decei'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophecie.

Cap.E. Bring him forth, ha's fate it's stockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deferr'd it, in vsurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, frō the time of his remembrance to this very instant dissembler of his setting it's stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffled, he can say nothing of me: hush, hush.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes: *Portentatartaroffa*.

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Palsy, I can say so more.

Int. *Bask Chismurcho*.

Cap. *Bolshinde chismurces*.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. Firft demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or sixe thousand, but very weake and vnseruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer fo?

Par. Du, He take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a poff sauing flase is this?

Cap.G. Yare decei'd my Lord, this is Mounseieur *Parolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleue he can haue euerie thiog in him, by wearing his appurrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Five or sixe thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or therabouts set downe, for He speake truth.

Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I coo him no thanks for't is the oature he deliueirs it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you fir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth fir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie,

sion of that lascivious yong boy the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the General says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must dye. Come headforn, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

La.E. God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

Cap.G. God save you noble Captaine.

La.E. Captaine, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

Cap.G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Raffillon*, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well.

Exeunt.

Int. You are vndone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruell'd with a plot?

Int. If you could finde out a Countie where but women were that had reciev'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there.

Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great 'Twould burke at this: Captaine lie be no more, But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live: who knows himselfe a braggart Let him feare this; for it will come to passe, That every braggart shall be found an Ass. Roost sword, coole blisshes, and *Parolles* live Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thrive; There's place and meane for every man alive. He after them.

Exit.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele. Time was, I did him a desired office Deere almost as his life, which gratitude Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth, And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd, His grace is at *Marville*, to which place We haue conuenient convey: you must know I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding, And by the lease of my good Lord the King, Wee'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam, You neuer had a seruant to whose trust Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Not your Mistresse

Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your loue: Doubt not but heauen Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower, As it hath fated her to be my motiue

And helper to a husband. But O strange men, That can such sweet vice make of what they hate, When sawcie trutting of the coyn'd thoughts Defies the pitchy night, so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away, But more of this hereafter: you *Diana*, Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalfe.

Dis. Let death and honestie Go with your impositions, I am yours Vpon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

But with the word the time will bring on summer, When Briars shall haue leaves as well as thornes, And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away, Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time requies vs, All's well that ends well, fill the fies the Crowne; What ere the course, the end is the renouew.

Exeunt

Enter Cleome, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was mislead with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold haue made all the vnbrak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had bene alive at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speake of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh and cost mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could not haue ow'd her a more rooted loue.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such another hearebe.

Cl. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knowe, they are nofe-hearbes.

Cleome. I am no great *Nabuchadnezzar* sir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether dost thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

Cl. A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Cl. I would coulen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

Cl. And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Cl. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Cl. Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Cl. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his sfinomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Cl. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-nesse, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy maister thou talk'st off, serue him still.

Clews

Cl. I am a woodland fellow fir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: Iume that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowerie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy waies, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

Cl. If I put any trickes vpon em fir, they shall bee ladies trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappy.

Lady. So is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remains heere, which hee thinkes is a patent for his fawciness, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maieitie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propoie, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I with it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when hee number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am decei'd, by him that in such intelligence hath feldome fail'd.

La. He reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Lady. You neede but please your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Lidle, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Cleome.

Cl. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of velvet on's face, whether there be a scar vnder't or no, the Velvet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheek is worne bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got, Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'ie of honor, So belike is that.

Cl. But it is your carbinado's face.

Laf. Let vs go see

your sonne I pray you, I long to talke With the young noble souldier.

Cleome. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euery man.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diene, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poshing day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it: But since you haue made the daies and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres, Be bold you do to grow in my requittall, As nothing can vnroote you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Abftranger.

This man may helpe me to his Maieities care, If he would spend his power. God faue you fir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue scene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue bene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume fir, that you are not false From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse, And therefore garded with most sharpe occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The vse of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To giue this poore petition to the King, And ayde me with that store of power you haue To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere fir?

Gent. Not indeed,

He hence remou'd last night, and with more haist Than is his vse.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seeme so aduersie, and meanes vnfit: I do beseech you, whether is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Resiliuion*, Whether I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you fir, Since you are like to see the King before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand, Which I presume shall render you no blame, But rather make you thanke your paines for it, I will come after you with what good speede Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank't what e're fallies more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, provide.

Enter Cleome and Parrelles.

Par. Good M^r *Leuatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now fir bene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with frether clothes: but I am now fir muddled in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Cl. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but flutish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre theese allow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose fir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

Cl. Indeed fir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you fir deliuer me this paper.

Cl. Foh, prethee stand away : a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Cl. Heere is a purr of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Mulcat, that ha's faine into the vnkleane fifth-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you fir, vse the Carpe as you may, for hee looks like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolishly, rascally knaue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe ? 'Tis too late to paire her nails now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thrue long vnder ? There's a Carducue for you ! Let the lustices make you and fortune friends ; I am for other businessse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word,

Laf. You begge a single peny more : Come you shall ha't, vsue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrelles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, giue me your hand : How does your drumme ?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I insooth ? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, dost thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel : one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme Was made much poorer by it : but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege, And I beseech your Maiesty to make it Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

King. My honour'd Lady, I haue forgiven and forgotten all, Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him, And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say, Bot first I begge my pardon : the yong Lord Did to his Miesity, his Mother, and his Ladie, Offence of mighty note ; but to himselfe The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, Whole beauty did astonish the surrey Of richest eies : whose words all cares tooke captiue, Whole deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,

Humbly call'd Mistris.

King. Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither, We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition : Let him not aske our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then obliuion, we do burie Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach A stranger, no offender ; and informe him So 'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall my Liege.

King. What sayes he to your daughter, Haue you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

King. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

King. I am not a day of seasoo, For thou must see a sun-shine, and a haile In me at once : But to the brightest beames Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth, The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

King. All is whole,

Not one word more of the consumed time, Let's take the instant by the forward top : For we are old, and on our quick't decrees Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this Lord ?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue : Where the impression of mine eye enfiuing, Contempt his scornfull Perpectiue did lend me, Which warp't the line, of euery other fauour, Scorn'd a faire colour, or caprest it stolne, Extended or contract'd all proportions To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came, That the whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe, Since I haue lost, haue lou'd ; was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd !

That thou should loose her, strikes some scores away From the great contempt : but loue that comes too late, Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried To the great sencer, turns a sower offence, Crying, that's good that's gone : Our rash faults, Make triuall price of serious things we haue, Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue. Oft our displeasures to our selues vnusht, Destroy our friends, and after weepeth their dust : Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done, While shamesfull hate sleeps out the afternoone. Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for faire *Mandula*, The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay To see our widdowers second marriage day : Which better then the first, O deere heauen bleesse, Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature celsie.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name Must be dignited : giue a fauour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That the may quickly come. By my old beard,
And eu'ry haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fatten'd too't :
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer floode
Necessitie to helpe, that by this token
I would releue her. Had you that craft to reane her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

La. I am sure I saw her weare it.

Ber. You are decei'd my Lord, the neuer saw it :
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd. but when I had subcrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouerture, the ceast
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

King. *Plutus* himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures myserie more science,
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*,
Who euer gaue it you : then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to foretiek,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come : or sent it vs
Vpon her great disasther.

Ber. She neuer saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely : as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'st it conuecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue
That thou art so inhamane, 'twill not proue so :
And yet I know not, thou dost hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue,
More than to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall tase my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'll fist this matter further.

Ber. If you shall proue

This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet the neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.

Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for soore or fine remoues come short,
To tender it her selfe. I undertooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending : her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breecfe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was
dead, I blisht to say it, he sworne me. Now is the Count Res-
fillin a Widdower, his woues are freighted to mee, and my
bonous payed to him. Her sile from Florence, taking no
leau, and I follow him to his Countrey for Justice : Grant
it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flow-
rishes, and a poore Maid is vndone.*

Diana Capilet.

La. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toole
for this. He none of him.

King. The heecons haue thought well on thee *Leffra*,
To bring forth this discou'rie, seeke these sutors :
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Helen* (Ladie)
Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now iustice on the doers.

King. I wonder sir, sir, wises are monstres to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrelles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Wo-
men?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me farther?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie

You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowe, and those are mine :
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine :
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.

La. your reputation comes too short for my daugh-
ter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with : Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

King. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer : proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

King. What saidst thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord : If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

Do not beleue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.

Quar. He blushes, and 'tis his;
Of fire preceding Ancehore, that Iemine
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes.

King. Me thought yoo faide
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So had an instrument, his names *Parrelles*.

Leif. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.
King. Finde him, and bring him hether.

Ref. What of him?
He's quoted for a most pe fidious flauie
With all the spots a'th world, taint and deboith'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing.

King. She hath that Ring of yours.
Ref. I thinke he has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boarded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course

Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her insulte comming with her moderne grace,
Subdo'd me to her rate, the got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you no, yet
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.

Ref. I haue it not.
King. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dia. Sir much like the same vpon your finger.
King. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.
King. The story then goes false, yoo threw it him
Out of a Cament.

Dia. I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

King. Yoo boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?
Dia. I, my Lord.

King. Tell me firsh, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:
Which on your iost proceeding, lie keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my matter hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue.

King. Come, come, to'th'porpoe: Did hee loue this
woman?

Par. Faith fir he did loue her, bot how.
King. How I pray you?
Par. He did loue her fir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He lou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.
King. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-
mand.

Leif. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator.

Dia. Do you know he promitt me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then lie speake.

King. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that hee loued her, for in-
deede he was made for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, vnlesse thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,

How could you giue it him?

Dia. I neuer gaue it him.

Leif. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,

To prison with her: and away with him,

Vnlesse thou tell me where thou hadst this Ring,

Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. He neuer tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. He put in baile my liedge.

King. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while.

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guiltie:

He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't:

He sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,

I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

King. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall fir,

The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,

And hee shall surety me. But for this Lord,

Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,

Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.

He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,

And at that time he got his wife with childe:

Dead though the be, hee feels her yong one kicke:

So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,

And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helen and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
Y

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter : this it layes,
When from my finger you cao get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne!

Ref. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He loue her dearly, euer, euer dearly.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vnttrue,
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

Ref. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon :
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with
thee : Let thy custies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow :
If thou bee'st yet a fresh vncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou kept'st a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſolduedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe :
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meeete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweete.

Flouriſh.

THe Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content : which we will pay,
With ſtriſt to pleaſe you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omni.

FINIS.





Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

F Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Give me excess of it that surfeitings
The appetite may ficken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitee,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falls into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute; so full of shaples is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall.
Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?
Du. What Curio?
Cu. The Hart.
Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Me thought the purg'd the ayre of penitence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter *Valentina*.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do retorne this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seven yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which the world keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Du. O that that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will this loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That liue in her. When Lioer, Braine, and Heart,
These foweraigne throoes, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with ore selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Viola*, a Captaine, and Saylor.

Vis. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Vis. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were faued.

Vis. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,

Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saued with you,
Hung on our dringboate: I saw your brother
Must prouident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Mast, that liu'd vpon the sea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.

Vis. For saying so, there's Gold:

Mine owne escape vsfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Country?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres traualle from this very place:

Vis. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vis. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vis. Orsino: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,
That he did seeke the loue of faire *Olivia*.)

Vis. What's thee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That didd some tweluemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also didd: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiu'd the fight
And company of meo.

Vis. O that I seru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

Y 2

Till

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because the will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Duke.

Pis. There is a faire behaviour in these Capitaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution : yet of thee
I will beleuee thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines : for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blab, then let mine eyes not see.
Vis. I thank thee : Lead me on. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the
death of her brother thus ? I am sure care's an enemy to
life.

Mor. By my troth *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier
a nights : your Cousin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill hours.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the
modest limits of order.

To. Confine ! Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am :
these clothes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee
these boots too : and they be not, let them hang them-
selves in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you : I
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday : and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be his woer

To. Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-chest* ?

Ma. I hee.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th' purpose ?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates :
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so : he plays o'th Viol-de-gam-
boya, and speaks three or four languages word for word
without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeede, almost naturall : for besides that
he's a foole, he's a great quarreller : and but that hee hath
the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrel-
ling, 'in thought among the prudent, he would quickly
haue the gift of a grue.

To. By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-
ctors that say so of him. Who are they ?

Ma. They that adde moreouer, hee's drunke nightly
in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece : Ile drinke

to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke
in Illyria : he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not
drinke to my Neece. I'll hit his braines turne o'th toe, like a
parish top. What wench ? *Cupiditas* vaig's for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. *Sir Toby Belch.* How now *Sir Toby Belch* ?

To. Sweet *Sir Andrew*.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mor. And you too *Sir*.

To. Accost *Sir Andrew*, accost.

And. What's that ?

To. My Nieces Chamber-maid,

Ma. Good Mistress accost, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* *Sir*.

And. Good mistress *Mary*, accost.

To. You mistake knight : Accost, is front her, boord
her, woe her, assayle her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost ?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so *Sir Andrew*, would thou
mightst neuer draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistress, I would I might neuer
draw sword agen : Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue
fooles in hand ?

Ma. *Sir*, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now *Sir*, thought is free : I pray you bring your
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart) ? What's your Meta-
phor ?

Ma. It's dry fit.

And. Why I thinke so : I am not such an asse, but I
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your left ?

Ma. A dry left *Sir*.

And. Are you full of them ?

Ma. *Sir*, I haue them at my fingers ends : marry now
I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie : when did
I see thee so put downe ?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Can-
narie put me downe : mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's : but I
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleuee that does harme
to my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride
home to morrow *Sir Toby*.

To. Par-gues my deere knight ?

An. What is *par-gues* ? Do, or not do ? I would I had
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing
dancing, and beare-baying : O had I but followed the
Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire ?

To. Past question, for thou feest it will not coole my
An. But it becomes we wel enough, dost not ? (nature
To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe : & I hope
to see a kinswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow *Sir Toby*, your niece will
not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me :
the Connt himselfe here hard by, woos her.

To. Shee'l nooe o'th Count, she'l not match about his
degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit : I haue heard her
swear t. Tut there's life in't man.

And.

And. He stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world : I delight in Maskes and Reuels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good et these kicke-shawles Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellencie in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like mistria Mals picture? Why dost thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Catranto? My verie walke should be a ligger: I would not so much as make water but in a sinke-a-pace: What doest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the steele of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do elle if were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No fir, it is leggs and thighes: let ma see thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vis. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is he inconstant sit, in his fauours. Val. No belecue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vis. I thank you: I heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario hee?

Vis. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Duke. Stand you a while elocse. Cesario,

Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd To thee the booke euen of my secret soule. Therefore good youth, addeesse thy gate vnto her, Be not dem'd accesse, stand at her doores, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou haue audience.

Vis. Sure my Noble Lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, the neuer will admit me.

Duke. Be elemorous, and keepe all euill bounds, Rather then make vnprofit returne,

Vis. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Duke. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue, Surprise her with discourse of my deere faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes: She will attend it better in thy youth, Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.

Vis. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Duke. Deere Lad, belecue it;

For they shall yet belee thy happy yeeres, That say thou art a man: Dianus lip Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and found, And ell is semblant to womans part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affayre: some foure or five attend him, All if you will: for I my selfe am best When least in companie: prosper well in this, And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vis. He do my best.

To weoe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife, Who ere I weoe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a brisile may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Cl. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'd in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Cl. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where I laying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Cl. Where good mistria Mary?

Ma. In the wars, & that may you be bolde to say in your foolerie.

Cl. Well, God giue them wisdome that haue it: & those that are fooles, let them vie their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as at home to you?

Cl. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

Ma. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if fir Toby would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of ewes flesh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Cl. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wife man For what saies Rukapaku, Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God bleesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Cl. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie. Ol. Go too, yare a dry foole: I le no more of you: besides you grow dis-honest.

Cl. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell will amend: for giue the dry foole drinke, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Bocher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertus. If that this simple Sillogisme will serue, so: if it will not, vvhat remedy?

Y 3

A 3

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Cl. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, give mee leave to prove you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Cl. Deateriously, good *Madona*.

Ol. Make your proove.

Cl. I must catechize you for it *Madona*, Good my Mouse of verue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proove.

Cl. Good *Madona*, why mourne thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Cl. I thinke his soule is in hell, *Madona*.

Ol. I know his soule is in heauen, foole.

Cl. The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decays the wife, doth euer make the better foole.

Cris. God fend you sir, a speedie Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gaw'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crowle at these set kinde of foolles, no better then the foolles *Zanies*.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-love *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove.

Cl. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of foolles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Ma. I know not (*Madam*) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him. Go you *Malvolio*; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit Malvolio.

Now you see sir, how your fooling grows old, & people dislike it.

Cl. Thou hast spoke for vs (*Madona*) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose culf, Ioue crammes with braines, for heere he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate *Cofin*?

Is. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

Is. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring: How now *Sot*.

Cl. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. *Cofin*, *Cofin*, how haue you come so earely by this Lethargie?

Is. Letcherie, I desie Letcherie: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

Is. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Cl. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught abuse heere, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him fitte o'my Coa: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Cl. He is but mad yet *Madona*, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him *Ladie*, hee's fortified against any deniell.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee says hee'll stand at your doore like a Sheriffs post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'll speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'll speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pelford, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betwene boy and man. He is verie well fauour'd, and he speaks verie shrewdly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scalded out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my *Lady* calls.

Exit.

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my valie: come throw it ore my face, Wee'll once more heere *Orsino* Embassage.

Enter Viola.

Fie. The honorable *Ladie* of the house, which is he?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vi. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beutie. I pray you tell me if this bee the *Ladie* of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee flourishaine no sooner: I am verie comptible, euen to the least flincher vface.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vi. I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the *Ladie* of the house, that

may proceed in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vin. No my profound heart : and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I swear) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vnrp my selfe, I am.

Vin. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe : for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to refuse. But this is from my Commission : I will on to my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't : I forgiue you the praise.

Vin. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone : if you have reason, be breefe : 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in fo skipping a dialogue.

Mas. Will you hoyst fayne sir, here lies your way.

Vin. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you haue some hideous matter to deliuer, when the curse of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vin. It alone concerns your eare : I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage ; I hold the Olyffe in my hand : my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?

What would you?

Vin. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, profanation.

Ol. Giue vs the place alone,

We will heare this diuinity. Now sir, what is your text?

Vin. Most sweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee said of it. Where lies your Text?

Vin. In Orsines bosome.

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vin. To answer by the method in the first of his hart.

Ol. O, I haue read it : it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Vin. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face : you are now out of your Text : but we will draw the Curtaine, and shew you the picture. Lookoe you sir, such a one I was this present : list not well done?

Vin. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vin. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on : Lady, you are the cruell'st thing this aliuie, If you will leade these graces to the graue, And leaue the world no copie.

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted : I will giue out diuers seducles of my beautie. It shalbe Inoventoried and euery particle and vnsleue labell'd to my will : As, Item two lippes indifferent reide, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them : Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent thither to praise me?

Vin. I see you what you are, you are too proud : But if you were the diuell, you are faire :

My Lord, and master loves you : O such loue Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-parleil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vin. With adorations, fertill teares, With graines that thunder loue, with lightes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him

Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth ; In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person ; But yet I cannot loue him : He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

Vin. If I did loue you in my masters flame, With such a suffring, such a deadly life : In your deniall, I would finde no fence, I would not vnderstand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vin. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate, And call vpon my soule within the house, Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue, And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night : Hallow your name to the neuerberate hills, And make the babbling Gossip of the aire, Cry out *Olivia* : O you should not rest Betwene the elements of ayre, and earth, But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much :

What is your Parentage?

Vin. About my fortunes, yet my state is well : I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord :

I cannot loue him : let him fend no more, Vnlesse(perchance) you come to me againe, To tell me how he takes it : Faie you well ! I thank you for your pines : spend this for mee.

Vin. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse, My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence. Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue, And let your seruour like my masters be, Plac'd in contempt : Farewell sayre crueltye.

Exit

Ol. What is your Parentage?

About my fortunes, yet my state is well ; I am a Gentleman. He be sworne thou art, Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit, Do giue thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft, soft, Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now ? Euen so quickly may one catch the plague ? Me thinks I feele this youths perfictions With an inuisible, and subtle stealth To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. What hoa, *Maluolio*.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your seruice.

Ol. Run after that same peeuish Messenger The Countes man : be left this Ring behinde him Would I, or not : tell him, He none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his Lord, Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him : If that the youth will come this way to morrow, He giue him reasons for't : hee thee *Maluolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde :

Fate

Fate, shew thy force, our selves we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be : and be this fo.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer : not will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no : my starres shine darkely over me ; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I shall craue of you your lesue, that I may beare my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir : my determinate voyage is meere extravagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not estort from me, what I am willing to keepe in : therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe : you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodrigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messalies*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre : if the Heavens had bene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said thee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but though I could not with such estimable wonder neuer-farre beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, thee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire : Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so oere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me : I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee :

I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But come what may, I do adore thee fo,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse Orsino's ?

Viola. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this : I receive it fo.

Viola. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peevishly threw it to her : and her will is, it should be so return'd : If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye : if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Viola. I left no Ring with her : what means this Lady ?

Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her :

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speake in starts distractedly.

She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion

Inuites me in this churlish messenger :

None of my Lords Ring ? Why he sent her none ;

I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

Poorer Lady, she were better lose a dreamer

Disguise, I fee thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their formes :

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

For such as we are made, if such we bee :

Huw will this fadge ? My master loues her deerely,

And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him :

And she (mistaken) seems to dote on me :

What will become of this ? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my misters loue :

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftlesse fighes shall poore *Olivia* breath ?

O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach *Sir Andrew* : not to be a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Delicate fargere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know nnt : but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an vnwill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early fo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements ?

And. Faith fo they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler ; let vs therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I say, a sloop of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clow. How now my hart : Did you neuer see the Picture of we three ?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fowling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pieragrimus*, of the *Vapians* pissing the Equinoctial of *Quarant* : 'twas very good yfaith : I sent thee six pence for

for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Cl. I did impetuous thy gratuity: for Malvolio's nose is no Whip-stroke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermaids are no bottle-like houses.

An. Excellent! Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is fixt peace for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a triffling of me too: if one knight give a *Cl.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

To. A love song, a love song.

An. I, I, I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

*O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true loves coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further pretty swain;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise mans fortune doth know.*

An. Excellent good, faith.

To. Good, good.

Cl. What is love, to not becareless,
Present mirth, but present laughter:
What's to come, is still to fore,
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youths a flourish will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious faith.

To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owl in a Catch, that will draw three foules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

An. And you love me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Cl. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*

Cl. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the first time I have contraiued one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Cl. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good faith: Come begin.

Catch sung

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keepe heere? If my Ladie heere not call'd vp her Steward Malvolio, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To. My Lady's a Cateuine, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Pega-rumie, and Three merry men be we. Am not I confanguinous? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady.*

Cl. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My matters are you mad? Or what are you? Hauze you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that yee squeak out your Coarsen Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time fir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though the harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing elly'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your missemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.

Cl. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Cl. Sir Toby there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Cl. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Cl. O no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Cl. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee hottre y'th mouth too.

To. Th'ert i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaiue with crums. A stoop of Wine Maria.

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this hand. *Exit*

Mar. Go shake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayward, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, I'd beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

An. I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason good enough.

Mar. The diol's a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Affie, that cons State without bouke, and vtters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as hee thinke) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legges, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and compunction, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuiice.

An. I hau't in my noot too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop thet

that they come from my Niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

An. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: observe his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the event: Farewell. *Exit*

Tu. Good night *Penthesilea*.

An. Before me she's a good wench.

Tu. She's a beagle time bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

Tu. Let's to bed knight: Thou hast neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Niece, I am a foule way out.

Tu. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

Tu. Come, come, lie go burne some Sacke, 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick; Now good morow friends. Now good *Cesaris*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night; Me thought it did releuee my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most brike and giddy-paced times, Come, but on e verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Filse* the lesser my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Olivia* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Musick plays.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Lovers are,
Vnfaid and skittish in all motions else,
Sae in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tone?

Vin. It gives a verie eccho to the feast
Where loue is thrond.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staied vpon some fawour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vin. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman is't?

Vin. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares is't?

Vin. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So twayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our felues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnforme,
More longing, waiting, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.

Vin. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vin. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Cesario.

Du. O fellow come, the fong we had last night:
Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine;
The spinners and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weare their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is filly foote,
And dailies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Cur. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing.

Musick.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cyprisse let me be laide.

Fye away, fye away breath,

I am slauie by a faire cruell maide:

My swordis of rubie, stuck all with Ewe, O prepare it.
My part of death no one fa true did shewe it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete

On my blacke coffin, let there be strowne:

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:

A thousand thousand sighes to sauie, lay me i' where
Sad true louer neuer find my grave, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Cur. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Cur. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Cur. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the
Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy
minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie
put to Sea, that their businesse might be euerie thing,
and their iotent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond fame loueraigne creature:

Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,

The parts that fortune hath beflow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of lemes

That nature pranks her in, attracts my foale.

Vin. But if she cannot loue you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vin. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for *Olivia*: you cannot loue her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womens sides

Can

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Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat;
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betwene that love a woman can beare me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vis. I but I know.

De. What dost thou know?

Vis. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

De. And what's her history?

Vis. A blanke my Lord: the newer told her love,
But let concealment like a worme i'th buide
Feede on her damask cheek: the pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
Shee fate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at griefe. Was not this love indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

De. But did'st thou sister of her love my Boy?

Vis. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

De. I that's the Theme,

To her in haste: give her this Jewell: say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

exunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boy'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
Rascally shrepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
o' favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting here.

To. To anger him we'll have the Beare againe, and
we will foole him with and blew, shall we not sir An-
drew?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my
Mettle of India?

Mari. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'th
Sunne practising behaviour to his own shadow this halfe
houre: oblerue him for the love of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Clofe
in the name of iesting, lye thou there: for heere comes
the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come
thus neere, that should free fancie, it should bee one of
my complexion. Besides she vses me with a more ex-

alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What
should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he iett vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count Maluolin.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Stra-
city, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Isabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blowes him.

Mal. Having bene three moneths married to her,
sitting in his state.

To. O for a stone-how to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I
haued left Olivia sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the honor of state: and after
a demure traualle of regard: telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
kinlman Toby.

To. Boltes and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance
winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell:
Toby approaches; curties there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'th' lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Cofine Toby, my Fortuna hauing cast
me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our
plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir Andrew.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke nere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of honors intimate re-
siding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: thefe bec her
very C, her V, and her T, and thus makes thee het
great P. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her C's, her V's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknowne below'd, this, and my good Wif'es:
Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the im-
pressure her Lucrece, with which the vses to scale: tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.

Cl. Troth fir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vin. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and can'st for nothing.

Cl. Not so fir, I do care for something; but in my conscience fir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing fir, I would it would make you insensible.

Vin. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* fool?

Cl. No indeed fir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, thee will keepe no fool fir, till she be married, and foolies are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but his corrupter of words.

Vin. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*.

Cl. Foolery fir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry fir, but the Foole should be as out with your Master, as with my Mistress: I thinke I saw your wisdomes there.

Vin. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with thee: Hold thee're expences for thee.

Cl. Now loue in his next commodity of hayre, lend thee a beard:

Vin. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not hane it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Cl. Would not a paire of these haue bred fir?

Vin. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Cl. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* fir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*.

Vin. I vnderstand you fir, tis well begg'd.

Cl. The matter I hope is not great fir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within fir. I will conser to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say *Elvira*, but the word is ouer-worne. *exit*

Vin. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,

And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:

He must obserue their mood on whom he leafts,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art:

For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;

But wisdomes folly false, quite talst their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vin. And you fir.

And. Diew vpon guard *Manfieur*.

Vin. Et vous eusse vostre seruiteur.

And. I hope fir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vin. I am bound to your Neece fir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges fir, put them to motion.

Vin. My legges do better vnderstand me fir, then I vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my leggs.

To. I meane to go fir, to enter.

Vin. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heaueus raine O-dour on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vin. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand fir.

Vin. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice

Ol. What is your name?

Vin. *Cesario* is your seruants name, faire Princeesse.

Ol. My seruant fir? 'Twas neuer merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:

y're seruant to the Count *Orsino* youth.

Vin. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vin. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.

I had you neuer speake againe of him;

But would you vnderstande another suite

I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,

Then Musike from the spheres.

Vin. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you; I did send,

After the last enchantment you did heare,

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:

Vnder your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shamefull cunning

Which you knew none of yours. What might you thinke?

Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,

And baited it with all th'vnmuzzed thoughts

That tyrannous heart can thinke? To one of your receiuing

Enough is shewne, a Cypresse, not a bosome,

Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vin. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to lone.

Vin. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe

That verie oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinke's tis time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbaldes me with the waste of time:

Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you,

And yet when wit and youth is come to hauee,

your wife is like to reape a proper man:

There lies your way, due West.

Vin. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

you'll nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkest of me?

Vin. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Vin. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Vin. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I with it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murdrous guilt shewes not its selfe more soone,

Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,

I loue thee so, that murther all thy pride,

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Nor

No wit, nor reason, can my passion hide :
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause ;
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter ;
Love fought, is good ; but given vnfoight, is better.

Vi. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have ore heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mislike be of it, false I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Mothers teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe : for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a lot longer :

To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yeelde your reason, *Sir Andrew?*

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee :
I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.

And. S'tight ; will you make an Ass of me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate first, vpon the Oathes of
iudgement, and reason.

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before
Noah was a Sailor.

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liver :
you should then haue accosted her, and with some excel-
lent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd
the youth into dumbnesse : this was look'd for at your
hand, and this was baulke : the double gilt of this oppor-
tunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayd into
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
like an yfkele on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do re-
deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
politic.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
politic I hate : I had at lief be a Brownist, as a Politic-
ian.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
hort him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it,
and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world,
can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,
then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this *Sir Andrew.*

As. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe :
it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of
invention : taunt him with the license of Inke : if thou
thou'lt him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many
Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in Eng-

land, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle e-
nough in thy Inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,
no matter : about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'll call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you *Sir Toby.*

To. I haue bene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so.

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'll
not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then : and by all means stirre oo
the youth to an answer. I thinke Oaten and waine-ropes
cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd
and you finde so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe you
selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is tur-
ned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
that meanes to be faued by beleeuing rightly, can euer
beleuee such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in
yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously : like a Pedant that keeps a
Schoole i'th Church : I haue dogg'd him like his murder-
rer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I drop,
to betray him : He does smile his face into more lynes,
then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
Indies : you haue not scene such a thing as tis : I can hard-
ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will
strike him : if shee doe, hee'll smile, and take't for a great
fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you : my desire
(More sharpe then filed Steele) did spur me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But ielousie, what might befall your rauell,
Being skillesse in these parts : which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnhospitalable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kinde *Antonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks : and euer oft good turnes,
Are thusse'd off with such vncurrant pay :
But were my worth, as is my confidence firme,

You

You should finde better dealing : what's to do ?

Shall we go for the reliques of this Towne ?

Ant. To morrow fir, best first go see your Lodging ?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame

That do renouue this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me :

I do not without danger walke these streetes.

Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,

I did some seruice, of such note indeede,

That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell

Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument :

It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying

What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake

Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,

For which if I be lapst in this place

I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold fir, here's my purse,

In the South Suburbs at the Elephant

Is best to lodge : I will bespeake our dyer,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

With viewling of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy

You haue desire to purchase : at the Elephant

I thinke is not for idle Markets, fir.

Seb. He be your purse-bearer, and leaue you

For an houre.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come :

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him ?

For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speake too loud : Where's *Maluolus*, he is sad, and ciuill,

And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,

Where is *Maluolus* ?

Mar. He's comming Madame :

But in very strange manner. He is sure posselt Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue ?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship

were best to haue some guard about you, if hee

come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolus.

I am as misde as hee,

If sad and metry madnesse equall bee.

How now *Maluolus* ?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad :

This does make some obstruction in the blood :

This crosse-gartering, but what of that ?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is : Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why how dost thou man ?

What is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my

legges : It did come to his hands, and Commandes shall

be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane

hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolus* ?

Mal. To bed ? I sweet heart, and lie come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee : Why dost thou smile so, and

kisse thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How do you *Maluolus* ?

Maluolus. At your request :

Yes Nightingales answer Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-

nesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of gretnesse : 'twas well wris.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Maluolus* ?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha ?

Mal. Some atchese gretnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou ?

Mal. And some haue gretnesse thrust vpon them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-

ings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings ?

Mal. And with'd to fee thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd ?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made ?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant fill.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count

Oynon's is return'd, I could hardly entreste him backe : he

attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. He come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my

Cousine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care

of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of

my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now : no worfe

man then fir *Toby* to looke to me. This concores direct-

ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may

appeare stubborn to him : for the incites me to that in

the Letter. Calt thy humble slough fyes the : be oppo-

sute with a Kinsman, furly with seruants, let thy tongue

langer with arguments of flate, put thy selfe into the

tricke of singularity : and consequently setts downe the

manner how : as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow

tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth.

I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me

thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-

low be look'd too : Fellow? not *Maluolus*, nor after my

degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together,

that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no

obstacle, no incredulous or vn safe circumstance : What

can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene

me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I,

is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Z 2

To.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the duels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possesse him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is : how list with you sir ? How list with you man ?

Mal. Go off, I discarde you : let me enjoy my priuater go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him ; did not I tell you ? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does hee so ?

To. Go too, go too : peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him : Let me alone. How do you Maluine ? How list with you ? What man, desie the duell : consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say ?

Mar. Li you, and you speake ill of the duell, how hee takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not looke him for more then Ile say.

Mal. How now mistress ?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way : Doe you not see you mone him ? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleness, gently, gently : the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock ? how dost y' chuck ?

Mal. Sir.

To. I bidde, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at cherrie-pit with fathan. Hang him foule Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Go hang your selues all : you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter. Exit

To. Ist possible ?

Fa. If this were plaide vpon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuce man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuce take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, till our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him : at which time, we will bring the deuce to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen : but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

Mar. Heere's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ist so lawcy ?

And. I, ist ? I warrant him : do not read.

To. Giue me.

Tout, what's neuer thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, we admire not in thy minde why I doe call

thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

(Law)

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of y' To. Thou com'st to the Lady Oliuia, and in my fight for vses thee kindly : but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good fence-lesse.

To. I will wooe-lye thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kisse me like a rogue and a villain.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Lawigood.

Tob. Forthwell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looks to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou v'st him, & thy fawne enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot : Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion for't : he is now in fume commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew : scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie : so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible : for't comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, giues manhood more approbation, then euer proofe of it selfe would haue eard him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter : for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding : his employment betwene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth ; set vpon Ague-cheeke a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly recieue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone, And bid mine honour too vnchary oot : There's something in me that reproues my fault : But such a head-strong potent fault it is, That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the same hauiour that your passion beares, Goes on my Mothers griefes.

Ol. Heere, wear this Iewell for me, tis my picture : Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you : And I beseech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that Ile deny, That honour (sa'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true lone for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that, Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow : far-thee-well, A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God issue thee.

Vio.

Vin. And you fir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not : but thy interceptor full of deſight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end : diſmount thy rucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilfull, and deadly.

Vin. You miſtake fir I am ſure, no man hath any quarrell to me : my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'll finde it otherwiſe I aſſure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard : for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withall.

Vin. I pray you fir what is he ?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnatch'd Rapier, and no carpet conſideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, ſoules and bodies hath he diuor'd three, and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and ſepulcher : Hob, nob, is his word : giu't or take't.

Vin. I will returne againe into the houſe, and deſire ſome conſult of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of ſome kinde of men, that put quarrells purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour : betike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no : his indignation deriues it ſelfe out of a very compunct inuſie, therefore get you on, and giue him his deſire. Baeke you ſhall not to the houſe, vnleſſe you vndertake that with me, which with as much ſaſetie you might anſwer him : therefore on, or ſtrippe your ſword ſtarke naked : for meddle you muſt that's certain, or forſwear to weare iron about you.

Vin. This is as vnciuill as ſtrange. I beſeech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is : it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

To. I will doe ſo. Signiour Fabian, ſtay you by this Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

Vin. Pray you fir, doe you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know the knight is incenſed againſt you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vin. I beſeech you what manner of man is he ?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promiſe to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooff of his valour. He is indeede fir, the moſt ſkilfull, bloody, & ſatall oppoſite that you could poſſibly haue found in anie part of Illyria : will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vin. I ſhall bee much bound to you for't : I am one, that had rather go with fir Priſt, then fir knight : I care not who knows in much of my mettle.

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee's a verie diuell, I haue not ſeen ſuch a ſirago : I had a paſſe with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and all : and he giues me the ſtucke in with ſuch a mortall motion that it is ineuitable : and on the anſwer, he payes you as ſurely, as your feete hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, hee not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,

Fabian can ſcarſe hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had bene valiant, for cunning in Fence, I'de haue ſeene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and

lie giue him my horſe, gray Capilet.

To. He make the motion : ſtand heere, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the perdition of ſoules, marry lie ride your horſe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horſe to take vp the quarrell, I haue perſwaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him : ſnd pants, & looks pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie fir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake : marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now ſcarſe to bee worth talking of : therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vowes, he profeſſes he will not hurt you.

Vin. Pray God defend me : a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Good ground if you ſee him furious.

To. Come fir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors ſake haue one bowt with you : he cannot by the Duell ſwaine it : but hee has promiſed me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vin. I do aſſure you tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put vp your ſword : if this young Gentleman haue done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him deſee you.

To. You fir ? Why, what are you ?

Ant. One fir, that for his loue dares yet do more Than you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertake, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good fir Toby hold : heere come the Officers.

To. He be with you anon.

Vin. Pray fir, put your ſword vp if you pleaſe.

And. Marry will I fir : and for that I promiſ'd you lie be as good as my word. Hee will beare you eaſily, and raiues well.

1. Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2. Off. Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Count Orſino.

Ant. You doe miſtake me fir.

3. Off. No fir, no int : I know your fauour well :

Though now you haue no ſea-cap on your head : Take him away, hee knows I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you : But there's no remedie, I ſhall anſwer it :

What will you do : now my neceſſitie Makes me aſke you for my poſſe. It greets mee Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Then what befalls my ſelfe : you ſtand amazed, But be of comfort.

2. Off. Come fir away.

Vin. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

To. What money fir ?

For the ſayre kindeſſe you haue ſhew'd me heere, And part being prompted by your preſent trouble, Out of my leane and low ability

He lead you ſomething : my hauiug is not much, He make diuſion of my preſent with you :

Hold, there's halfe my Coffe.

Ant. Will you deny me now, Iſt poſſible that my deſerts to you Can lacke perſuaſion. Do not tempt my miſery, Leſt that it make me ſo vnſound a man As to vpbraid you with those kindeſſes

Z 3

That

That I haue done for you.

Vis. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vaine-glasse, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabites our fraille blood.

Ans. Oh heauesen themselves.

2. Off. Come fir, I pray you go.

Ans. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death, (heere,
Relue'd him with such sanctitie of loue ;
And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by : Away.

Ans. But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this God :
Thou hast *Schaffian* done good feature, shame.
To Nature, there's a no blemish but the minde :
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, and the beauteous euill
Are empty trunckes, ore-flourish'd by the deuill.

1. Off. The man grows mad, away with him :
Come, come fir.

Ans. Leade me on.

Vis. Me thinks his words do from such passion flye
That he beleuees himselfe, so do not I :
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be eow tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian* : Weel
whisper ore a couplet or two of most figne sawes.

Vis. He nam'd *Schaffian* : I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glasse : euen such, and so
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in his riches, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : Oh if it proue,
Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue.

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his freed
heere in necessity, and denying him : and for his coward-
ship aske *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in
it.

Ans. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him soundly, but neuer draw thy sword

Ans. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Schaffian and Clowne.

Cl. Will you make me beleuee, that I am not sent for
you ?

Sch. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Cl. Well held out yfith : No, I do not know you,
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speake with her : nor your name is not Master *Cesaris*,
nor this is not my nose neither : Nothing that is so, is so.

Sch. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou
know'st not me.

Cl. Vent my folly : He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applies it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly : I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a
Cockney : I prethee oow vngird thy stranges, and tell
me what I shall vent to my Lady ? Shall I vent to hir that
thou art coming ?

Sch. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall giue worle
paiment.

Cl. By my troth thou hast an open hand these Wifemen
that giue foolles money, get themselves a good re-
port, after foureteeene yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

Ans. Now fir, haue I met you again : there's for you.

Sch. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad ?

To. Hold fir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house.

Cl. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on fir, hold.

Ans. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke
with him : Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if
there be any law in Illyria : though I stroke him first, yet
it's no matter for that.

Sch. Let go thy hand.

To. Come fir, I will not let you go. Come my yong
souldier put vp your yron : you are well flesh'd : Come
on.

Sch. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now ?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what ? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus ? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners nere were preach'd : oot of my sight.
Be not offended, deere *Cesaris* :

Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wifedome, not thy passion sway
In this vnciuill, and vnusit extant

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks
This *Rossian* hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this : Thou shalt not chooce but goe :
Do not denie, bethrew his foule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Sch. What reliish is in this ? How runs the streame ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame :

Let fancie still my sense in Lethe sleepe,

If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thou'dst be rul'd by me

Sch. Madam, I will.

Ol. O say so, and so be.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, & this beard,
make him beleuee thou art fir *Tophus* the Curate, doe it
quickly. Ile call fir *Toby* the whilst.

Cl. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe
in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in
such

in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student; but to be said an honest man and a good house-keeper goes as fairly, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleesse thee *M. Parfon.*
Cl. *Bons dies* fir *Toby*: for as the hermit of *Prague* that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: so I being *M. Parfon*, am *M. Parfon*; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him fir *Topas*.

Clow. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Cl. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* in the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, fir *Topas*, good fir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Cl. Out hyperbollicall fiend, how vexe'd thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said *M. Parfon*.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good fir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darknesse.

Cl. Eye, thou diabollicall fathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vse the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou that house is darke?

Mal. As bell fir *Topas*.

Cl. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari-cadoes, and the cleere flores toward the South north, are as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complaine'st thou of obscurity?

Mal. I am not mad fir *Topas*, I say to you this house is darke.

Cl. Madman thou erre'st: I say there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the *Egyptians* in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Cl. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the foule of our grandam, might happily inhabit a bird.

Cl. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the foule, and no way sproue his opinion.

Cl. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossest the foule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, fir *Topas*.

Tob. My most exquisite fir *Topas*.

Cl. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst haue done this without thy berd and gowne, he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this knavery. If he may bee conveniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now so farr in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vpper-shot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Cl. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Cl. My Lady is vnkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Cl. Also why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Cl. She loves another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deferue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: I am a Gentleman, I will lue to bee thankfull to thee for't.

Cl. M. *Malvolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Cl. Alas fir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man so notorioullie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Cl. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertyed me: keepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Affes, and doe all they cao to face me out of my wits.

Cl. Adiuice you what you say: the Minister is heere.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wittes the heauens restore: endeavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Cl. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I fir, not I fir. God buy you good fir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will fir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say.

Cl. Alas fir be patient. What say you fir, I am silent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in *Illyria*.

Cl. Well-a-day, that you were fir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

Cl. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Cl. Nay, he nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ie requite it in the highest degree: I prethee be gone.

Cl. I am gone fir, and anon fir,

Ie be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice, your neede to sustaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath, eries ah ha, to the diuell:

Like a mad layd, paire thy nailes dad,

Adieu good man diuell.

Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This perle she gaue me, I do feel't, and fec't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then,
I could not finde him at the elephante,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His counsell now might do me golden service,
For though my foule disputes well with my fence,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give backe assayes, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive the do's: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priost.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that consecrated rooffe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most ielous, and too doubtfull foule
May live at peace. He shall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Sib. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing sworne truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauen to shine,
That they may fairly note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Fine Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

Cl. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Cl. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Cl. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou my good
Fellow?

Cl. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.

Duke. Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Cl. No sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Cl. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if
your fowre negatives make your two affirmatiues, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be
one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Cl. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would
you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counsell.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once,
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
dealer: there's another.

Cl. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde
saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good
tripping measure, or the belles of *S. Bennet* sir, may put
you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this
throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speake
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my
bounty further.

Cl. Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come a-
gen. I go sir, but I would not base you to thinke, that
my desire of hauing in the finne of courteousnesse: but as
you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it
anon. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vn. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I saw it last, it was bestrid
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bolke vnprizable,
With which such faithfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottom of our Fleet,
That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

Offi. *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*

Thatooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,
When your young Nephew *Titus* lost his legges;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vn. He did me kindness sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*: Noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:
Antonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerser Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: I decide me mine owne purfe,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Nur halfe an houre before.

Vin. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ans. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No interim, out a minutes vacance,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walks
on earth:

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath teoded vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme seruicable?

Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Vin. Madam:

Du. Gracious *Olivia*.

Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

Vin. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tute my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare

As howling after Musick.

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to peruerfenesse? you vnciuill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars

My soule the faithfull' offerings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Euen what it pleases my Lord, that shall become him

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)

Like to th' Egyptian theete, at point of death

Kill what I loue: (a savage iualoofie,

That sometime fauours obly) but heare me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly knowe the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your fauour:

Live you the Marble-brested Tyrant still.

But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,

And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deere,

Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,

Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief: I

He sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,

To spight a Ravens heart within a Doue.

Vin. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vin. After him I loue,

More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,

More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.

If I do feigne, you witness above

Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguill'd?

Vin. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, firrah?

Vin. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the baseness of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Prieg.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betwene this youth, and me.

Prieg. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy clofe of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauiell'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath low'd a graiale on thy case?

Or will not eise thy craft so quickly grow?

That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:

Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,

Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.

Vin. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Ans. For the loue of God a Surgeon, seod one pre-
sently to sir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

Ans. H'as broke my head a-eroffe, and has giuen Sir
Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your
helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this sir *Andrew*?

Ans. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: he tooke
him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incarnadine.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

Ans. Odd's a lifings heere he is: you broke my head
for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir
Toby.

Vin. Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowen.

Ans. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt
me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe.
Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if
he had not bene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you
other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how list with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's the end on't:
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Clow. O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agoe: his eyes
were set at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy mesures pany: I
hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke
with them?

Ans. He helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest to-
gether.

To. Will you helpe an Ass-head, and a coxcombe, &
a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspectiue, that in, and is not.

Seb. Antonio: O my deere *Antonio*,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Antonio*?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euerie where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waves and furies haue deuoer'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countryman? What name? What Parentage?

Vis. Of *Messaline*: *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was your brother too:
So went he foited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and figure,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheekes,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vis. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vis. And did that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall aile

That day that made my after thirteene yeares.
Vis. If nothing lets to make vs happy both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help,
I was prefer'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betwene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue becom mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.

You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amas'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

Vis. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weeds.

Vis. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: 't' he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Cleome with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he si-rah?
Cl. Truly Madam, he holds *Belshazzar* at the staves end as
well as a man in his cafe may do: has heere writ a letter to
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a
madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much
when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.
Cl. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
deliueres the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to be, you must allow
Vix.

Ol. Prethee reade l'thy right wits.

Cl. So I do Madam: but to reade his right wits, is to
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princeesse, and giue
care.

Ol. Read it you, firrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
darkenesse, and given your drunken Cofine rule o'er me,
yet haue I the benefit of my seefes as well as your Ladieship.
I haue your owne letter, that induc'd mee to the
semblance I put on: with the which I doubt not, but to
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
and speake out of my injury. *The madly en'd Maluolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Cl. I Madam.

Du. This fauours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So farre against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time be
your Masters Mistresse.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

Or say, tis not your feale, not your invention :
 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
 And tell me in the modestie of honor,
 Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
 Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
 Vpon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people :
 And adding this in an obedient hope,
 Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
 And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
 That ere invention plaid on ? Tell me why ?
Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
 Though I confesse much like the Character :
 But out of question, tis *Marius* hand.
 And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
 First told me thou wast mad ; then cam't in smiling,
 And in such formes, which here were presuppos'd
 Vpon thee in the Letter : prethee be content,
 This practise hath most shrewdly past vpon thee :
 But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
 Thoo shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
 Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
 And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
 Taint the condition of this present houre,
 Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
 Set this deuike against *Malvolio* heere,
 Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
 We had conceiu'd against him. *Maria* writ
 The Letter, at sir *Tobys* great importance,
 In recompence whereof, he hath married her :
 How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
 May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
 If that the injuries be iustly weigh'd,
 That haue on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee ?
Cl. Why some are borne great, some attchieue great-
 nesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
 was one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir *Titus* fir, but that's

all one : By the Lord Foole, I am not mad : but do you re-
 member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,
 and you smile not he's gag'd : and thus the whirlingigge
 of time, brings in his reuengens.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you ?

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Purfue him, and entreate him to a peace :

He hath not told vs of the Capitaine yet,
 When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
 A solemne Combination shall be made
 Of our deere foules. Meane time sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
 (For so you shall be while you are a man)
 But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistress, and his fancie Queene.

Exeunt

Clowne sings.

*When that I was and a little tye boy,
 with hey, ho, the winde and the raine :
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 for the raine it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to mans estate,
 with hey ho, &c.
 Gainst Knowes and Tereous men shut their gate,
 for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came alas to wive,
 with hey ho, &c.
 By swaggering could I neuer thrive,
 for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came wote my beds,
 with hey ho, &c.
 With rosettes still had drunken bodes,
 for the raine, &c.*

*A great while ago the world began,
 hey ho, &c.
 But that's all one, our Play is done,
 and wee'l striue to please you every day.*

FINIS.





The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

Fy you shall chance (Camillo) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this coming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Visitation, which hee lustily owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our *Loues*: for indeed--

Cam. 'Befoeeh you--

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence-- in so rare-- I know not what to say-- Wee will giue you sleepe Drinckes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. Beloeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorned with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppos'd Winds. The Heauens continue their *Loues*.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspcakable comfort of your young Prince *Manilius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yesif there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter *Leontes*, *Hermione*, *Manilius*, *Polixenes*, *Camillo*.

Pol. Nice Changes of the Watry-Starre hath beeo

The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuities, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

Leu. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No sleeping Winds at home, to make vs say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

Leu. We are tougher (Brother) Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leu. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leu. Wee'll part the time betwene's then: and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('befoeeh you) so:

There is no Tongue that moues, none, none i'th World So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both, Farewell (oor Brother.)

Leu. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: yoo (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in *Bohemia's* well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leu. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong: Bot let him say so then, and let him goe; But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay, Wee'll thwack him hence with Distaffes. Yet of your Royall preference, Ile adventure The borrow of a Weekce. When at *Bohemia* You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commiſſion, To let him there a Month, behind the Gift Preſt'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes*, I loue thee not a Iarre o'th Clock, behind

A a

What

What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber Vowes; but I,
Though you would feck t'vnphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going! Verily
You shall not go; a Ladies Verily 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and sue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:

To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaele then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings theoe?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)

Two Lads, that thought there was oo more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.

Her. Was not my Lord

The verier Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Son,
And blest the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather

You haue tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnsted'd dayes, was my Wife a Girl;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:

Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet got on,
Th' offences we haue made you doe, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs.

Les. Is he woeen yet?

Her. Hee'll stay (my Lord.)

Les. At my request, he would not:
Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Neuer?

Les. Neuer, but once.

Her. What! haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with praye, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting vpon that.
Our prayes are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Forlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*!
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.

Les. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had fow'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clapp thy selfe my Loue; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for euer.

Her. 'Tis *Grace* indeed.
Why lo-you now, I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th' other, for some while a Friend.

Les. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,
I haue not for loy; not loy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord.

Les. I fecke:

Why that's my Bawcock: what's that smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Copsy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycifer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginaling
Vpon his Palme! How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Les. Thou want'st a rough path, & the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes
No borne-twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: (sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vncall'd: thou coache art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-loyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes *Silius*?

Her. He something seemes vnstedd.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Les. What cheer! how is't with you, best Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord)?

Les. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly!
It's tendernessee? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Mooey?

Mam. No (my Lord) lie flight.

Les. You will twily happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)

He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: State-man; all:
He makes a Iulys day, short as December,
And with his varying child-neffe, cures to me
Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Les. So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your gruer Rep. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'st vs, then in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke vs,

We are yours 'th' Garden: shall I attend you there?

Les. To your owne bents dispose you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lynne)
Goe too, goe too.

How he holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes hcr with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; gone head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hille me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much decei'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinks the ha's been sluy'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor); nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will, Should all despair
That haue resolued Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerfull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Haue the Disease, and feeble't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you fay.

Les. Why, that's some comfort.
What? Camillo there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Les. Goe play (*Mamilius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Les. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Bufinesse more materiall.

Les. Didst perceiue it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a fo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall giue it laft. How cam't? (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queene's entreatie.

Les. At the Queene's be't: Good should be pertineot,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is foaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocke. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Nature? by some Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Bufinesse purblind? fay.

Cam. Bufinesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand
'Bolenia' staves here longer.

Les. Ha?

Cam. Staves here longer.

Les. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Les. Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the nerrest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councils, wherin (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from there departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Decei'd in thy Integritie, decei'd
In that which seemes fo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Les. To hide vpon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honestie behind, restraining
From Courte requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seek't a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak't it all for least.

Cam. My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In euery one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if indolently
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the noo performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plaiour with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Les. Ha? not you seene Camillo?

(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's oot thinke)

A a z

My

My Wife is flipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negatie,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Hofe, defecures a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that pots to
Before her troth-plight: I say't, and iustify't.

Cam. I would not be a slander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My prefont vengeance taken: 'threw my heart,
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were fin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? Is meeting Nofes?
Kissing with in-side Lip? flopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a fight? (A Note infallible
Of breaking Honellie) harping foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? withing Clocks more swift?
Hours, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bebemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:

I say thou lye'st *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,
Or else a howering Temporiser, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and eill,
Inclining to them both: were my Woies Liuer
Infected (as her life) she would not liue
The running of one Giasse.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*'Bebemia'*) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should vn doe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meane forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may't see
Pisioely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaen,
How I am gall'd, might't he spice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Malleiously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Belueue this Crack to be in my deard Mistresse
(So soueraignly being Honorable.)
I haue loo'd thee,

Leo. Make that thy question, and goe to:
Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsteddy,
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preferre, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
Is Goudes, Thornes. Nettles, Tayles of Wasps)
Giue scandall to the blood o'th Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)

Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleue you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off *'Bebemia'* for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Euen for your Sonne's sake, and thereby for sealing
The Inurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st adiole me,
Euen so as I mine owne couer haue set downe:
He giue no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam. My Lord,

Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *'Bebemia'*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholefome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.

Leo. This is all:

Do't, and thou hast the ooe halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou spilt'st thine owne.

Cam. He do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will seeme friendly, as thou hast adu'd me. Exit

Cam. O miserable Lady. Bot for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maister; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anyoted Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bebemia*. Enter *Polixenes*.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinks
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day *Camillo*,

Cam. Haile most Royall Sir.

Pol. What is the Newes th' Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he looes himselfe: euen now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, spredde from me, and
So leues me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis therabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of vs in dissemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?

Make me not fighted like the Basilisque.

I haue

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so : *Camilla*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, who none lesse adorns
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle : I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sicknesse confound me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd, Do'tt thou heare *Camilla*,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, wherof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented, if to be :
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable; therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to vter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camilla*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camilla*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinke, nay with all confidence he swears,
As he had seem'd, or beene an Instrumēt
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yuak'd with him, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nostrill
Where I arrive, and my approach be shon'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear he thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer
Auid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Truncke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twos, and threes, at severall Posternes,
Clear them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, I'll put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vtterd Truth; which if you seeke to proue,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution I sworne.

Pol. I doe beleue thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This lealouse
Is for a precious Creature: as thee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges most
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne Iuspition. Come *Camilla*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leantes,
Antigonus, Lords.*

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)

Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I looe you better.

Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for became

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

Lady. Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's bene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,

The Queene (your Mother) rounde apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.

Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisdome flirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, that's best?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fight me with your Sprights: you're powerfull at it.

A 3

Mam. There

Ham. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe; then on.

Mam. Dwell by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine care.

Lea. Was hee met there? his Train? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men frowne so on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.

Lea. How blest am I

In my iust Censure? In my true Opinion?

Alack, for lesse knowledge, how accurs'd,

In belog so blest? There may be in the Cup

A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,

And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge

Is not infected) but if one present

Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne

How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides

With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and scene the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;

All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

He ha's discolour'd my Deigne, and I

Remaine a play'd Thing; yea, a very Trick

For them to pinch at will: how came the Posternes

So easily open'd?

Lord. By his great authority,

Which often hath no lesse prevail'd, then so,

On your command.

Lea. I know't too well.

Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you

Haue too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Lea. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,

Away with him, and let her sport her selfe

With that shee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*

Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not;

And Ile be sworn you would beleeue my saying,

How e're you leane to th'Nay-word.

Lea. You (my Lords)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about

To say she is a goodly Lady, and

The Iustice of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pittie she's not honest: Honorable;

Prayle her but for this her without-dore-Forme,

(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight

Tha Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands

That Calumnie dore vs; Oh, I am out,

That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare

Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,

When you haue said these goodly, come betwene,

Ere you can say she's honest: But be't knowne

(From him that ha's the most cause to grieve it should be)

Shee's an Adultresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,

(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)

He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)

Do but mistake.

Lea. You haue mistooke (my Lady)

Polixenes for *Leantes*: O thou Thing,

(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,

Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vs to all degrees,

And mannerly distinguishing leaue out,

Betwixt the Prince and Begger;) I haue said

Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:

More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is

A Federarie with her, and one that knowes

What she should haue to know her selfe,

But with her most vild Principall: that shee's

A Bed-swarmer, euen as bad as those

That Vulgars giue bold't Titles; I, and priu

To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)

Priu to none of this: how will this grieve you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,

You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say

You did mistake.

Lea. No: if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build vpon,

The Centre is not bigge enough to beare

A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:

He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,

But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes:

I must be patient, till the Heauens looke

With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,

I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex

Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew

Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue

That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes

Worse then Teares drowne: beleeue you all (my Lords)

With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities

Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so

The Kings will be perform'd.

Lea. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? beleeue your Highnes

My Women may be with me, for you see

My plight requires it. Doe not wepe (good Fooler)

There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistis

Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,

As I come out; this Adieu I now goe on,

Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)

I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now

I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

Lea. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. Beleeue your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice

Proue violence, in the which three great oues suffer,

Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)

Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse

I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I mean

In this, which you accuse her.)

Antig. If it proue

Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where

I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:

Then when I seele, and see her, no farther trust her:

For every yench of Woman in the World,

I euerly dram of Womans flesh is false,

If she be.

Lea. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:

You are abus'd, and by some putter on,

That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damne him: be the honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;
The second, and the third, nine: and some sue:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine Honor
He gell'd em all: fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyes,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

Les. Cease, no more:

You smell this businesse with a fence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and fee withall
The Instruments that feele.

Antig. If it be so,

We neede no graue to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole duny-earth.

Les. What! lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Les. Why what neede we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull insigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Antig. And I with (my Liege)

You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.

Les. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd fight onely, nought for approbation
But onely feeling, all other circumstances
Made vp to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation

(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pittieous to be wilde) I haue dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,
Cleomenes and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Les. Though I am satysfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Giue rest to th'mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free person, the should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raise vs all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gentler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gas. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,

Condukt me to the Queene.

Gas. I may not (Madam)

To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.

Paul. Here's a-do, to locke vp honestie & honour from
Th'accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawful pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia*?

Gas. So please you (Madam)

To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray now call her:

With-draw your selues.

Gas. And Madam,

I must be present at your Conference.

Paul. Well: be't so: prethee.

Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and griefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you,

Paul. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous, vnsafe Lanes I'th'King, bestrewed them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. He take't vpon me,
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.

And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee

The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)

Commend my best obedience to the Queene,

If she dares trust me with her little babe,

I'll shew't the King, and vndertake to bee

Her Aduocate to'th lowd'ft. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe:

The silence often of pure innocence

Perfwades, when speaking failes.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,

your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,

That your free vndertaking cannot misse

A thriving issue: there is no Lady liuing

So meete for this great errand: please your Ladyship

To visit the next roome, I'll presently

Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,

Who, but to day hammered of this designe,

But durst not tempt a minuter of honour

Least she should be deny'd.

Paul

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
He vfe that tongue I haue : If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
I shall do good,

Emil. Now be you left for it.
He to the Queene : please you come something neerer.
Gas. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Hauing no warrant.

Paul. You neede not feare it (*for*)
This Child is prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceffe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene.

Gas. I do beleue it.

Paul. Do not you feare : vpon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,
and Lords.*

Lea. Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus : meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being : part o'th cause,
She, th'Adulteresse : for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine : plot-prooffe : but shee,
I can hooke to me : I say that she were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there ?

Ser. My Lord.

Lea. How do'st the boy ?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night : 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Lea. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyning the dishonour of his Mother.
He fraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe :
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. *Leue* me solely : goe,
See how he fares : *Fie*, he, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me : in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance ; Let him be,
Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance
Take it on her : *Camilla*, and *Peliceus*
Laugh at me : make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me :
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life ? A gracious innocent sonle,
More free, then he is ialous.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam, he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do fighe
At each his needlesse heauings : such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true ;
(Honest, as either,) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.

Lea. Who noyle there, hoe ?

Paul. No noyle (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossip for your Highnesse.

Lea. How ?

Away with that audacious Lady, *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Lea. What? canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can : in this
(Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me :

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run,
But shee'l not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come :
And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsaier : yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Eulles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Lea. Good Queene ?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And would by combat, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Lea. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me : on mine owne accord, lie off,
But first, lie do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis : Commends it to your blessing.

Lea. Out :

A mankinde Witch ? Hence with her, out o'dore :
A most intelligencing hawd.

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entir'ling me : and no lesse honest
Then you are mad : which is enough, lie warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest :

Lea. Traitors ;

Will you not push her out ? Giue her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : vnroasted
By thy dame *Parlet* heere. Take vp the Bastard,
Take't vp, I say : giue't to thy Croane.

Paul. For euer

Vnreuerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st vp the Princess, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put vpon't.

Lea. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did : then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

Lea. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I : nor any

But one that's heere : and that's himselfe : for he,

The

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose thing is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was found.

Lea. A Callat

Of boondlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenus*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:

And might we lay th'old Prouer to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worke. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of a Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Naylor, Finger.)
And thou good Goddesse *Nature*, which hath made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, amongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least the suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husband.

Lea. A grosse Hagge:

And *Lozell*, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbandes

That cannot doe that Feat, you'll leaue your selfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Lea. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnatural Lord
Can doe no more.

Lea. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vsage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weakne-hind'd Fancy) something fauours
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Lea. On your Allegiance,

Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life: the durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Lea* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follies,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you,
So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Lea. Thou Traytor! hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child! away with't: euen thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or Ile seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so:
The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out, Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:

These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her committing further.

Lea. You're lyers all,

Lord. Befeech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and befecch'
So to effeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare seruices
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Lea. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:

Shall I lye on, to see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it lye.
It shall not nether. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue becoe so tenderly officious
With *Lady Margerit*, your Mid-wife there,
To faue this Bastard's lie; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)

That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblesse impose: at least thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To faue the Innocent: any thing possible.

Lea. It shall be possible: Swear by this Word
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Lea. Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tong'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodys torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I swear to doe this: though a present death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit intrust the Kytes and Ravens
To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Beares, they say,
(Casting their cruelties aside) haue done
Like offices of Pity. Sir, be prosperous;
In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
(Poore Thing, condemna'd to losse.) *Exit.*

Lea. No: Ile not reare

Another Issue. *Enter a Seruant.*

Ser. Please' your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre since: *Cleomides* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Halting to th'Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Lea. Twentie three dayes
They haue bene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* suddenly will haue

The

The truth of this appeare : Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Scission, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady : for as the hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall the have
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leau me,
And thinke vpon my bidding.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the lile, the Temple much surpassing
The common praye it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habins,
(Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemn, and vn-earthly
It was it's Offring?

Cleo. But of all, the burth
And the care-deaf'ning Voyce o'th Oracle,
Kin to Iouis Thunder, so surpris'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'event o'th Journey
Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vfe on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turne all to th'best : these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer : something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goet fresh Horles,
And gracious be the issue.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers : *Hermione* (as to her
Triall) Ladies : *Cleomines*, *Dion*.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen puthes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue doe course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Porgation :
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court.

Silence.

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione*, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraigned of High Treason,
in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,

and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband : the pretence whereof
being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (*Hermione*) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst counsaile
and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie : mine Integrity
Being counted Falshehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blud, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuin'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne : a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, sure
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare) For Honor,
'Tis a derisuer from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so : Since he came,
With what encounter so vnquiet, I
Haued strayn'd 't'appeare thus ; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in ad, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'th of Kin
Cry sic vpon my Graue.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-fay what they did,
Then to performe it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd :
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me ; with a Love, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded :
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude.

To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke,
Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how : All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man ;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themseloes
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue ventur'd to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Les. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bafard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auaile: for as
Thy Brat hath bene caft out, like to it felie,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easest passage,
Looke for no leffe then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fawor)
I doe giue loſt, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my brest
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My selfe on every Post
Proclam'd a Strumpett: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, I'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliuē,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon furmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your ieaiousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollō be my Iudge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether loſt: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollō's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Rusſia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliuē, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here ſhall ſwaine vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomint* and *Diua*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This feal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollō's* Priest; and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Scale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cles. Dis. All this we fweare.

Les. Breake vp the Seales, and read.
Officer. Hermione is chafte, *Polixenes* blamelesse, *Camillo*
a true Subject, *Leontes* a iustall Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that
which is left, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollō*.

Her. Prayfed.

Les. Hast thou read that?

Officer. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.

Les. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Les. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

Les. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Les. *Apollō's* angry, and the Heauens themselves
Doe strike at my iniustice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortal to the Queene: Look downe
And see what Death is doing.

Les. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.

I haue too much beleue'd mine owne suspicion:

'Befeech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. *Apollō* pardon

My great prophaneſſe 'gainst thine Oracle.

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*

(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy:)

For being transported by my Ieaiousies

To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend *Polixenes*: which had beene done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

My swift command: though I with Death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,

And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueſt

Vnclasp'd my practise, quitted his fortunes here

(Which you knew great) and to the hazard

Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,

No richer then his Honor: How he glifters

Through my Ruſt? and how his Pietie

Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while!

O cut my Lace, leaſt my heart (cracking it)

Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) haſt for me?

What Wheelles? Rackes? Fires? What flaying? boyling?

In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture

Muſt I receiue? whose eury word deferrus

To taſte of thy moſt worst. Thy Tyranny

(Together working with thy Ieaiousies,

Fancies too weak for Boyes, too Greene and idle

For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,

And then run mad indeed: ſtarke-mad: for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.

That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,

(That did but ſlew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,

And damnable ingratefull: Nor was't much,

Thou would'st haue poison'd good *Camillo's* Honor,

To haue him kill a King: poore Trefpaſſes,

More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon

The caſting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,

To be or none, or little; though a Deuill

Would haue ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:

Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death

Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleſt the heart

That could conceiue a groſſe and fooliſh Sire

Blamiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,

Layd to thy anſwer: but the laſt O Lords,

When I haue ſaid, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The

The sweet'st deer'st creature's dead; & vengeance for't
Not drop'd dowoe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Paul. I say the's dead : Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevaile not, go and fee : if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repeat these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can stirre : therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand kooes,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.

Lee. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deferr'd
All tongues to talke their bittreft.

Lord. Say no more ;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman : he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past griefe : Do not receiue affliction
At my petition : I beleeue you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgieue a foolish woman :
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Childreo :
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

Lee. Thou dost speake but well,

When most the truth : which I receiue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both : Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-
heard, and Clowne.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Deserts of Bohemia.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare

We haue Landed in ill time : the skies looke grimly,
And threaten pfect blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their sacred will's be done : I go get a-board,
Looke to thy barge, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th land : 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart

To be so ridde o'th businesse.

Exit

Ant. Come, poore babe ;

I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe : if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night : for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts ; the surie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (agaio'th thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perious for the Thowet-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weepe, and leaue it crying : and for the babe
Is counted lost for euer, *Perdita*
I prethee call't : For this vngentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou o're'st shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more : and so, with thrickes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was fo, and no lumber : Dreames are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeue
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
Of King *Poliuxes*) it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy chara'cter : there these,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And still rest thine. The storme begins, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes : and most accur'd am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more : thou'rt like to haue
A lullable too rough : I neuer saw
The heavens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor ?
Well may I get a-board : This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Bear.

Step. I would there were no age betweene ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest :
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wench-
es with childe, wronging the Auncientry, Reeling,
fighting, hearkes you now : would any but these boy-le-
braines of nineteen, and two and twenty hunt this wea-
ther ? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mal-
ster ; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brou-
zing of luy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue
we heere ? Mercy on's, a Borne ? A very pretty borne ;
A boy, or a Child ? I wonder ? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
one) sure some Scape ; Though I am not bookish, yet I can

can reade Waicing-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has beene some faire-works, some Trunke-works, some behinde-doore works: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my fomme come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-bo-hoa.

Enter Cleone.

Cle. Hillos, loa.

Shp. What? art fo neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl't thou, man?

Cle. I haue scene two such fights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, bewixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Shp. Why boy, how is it?

Cle. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the flore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most pittous cry of the poore foules, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hog-head. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and said his name was *Antigannus*, a Nobleman: Bot to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but first, how the poore foules roared, and the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring louder then the sea, or weather.

Shp. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Cle. Now, now: I haue not wink'd: I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shp. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

Cle. I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue help'd her: there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shp. Heuy matters, heuy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now bleste thy selfe: thou met't with things dyings, I with things new borne. Here's a fight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloth for a Squire's child: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy) open't: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Cle. You're a mad olde man: If the finnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to lioe. Golde, all Gold.

Shp. This is Faery Gold boy, and 'twill prooe so: vp with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Cle. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shp. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' fight of him.

Cleone. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th' ground.

Shp. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfoldes error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vfe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore fateene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntide
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and orewhelme Custome, Let me passe
The fame I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now recei'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing
As you had slept betwene: *Leantes* leuening
Th' effects of his fond ielousies, so greewing
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which *Florinell*
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of *Perdita*, now grown in grate
Egall with wond'ring. What of her infues
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-
And what to her adheres, which folowes after, (ter
Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camilla.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camilla*) be no more importunate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres since I saw my Countrey: though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorowes I might be some ally, or I oreweene to thinke so which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'st me (*Camilla*) wipe not out the rest of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the needs I haue of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Businesse, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done: which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I cannot) be more thankefull to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatal Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more, whose very naming, punishes me with the remembrance

R b

of

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose luste of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loofing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Com. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (mislingly) noted, he is of late much rettyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspokeable estate.

Com. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard: from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vnseale to get the cause of my sonnes resort therher. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Com. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolius singing.

*When Daffadils begin to peere,
With beigh the Doye ouer the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood ragges in y' winters pale.*

*The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With key the sweet bird, O how they sing!
Dut for my pugling tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.*

*The Larks, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With beigh, the Thrush and the Lay,
Are Summer songs for me and my Annts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.*

I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice.

*'But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Mone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.*

*If Tinkers may haue leave to lue,
and beare the Sow-skin Tossaget,
Then my account I will may giue,
and in the Sockes awaith-it.*

My Traffike is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolius*, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-up of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuenew is the filly Cheate, Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A priae, a priae.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Let me see, every Leauen-weather toddes, euerie tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fiftene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the springe hold, the Cocke's mine.

Cl. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Fest? Three pound of Sugar, hue pound of Corrence, Rice: What will this filter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Fest, and the layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shea-rers (three-man fong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, leuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyn, and as many of Reysons o'tb Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Cl. I th' name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death, death.

Cl. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more raggs to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomeff of them offend mee, more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

Cl. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tant from me, and these detestable things put vpon me.

Cl. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet fir) a footman.

Cl. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horse-mans Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good fir, tenderly, oh.

Cl. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good fir, softly, good fir: I feare (fir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Cl. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, deere fir: good fir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Cl. Doe'st lacke any money? I haue a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, I beseech you fir: I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (fir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Cl.

Cl. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (*Sir.*) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-feruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knowith professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him *Anticost*.

Cl. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prighe haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-batings.

Aut. Very true sir: he fir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Cl. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Babermis*; If you had but look'd bigger, and spit at him, hee'd haue runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (*sir*) I am no fighter: I am fife of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Cl. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace softly towards my Kinfolks.

Cl. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Cl. Then fartherwell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: He be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheebers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Ing-on, ing-on, the first-path way,
And merrily bend the Sole-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad eyes in a Mile-a.* *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florinell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camilla, Mopsa, Dorcas, Sirrants, Anticost.

Fl. These your vnuall weeds, to each part of you Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but *Flora* Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord, To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th'Land, you haue obscur'd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide) Most Goddesse-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts In eury Meesse, haue folly; and the Feeders Digest with a Custome, I should blush To see you so attyrd: I frowne I thinke, To shew my selfe a giasle.

Fl. I blesse the time

When my good Falcon, made her slight a-crosse Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Ioue afford you cause: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not bene vs'd to feare;) euen now I tremble To thinke your Father, by some accident Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble, Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold The sternesse of his preference?

Fl. Apprehend Nothing but illistie: the Goddes themselves (Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter, Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I seeme now. Their transformations, Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way fo chaste: since my desires Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts Borne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King: One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur- Or I my life. *(pose,*

Fl. Thou deer'st *Perdita*, With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th'Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Fate) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though destiny say no. Be merry (*Gentle*) Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are coming: Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two haue sworn shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune, Stand you suspicious, *Fl.* See, your Guests approach, Address your selfe to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shp. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all, Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere At vpper end o'th' Table; now, i'th' middle: On his shoulder, and his: her face o't're With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it She would to each one sip. You are retired, As if you were a fasted one: and not The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid These vnknown friends to's welcome, for it is A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blushe, and present your selfe That which you are, Mithris o'th'Feast. Come on, And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing, As your good flocks that prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome: It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee The Hostesseship o'th'day: you're welcome sir. Giue me those Flowres there (*Dorcas*) Reuerend Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe Seeming, and fauour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.

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Pol.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yere growing ancient,
Not yet from summer death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th season
Are our Carnations, and fresk'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them,

Perd. For I haue heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so o'er that Art,
(Which you say adds to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kiode
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly-vors,
And do not call them bastards.

Perd. He not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Lavender, Mint, Sausory, Marjorom,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y^e are very welcome.

Cam. I should leaue grafting, were I of your stocke,
And onely lioe by gailing.

Perd. Out alas:
You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairest
I would I had some Flowers o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dyffia* Waggon: *Daffadils*,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: *Violets* (dim,
Bot sweeter then the lids of *Iun's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phobus* in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maide:) bold *Osalips*, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strewe him o're, and ore.

Fls. What? like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play oo:
Not like a Coarse: or if: if not to be buried,
But quickie, and in mine armes. Come, take your flowers,
Me thinks I play as I haue feene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

Fls. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I with you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O *Dericles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnfauld Sphepherd
With wilddome, I might feare (my *Dericles*)
You wou'd me the false way.

Fls. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue porpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*): so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.

Perd. He sweare for 'em.
Ps. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lassie, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smacks of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clz. Come on strike vp.
Dorcas. Myselfe must be your Mistress: marry Garlick
to mend her killing with.

Step. Now in good time.
Clz. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Dauce of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Step. They call him *Dericles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleuee it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gas'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best.

Pol. She dances feately.
Step. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Dericles*
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which hee doe not dreames of.

Enter Seruant.
Ser. O Maister: if you did but heare the Pedlar at the
doore, you would ouer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee sings
seuerall Tunes, faster then you'll tell money: hee vtters
them as hee eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.

Clz. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and
sung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath snags for man, or woman, of all faces: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdry (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: lump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, *W'hoop, doe me no harme good man*: put's him nift, slights him, with *W'hoop, doe mee no harme good man*.

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Cl. Beleeue mee, thus talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Behemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groile: Inckles, Caddyfies, Cambricks, Lawnes: why he finger's em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesse: you would thinke a Smocke were a three-Angell, he so chauntes to the secue-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Cl. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them, then you'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or gn about to thinke.

Enter Antolius singing.

*Lavane as rabbit as drinen Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as fawate as Demasie Rofes,
Masker for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelet, Niche lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quifits, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to give their deers:
Pins, and pushing sticks of Steele.
What Maids lacke from head to beele:
Come buy of me, come come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.*

Cl. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthral'd as I am, it will alse be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Der. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him againe.

Cl. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their placketts, where they should beare their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Cl. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money.

Ant. And indeed Sir, there are Coseners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Cl. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Ant. I hope so fir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

Cl. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Ant. Here's one, to a very dolefull tone, how a Vsurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonads's.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Ant. Very true, and but a moorth nld.

Der. Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

Ant. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Mist. Tale-Porter, and fine or fix honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Cl. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other rhings anon.

Ant. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, furtie thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought the was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not exchange flesh with one that ion'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Der. Is it true too, thinke you.

Ant. Five Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

Cl. Lay it by too; another.

Ant. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones.

Ant. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Der. We had the tone on't, a month agoe.

Ant. I can beare my part, ynn most know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with ynn.

Song. Get you hence, for I must goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to knowe.

Der. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Der. Whether?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Der. Me too: Let me go whether:

Mop. Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,

Der. If to either thou dost ill,

Aut. Neither.

Der. What neither?

Aut. Neither:

Der. Thou hast sworn my Love to be,

Thou hast sworn it more is true.

Mop. Thou whether goest? Say whether?

Cl. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad take, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; follow me girles.

Ant. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crpe?

My dainty Ducks, my deere-a?

Any Silke, any Thread, any Tyes for your head

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st ware-a.

Come to the Pedler, Mandy's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Exit

Servants. Mayther, there is three Carters, three Shep, herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue mndg them.

'hemfeloes all men of haire, they cal themfelues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a galley-maufrey of Gambols, becaufe they are not in't : but they themfelues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Step. Away : Wee'l none on't ; heere has bene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs : pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King : and not the worst of the three, but iumpes twelve foote and a halfe by th' fquire.

Step. Lesue your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in : but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they flay at doore Sir.

Here a Dance of twelve Sayres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter : Is it not too farre gone ? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire sheheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed loue, as you do ; I was wont To lead my Shee with knackes : I would haue ranck't The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue pow'd it To her acceptance : you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse Interpretation should abule, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

Fls. Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are : The gifts shee lookes from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seme) Hath sometime lou'd : I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doves-downe, and as white as it, Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What folloves this ?

How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash The hand, was faire before ? I haue put you out, But to your protestation : Let me heare What you professe.

Fls. Do, and be witnesse too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Fls. And he, and more

Then he, and men : the earth, the heauens, and all ; That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monisch Thereof most worthy : were I the fayrest youth That euer made eye swerue, had force and prize them More than was euer mans, I would not prize them Without her Loue ; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice, Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer you.

Com. This shewes a sound affection.

Step. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Pol. I cannot speake

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The puritie of his.

Step. Take hands, a bargain ; And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't : I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

Fls. O, that must bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter : One being dead,
I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder : but come-on,
Contract vs fore these Witnesse.

Step. Come, your hand :

And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,

Haue you a Father ?

Fls. I haue : but what of him ?

Pol. Knowes he of this ?

Fls. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father,

Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest

That best becomes the Table : Pray you once more

Is not your Father growne incapable

Of reasonable affayres ? Is he not flupid

With Age, and astring Rheumes ? Can he speake ? heare ?

Know man, from man ? Dispute his owne estate ?

Lies he not bed-rid ? And againe, do's nothing

But what he did, being chilidish ?

Fls. No good Sir :

He has his health, and ampler strength indeede

Then most haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him (if this be so) a wrong

Something vnfiliall : Reason my sonne

Should chooife himselfe a wife, but as good reason

The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else

But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile

In such a businesse.

Fls. I yeeld all this ;

But for some other reasons (my graue Sir)

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Fls. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Fls. No, he must not.

Step. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue At knowing of thy choise.

Fls. Come, come, he must not :

Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong fir)

Whom sonne I dare not call : Thou art too base

To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,

That thus affects a sheepe-hooke ? Thou, old Traitor,

I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can

but shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fiend peete

Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know

The royall Foole thou coap't with.

Step. Oh my heart.

Pol. He haue thy beauty scratcht with briars & made

More homely then thy state. For thee (iund boy)

If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,

That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer

I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,

Farre then *'Draculus* off : (marke thou my words)

Follow vs to the Court. Thou Charle, for this time

(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wor-

Worthy enough a Heardman : yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to thy entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Perd. Euen heere vndone :

I was not much a-fear'd : for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The selfe same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone ?
I told you what would come of this : Befeech you
Of your owne state take care : This dreame of mine
Being now awake, He *Queene* is no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.

Step. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know : O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of fourecore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet : yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones ; but now
Some Hangman must put on my throwd, and lay me
Where no Priest shoulde-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone :
If I might dye within this hoore, I haue liu'd
To die when I desire.

Exit.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me ?
I am but forry, not affear'd : delaid,
But nothing altrid : What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking backe ; not following
My leath vnwillingly.

Exit.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper : at this time
He will allow no speech : (which I do ghesse
You do not porpose to him) aod as hardly
Will he endure your fight, as yet I feare ;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not porpose it :
I thinke *Camillo*.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus ?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere knowne ?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the feeds within. Lift vp your lookes :
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affliction.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am : aod by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient : I haue reason :
If not, my fences better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (Sir.)

Flo. So call it : but it do's fulfill my vow :
I needs must thinke it honestly. *Camillo*,
Not fur *Bolonia*, nor the pompe that may
Be therat gleaned : for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

In vnkowne sadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As yoo haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (io faith I meane not
To see him any more) call your good counsailes
Vpon his passion : Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This yoo may know,
And so deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore :
And most opportune to her needs, I haue
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,

I would your Spirit were easer for aduice,
Or stronger for your needs.

Flo. Heaerke *Perdita*,

He heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Resolu'd for flight : Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serue my turne,
Sawe him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Maister, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deseru'd : It is my Fathers Musicke
To speake your deeds : not little of his care
To haue them recompend'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe ; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled proiect
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
He point you where you shall haue such receiuing
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enioy your Mistress ; from the whom, I see
There's no disunction to be made, but by
(As heuens forefend) your ruine : I marry her,
And with my best endeuours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, shalbe to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almost a miracle) be done ?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Haue yoo thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildly do, so we proffesse
Our stues to be the stues of chance, and flies
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me :
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight ; make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princeesse,
(For so I see she must be) fore *Leantes* ;

Shee

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiue me, off,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Prioreesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: i'th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camille*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, he write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Father before me there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sippie in this.

Cam. A Courte more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your felues
To vnpath'd Waters, vnderneath Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you're loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Afflictions alter.

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may fubdue the Cheeke,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these fewen yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good *Camille*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare of our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
He blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thorns we stand vpon: (*Camille*)
Preferuer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Babewia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Scilla*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word,

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honesty is? and Trust (his
fwrone brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Brough, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trickets had bene hallowed, and brought a be-
nediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whole
Purses was best in Picture: and what I saw, to my good
vse, I remembered. My Clowne (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the
wenches Soog, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toe,
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences sticke in
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was feece-
lesse: 'twas nothing to gould a Cod-piece of a Purse: I
would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Soog, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pick'd
and cut most of their Festiual Purfes: Aod had not the
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonoe, and fear'd his Chowghes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means being there
So soone as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you're procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you!

All that you speake, shewes fairc.

Cam. Who haue we here?

We'll make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy poeuitie, we must
make an exchange: therefore dis-casse thee instantly (thou
must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe
sted already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vobuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophesie
Come home to ye): you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browe, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes out) to Ship-board
Get vnderfery'd.

Perd. I see the Play fo lyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:

Haue you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonoe.

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:

Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot?

'Pray

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'Pray you a word.

Gen. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King Of this escape, and whether they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall poeuaile, To force him after: in whose company I shall re-view *Scilla*; for whose fight, I haue a Woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortane speed vs:

Thus we let on (*Camille*) to th' Sea-side.

Gen. The swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

Aut. I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an open care, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th' other Seneces. I see this is the time that the vniuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conuie at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himſelfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clop at his beeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honesty to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knoweier to concale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clowse and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a careful man worke.

Clowse. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Step. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Step. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her): This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you.

Step. I will tell the King all, every word, yes, and his Sonnes pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Step. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master.

Clow. 'Pray heartily be at 'Palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Ruffiques) whether are you bound?

Step. To th' Palace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauiug? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?

Clow. We are but plaine fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hairet: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradel-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but we pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clow. Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Step. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Basenesse, Court-Contempt? Think't thou, for that I insinuate, at tosse from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cop-a-pe*; and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaires.

Step. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate ha'st thou to him?

Step. I know not (and't like you.)

Clow. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you haue none.

Step. None, Sir: I haue no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men? Yet Nature might haue made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdaine.

Clow. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Step. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handsomely.

Clow. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantastical: A great man, he warrant; I know by the picking on't Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's it th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Step. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Step. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if thou bee't capable of things serious, thou muſt know the King is full of griefe.

Step. So 'tis said (Sir) about his Sonne, that should haue marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye; the Curſes hee shall haue, the Tortures hee shall feelle, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clow. Thinke you so, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are lernaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clow. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be stayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Waspe Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a Southward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitally

Tel

Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfe; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

Clew. He seemes to be of great authoritie: clofe with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborn Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember stoo'd, and flay'd alius.

Skep. And't please yoo(Sir) to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it yoo.

Aur. After I haue done what I promised?

Skep. I Sir.

Aur. Well, giue me the Maitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Clew. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aur. Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, hee'll be made an example.

Clew. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King, and shew our strange fights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aur. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right haud, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clew. We are bleis'd, in this man: as I may say, euen bleis'd.

Skep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aur. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: three drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he thinke it fit to shew them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooue against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomint, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Flouisel, Perdita.

Clew. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then doe trespas: At the last Doe, as the Heaueus haue done; forget your euill, With them, forgive your selfe.

Leo. While I remember Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so moch, That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and Destroy'd the sweetest Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord!)

If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be vnparallel'd.

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Soerely, to say I did: it is as bitter Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Clew. Not at all, good Lady:

You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those Would haue him wed againe.

Dion. If you would not so,

You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse fall of Issue, May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoute Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holier, then for Royalties repaire, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Maieslie againe With a sweet Fellow too?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone) besides the Gods Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes: For ha's not the Diuine *Apello* said? Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,

That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire, Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our humane reason, As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue, And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell, My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary, Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue, The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander* Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,

Who hast the memorie of *Hermione* I know in honor: O, that euer I Had squar'd me to thy counsell: then, euen now, I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes, Haue taken Treasure from her Lippen.

Paul. And left them

More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:

No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse, And better vs'd, would make her Saluted Spirit Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we Offenders now appeare) Soule-text, And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the such power, She had iust such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me To murder her I married.

Paul. I

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'll bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'll bid thee, that even your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Lea. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you sweare
Never to marry, but by my free leaue?

Lea. Neuer (*Paulina*) so be blest'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witness to his Oath.

Clev. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Vnlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.

Clev. Good Madame, I have done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Give me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes.

Lea. My true *Pauline*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince *Florinell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (the
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Lea. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,
And thofe but meane.

Lea. His Princesse (say you) with him?

Ser. I: is the most peerlesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must this Graue
Give way to what's scene now. Sir, your selfe
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not bene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have scene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:

The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when the ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would the begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Profelytes
Of who the but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will lose her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Lea. Goe *Clemines*,

Your selfe (affixed with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpon vs, *Exit.*

Paul. Had our Prince

(Ilewell of Children) scene this houre, he had pay'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betwene their births.

Lea. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: fure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florinell, Perdita, Clemines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlocke, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh! alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twist Heauen and Earth
Might thus have shood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miferie) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Fla. By his command

Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Gave you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmities
(Which wait vpon worne times) hath something feis'd
His with'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twist your Throne and his,
Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loves
(He had me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And thofe that beare them, liuing.

Lea. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th'adventure of her person?

Fla. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.

Lea. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

Fla. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highnesse: My best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores difmis'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wife, in safetie
Here, where we are.

Lea. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you
Doe Clymate here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So sacred as it is) I have done sinne,
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's blessing
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I have been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
'*Bohemia* greets you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to attache his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dotie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's '*Bohemia*? speaks;

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was halting (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir): I spake with him; who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
'*Bohemia* flops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heavens sett Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,

When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:

Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemy,
Should chafe vs, with my Father; powre no lot
Hath she to change our Loves. Befeech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)

Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Befeech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard
the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it:
Whereupon (after a little amazement) we were all com-
manded out of the Chambers: only this (me thought) I
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse;
but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring
on one another, to teare the Calves of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their
very gesture: they look'd as if they had heard of a World
ranfom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder
appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more hut feeling, could not say, if 'th importance were
Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knows more:
The Newes, *Rogers*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, hee can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is
in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'll sweare
you see, there is such vniue in the proofs. The Mantle
of Queene *Hermione*: her Jewell about the Neck of it:
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know
to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in re-
semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many o-
ther Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee
scene, cannot be spoken of. There might you haue be-
held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their
Ioy waded in teares. There was calling vp of Eyes, hold-
ing vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Loffe, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks *Bohemio* forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of such another Encoounter, which Iames Report to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Genl. 2. What, pray you, become of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Genl. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter to rehearse, though *Credit* be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to peeces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepherds Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

Genl. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Genl. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that twist Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princeesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

Genl. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such it acted.

Genl. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely confel'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuely wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some (wounded, all forrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Wee had bene vniuersall.

Genl. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Genl. 3. No: The Princeesse hearing of her Mothers Statute (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cusfome, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Genl. 2. I thought he had some great matter there in hand, for shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer since the death of *Hermione*, visited that remoued Houfe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioicing?

Genl. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesse? euerie winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthrifto to our Knowledge. Let's along. Exit.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but

he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepherds Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myserie remained vndiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I bene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue relif'd among my other differedit.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past mee Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir,) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Gie me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princeesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that euer we shed.

Shep. We may lye (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I: or else twerres hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Gie me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemio*.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francekins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne)?

Clow. If it be neere so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behaue of his Friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'll be thy good Masters. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florinell, Perdita, Camille,
Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue) Lords, &c.

Lev. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?

C c

Paul. What

Paul. What (Souveraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore Houfe to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Hauwe pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As the liu'd peerlesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Loudly apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something nere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goe-by some fixtene yeeres, and makes her
As the liu'd now.

Leo. As now the might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she flood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warmed Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke mee,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magic in thy Maiestie, which ha's
My Euis conser'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And glue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O, patience!
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cen. My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd-on,
Which fixtene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any lay
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peace vp in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

It'd not haue shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.

Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie,
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily beare blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The fauour of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'll thinke anon it liues.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke to twentie yeeres together:
No fitted Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chiasell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'll marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
With Oyle Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres.

Paul. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you
For more amarement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; defend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Mufick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with merruile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your summe: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue the stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not thinke her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Sutor?

Leo. Oh she's warme:
If this be Magic, let it be an Art

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If the pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where the ha's liu'd,
Or how shoule from the dead?

Paul. That he is liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares the liues,
Though yet the speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin prefer'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gaued hope thou wast in being, haue prefer'd
My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's tyme enough for that,
Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to eury one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.

Leu. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betwene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A prayer vpon her graue. He not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camilla*,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and heere iustified
By vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betwene your holy looks
My ill fulgion: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Maunius, young Prince of Sicillia.

Camilla.

Antigenus. } *Fewe*
Cleomenes. } *Lords of Sicillia*.
Dion.

Hermione, Queene to *Leontes*.

Perdita, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.

Paulina, wife to *Antigenus*.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of *Bohemia*.

Florinell, Prince of *Bibemia*.

Old Sheppard, reputed Father of *Perdita*.

Clowne, his Sonne.

Autolucus, a Rogue.

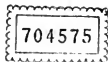
Archidamus, a Lord of *Bohemia*.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.

Sheppards, and Sheppardesses.

FINIS.







B.12.-.163



